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# THE NEW YORKER

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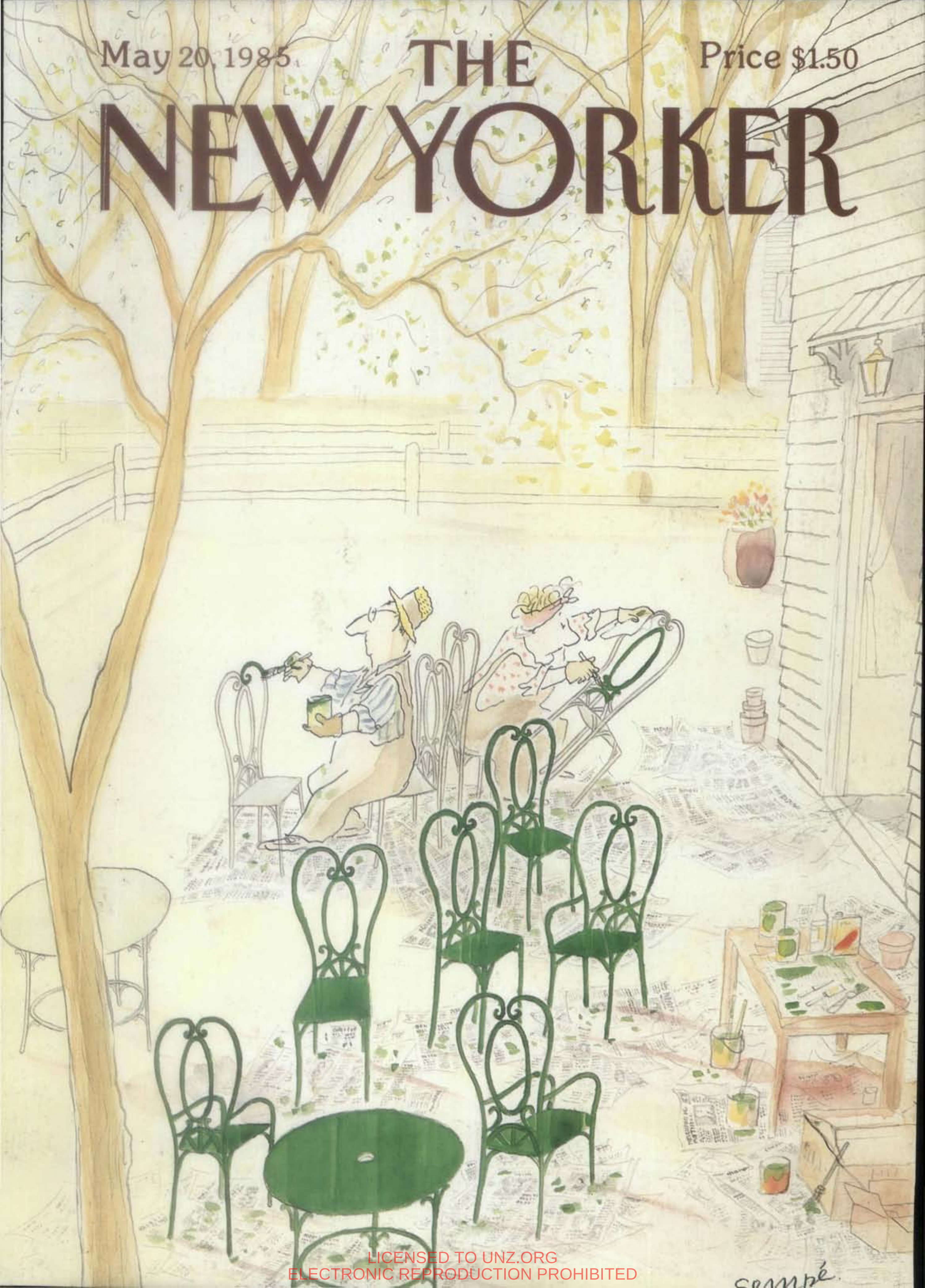

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Aren't We All?**—A revival of a smart Mayfair comedy of 1923, written by Frederick Lonsdale. Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, Lynn Redgrave, Brenda Forbes, and George Rose find no difficulty bringing it back to life. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/13/85.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**As Is**—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. *With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary.* (3/25/85) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Be Happy for Me**—A comedy by Jerry Sterner, with David Groh and Philip Bosco. Preview Wednesday, May 15. Opens officially on Thursday, May 16, at 6:45. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Big River**—A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi, with a book by William Hauptman and music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Biloxi Blues**—The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. Matthew Broderick as young Simon has a natural charm that keeps us from noticing how sticky-saintly-smarmy the character is. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**California Dog Fight**—A dud. (5/13/85) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

**The Courtroom**—*Bill Irwin, the incomparable* mime, clown, juggler, dancer, and acrobat, appears in a free-form show of his own devising, with music by Doug Skinner, and a supporting company that couldn't be better. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday at 7 and 9:30; and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

**Doubles**—A comedy by David Wiltse about some fiercely competitive but not very interesting tennis players in far-off Norwalk, Connecticut. With John Cullum, Ron Leibman, Tony Roberts, and Austin Pendleton. The director is Morton Da Costa. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Eden Court**—A comedy by Murphy Guyer, with Ellen Barkin, Guy Boyd, Penny Marshall, and Ben Masters. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Ensemble Studio Theatre**—Opening performances of a festival of twelve one-act plays, running through Monday, June 17. "The Road to the Graveyard," by Horton Foote; "Desperadoes," by Keith Reddin; "Aggressive Behavior," by Stuart Spencer; and "Between Cars," by Alan Zweibel: Wednesday and Thursday, May 15-16, at 7:30, and Saturday, May 18, at 7 and 10 (previews); Monday, May 20, at 7:30 (opening); and Thursday, May 23, at 7:30.... ¶ "Life Under Water," by Richard Greenberg; "Mariens Kammer," by Roger Hedden; "The Frog Prince," by David Mamet; and "Men Without Dates," by Jane Willis: Friday, May 17, at 7:30; Sunday, May 19, at 3 and 7; Friday, May 24, at 7:30; and Saturday, May 25, at 7 and 10. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

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**Episode 26**—A play by Howard Korder. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of the 1973 musical **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC** by Stephen Sondheim (music and lyrics) and Hugh Wheeler (book), suggested by Ingmar Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is the last in this season's series of productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 2. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**The Foreigner**—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry *Zaks was the admirable director.* (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Grind**—Ben Vereen, Leilani Jones, Timothy Nolen, and Stubby Kaye in an eloquent and troubling musical about a Chicago burlesque house in 1933. The book is by Fay Kanin, the music is by Larry Grossman, and the lyrics are by Ellen Fitzhugh. Harold Prince directed. (4/22/85) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Hannah Senesh**—A monologue based on the diaries and poems of the Zionist heroine. Lori Wilner is the monologuist. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr.

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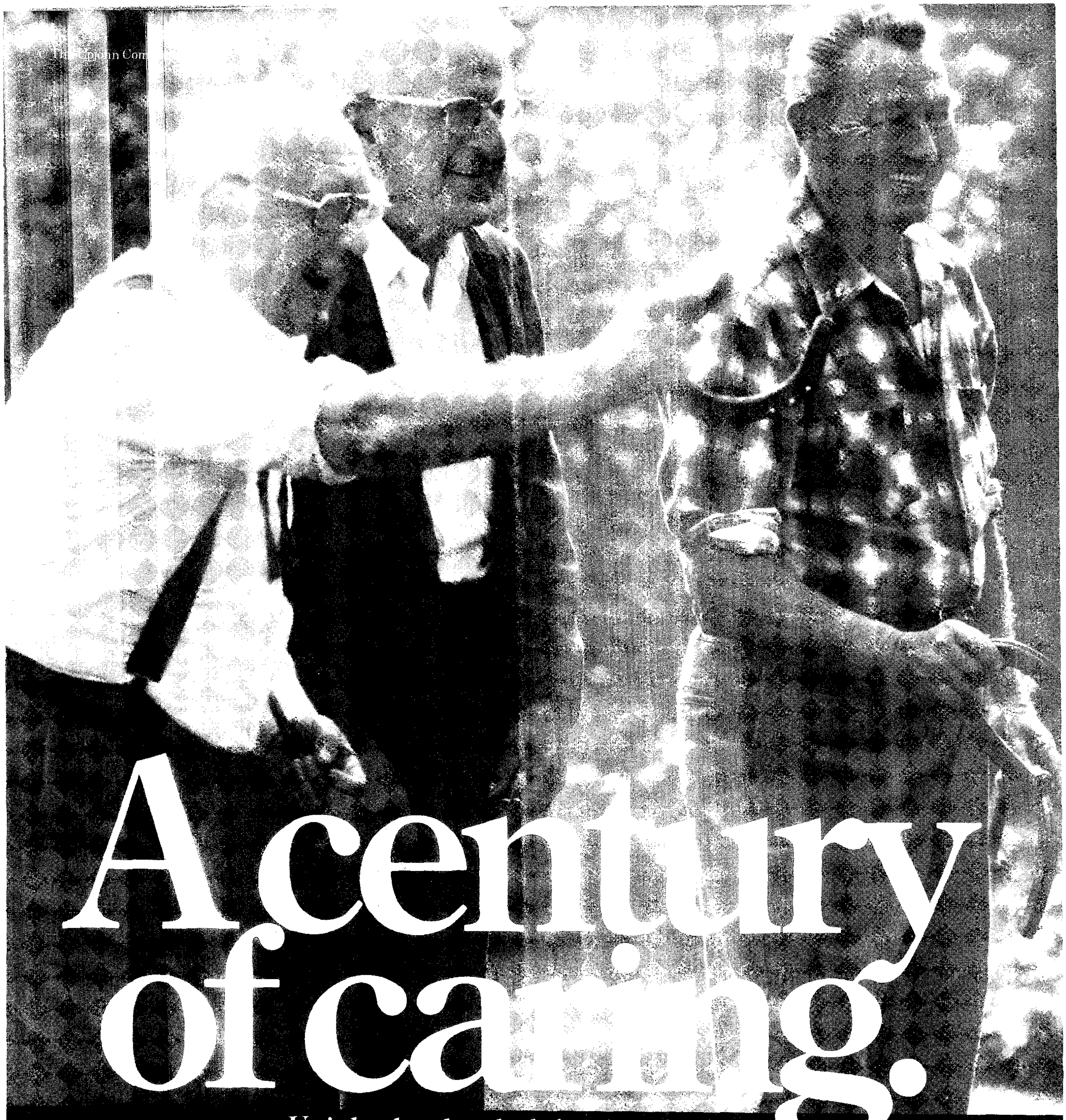

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Schechter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

**Joe Egg**—A superb performance of Peter Nichols' matchless bleak comedy. Jim Dale and Stockard Channing are the parents of the hopelessly brain-damaged child, and they are supported by John Tillinger, Margaret Hilton, Joanna Gleason, and Tenney Walsh. Arvin Brown was the director. (1/14/85) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The King and I**—Yul Brynner is as charming as ever, and so is the show that he has been starring in since the Civil War. Attendance is obligatory. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Leader of the Pack**—Ellie Greenwich was a popular songwriter of the pre-Beatles era. Here are her songs, as well as Ellie herself. (4/22/85) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Lies and Legends: The Musical Stories of Harry Chapin**—A musical entertainment using works by the late composer. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Presenting Victor Herbert's NAUGHTY MARIETTA. (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

**Ma Rainey's Black Bottom**—A first-rate play by August Wilson about some black performers of the blues in Chicago fifty-odd years ago—sometimes funny and, at the end, terrifying. Its well-drawn characters and eloquent street language provide an exceptionally robust and rewarding evening in the theatre. Lloyd Richards directed the fine cast. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Marriage of Bette and Boo**—A new play by Christopher Durang. Jerry Zaks is the director. Preview Wednesday, May 15. Opens officially on Thursday, May 16. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

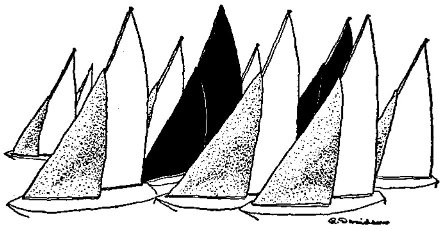
**Mayor**—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Mirror Repertory Company**—Two revivals performed in alternating repertory. VIVAT! VIVAT REGINA!: A poky presentation of Robert Bolt's shallow play about Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth I. (3/25/85) . . . THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT: Anne Jackson plays the title role in this spirited revival of Giraudoux's classic comedy. (2/11/85) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

**Miss Universal Happiness**—A play written and directed by Richard Foreman. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—The fourth in this season's series of productions will be a revival of CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN, by Lonne Elder III. Opens Wednesday, May 15, and will run through Sunday, June 16. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**The Normal Heart**—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews of the Holocaust. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



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**Orphans**—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Out of Gas on Lovers Leap**—Fisher Stevens and Melissa Leo give fine performances as a pair of teen-agers in love, their moods veering from much too high to much too low, on the night of their high-school graduation. Mark St. Germain's play has its ups and downs, too, but, as directed by Elinor Renfield, it holds firm. (WPA Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 18th St. 206-0523. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

**Pack of Lies**—A modest domestic melodrama about a pair of professional spies and the effect of their capture on the lives of their closest friends, who have suspected nothing. The cast includes Rosemary Harris, Patrick McGoohan, George N. Martin, and Dana Ivey. The author is Hugh Whitemore. (2/25/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Penn & Teller**—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Rommel's Garden**—Lonny Price and Jay O. Sanders are the entire cast of a play by Harvey Gabor. Opens Wednesday, May 15. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**Sally's Gone, She Left Her Name**—A play by Russell Davis, with David Canary, Michael Learned, Robert Leonard, and Cynthia Nixon. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Salonika**—Louise Page's mysterious, fascinating play—an English import—takes place in the present but is literally haunted by the past. The setting is the beach at Salonika in Greece, where a great disaster befell the British Army during the First World War. The acting is exceptionally good: Jessica Tandy plays an old woman who has come to put flowers on her husband's grave; Elizabeth Wilson plays her spinster daughter; and David Strathairn, Thomas Hill, and Maxwell Caulfield appear in the other roles. John Madden was the excellent director. (4/15/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

**The Singular Dorothy Parker**—Jane Connell in a one-woman show based on the life and writings of Miss Parker. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**3 Guys Naked from the Waist Down**—John Kassir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Tracers**—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS: Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . LA CAGE AUX FOLLES: A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical starring George Hearn and Van Johnson. (Starting Monday, May 20, Jamie Ross will fill in for Mr. Johnson for a week.) The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . CATS: A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . DREAMGIRLS: Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE FANTASTICKS: 10,424 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . FOOL FOR LOVE: Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Katherine Cortez and George Gerdes have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. Starting Tuesday, May 21, Deborah Strang will replace Miss Cortez. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . 42ND STREET: Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satur-

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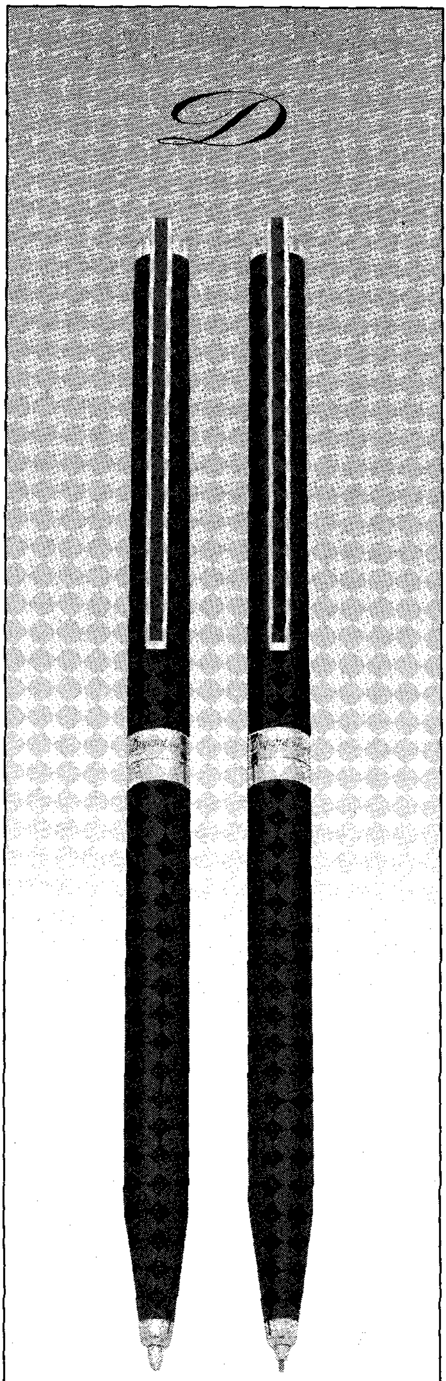

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HURLYBURLY:** David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Frank Langella, Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, Danny Aiello, and Jerry Stiller. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** Harry Groener and Maryann Plunkett as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

## MISCELLANY

**THE CIRCUS**—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's latest edition, with attractions ranging from "The Globe of Death" to a herd of twenty elephants. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Through Sunday, June 2.)

**"QUARRY"**—Meredith Monk and her company in a revival of her 1976 opera. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Tuesday, May 21, at 7:30. Closes Tuesday, May 28.)

**NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE COMPANY**—A concert version of **SWEET ADELINE,** composed by Jerome Kern, with lyrics and book by Oscar Hammerstein. Conducted by Michael Battistelli. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, May 19, at 5, and Monday, May 20, at 8.)

**NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS**—Presenting **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, May 17, at 8; Saturday, May 18, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, May 19, at 3. For information about tickets, call 873-8660.)

**BENEFIT PROGRAM**—Mike Nichols & Elaine May, Joan Rivers, Randy Newman, Gregory Hines, Phil Donahue, and others performing on behalf of the AIDS Medical Foundation. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Sunday, May 19, at 7.)

## DANCE

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 15: "Firebird," "Tzigane," "Eight Easy Pieces," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 16: "Apollo," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 17: "Swan Lake," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 18: "Swan Lake," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 18, and Sunday matinée, May 19: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 19: "Firebird," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 21: "Swan Lake," "In the Night," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 22: "Concerto Barocco," "Pas de Deux," "Apollo," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 23: "Concerto Barocco," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 24: "Apollo," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Menuetto," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 25: "Swan Lake," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 25: "Firebird," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Brahms/Handel." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 23.)

**AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE**—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 15: "Grand Pas Romantique," "Duets," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 16: "Bach Partita" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 17: "Grand Pas Romantique," "Other Dances," "Dim Lustre," and "Bach Partita." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 18: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Theme and Variations," and "Field, Chair, and Mountain." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 18: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Pas de Deux," "Anastasia," and "Bach Partita." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 20: "Theme and Variations," "Dim Lustre," and "The Leaves Are Fading." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 21, and Wednesday matinée and evening, May 22: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 23: "Les Sylphides," "Dim Lustre," "Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 24: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 25: "Paquita," "Anastasia," and "Great Galloping Gottschalk." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 25: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 15.)

**DAVID GORDON/PICK UP COMPANY**—Three premières—"Offenbach Suite," "A Plain Romance Explained," and "My Folks." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, May 15-18, at 8, and Sunday, May 19, at 2 and 7:30.)

**RACHEL HARMS DANCE COMPANY**—"Rhombus," "From the Tree of Shadows," and "Native Born." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, May 16-18, at 8, and Sunday, May 19, at 3.)

**PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY**—Three premières—"Children in the Mist," "Sleepless Nights," and "La Ronde des Femmes"—and "Fatal Birds." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, May 16, and Saturday and Sunday, May 18-19, at 8.)

**SIN CHA HONG**—In John Cage's dance and music drama "Four Walls." With pianist Margaret Leng Tan and singer Andrea Goodman. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday, May 17, at 8.)

**SAEKO ICHINOHE AND COMPANY**—In a program of new and repertory works. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Monday, May 20, at 8, and Wednesday, May 22, at 3 and 8.)

**DANCE INTERVIEWS**—Maria Tallchief being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, May 20, at 8.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Algonquin Hotel,** 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The wonderful **JULIE WILSON** is singing cabaret and Cole Porter songs in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room keyboard Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

**Ballroom,** 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** (see page 89, this issue) drops by this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Pianist **OSCAR PETERSON** is making a rare New York club appearance through Sunday, May 19, and he has with him no less than guitarist **JOE PASS** and European super bassist **NEILS-HENNING ØRSTED PEDERSEN.** On Monday, May 20, altoist **LEE KONITZ** will head up a band, and on Tuesday, May 21, **BILLY ECKSTINE** will move in. Sets begin after nine. And saxophonist **MONTY WATERS** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions through Sunday, May 19, and trumpeter **TED CURSON** will lead them beginning Tuesday, May 21. Dining.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Wednesday, May 15, singer **WHITNEY HOUSTON;** Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, folksinger **SUZANNE VEGA;** Wednesday, May 22, swinging jazz theorist **GEORGE RUSSELL & THE LIVING TIME ORCHESTRA;** Thursday, May 23, La Bamba & the Hubcaps; and Friday through Sunday, May 24-26, trumpeter **TOM BROWNE.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and, right now, some very good piano-bass teams. **JAMES WILLIAMS** and his bassist through Saturday, May 18; on Sunday, May 19, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and *his* bassist; and starting Monday, May 20, **FRED HERSCH** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Singer and pianist **BOBBY SHORT,** who manages wonderfully to be sophisticated and enthusiastic at the same time, is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Sundays and Mondays from nine to one, **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks provide dance music. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano over in the Bemelmans Bar. Her sets get going at ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

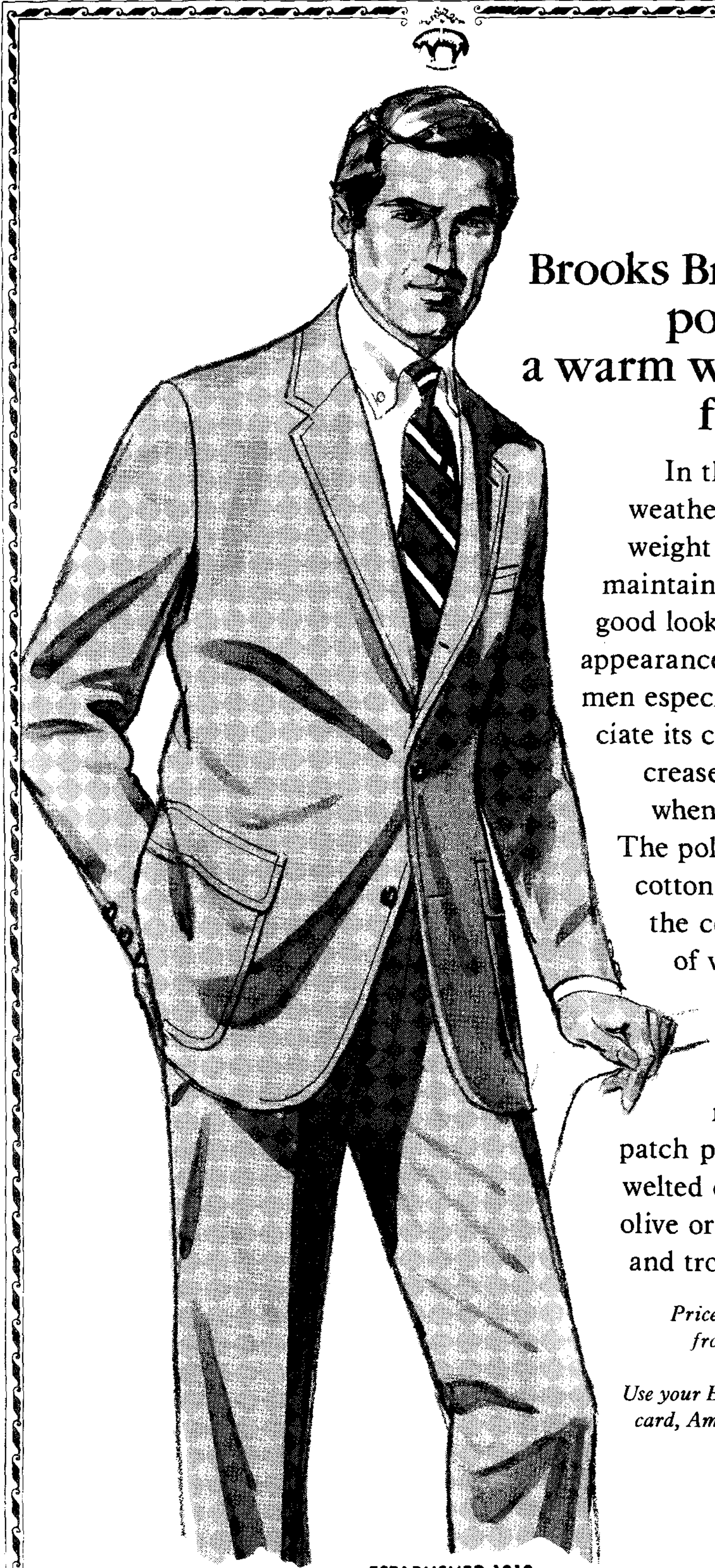
**Eagle Tavern,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. The old-time, string-band, bluegrass, and Irish music: Saturday, May 18, the Mac Benford band; Saturday, May 25, **FIDDLE FEVER,** with fiddlers **JAY UNGAR, MATT GLASER,** and **EVAN STOVER,** guitarist **RUSS BARENBERG,** and bassist **MOLLY MASON.** There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home for traditional small-band jazz on the block. Music nightly from eight-thirty. Dining.

**Edwardian Room,** in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**Fat Tuesday's,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room where you can hear silken tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** through Sunday, May 19, and starting Tuesday, May 21, pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** will come in with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL'S** trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

**Folk City,** 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, May 15, the Drongos; Friday, May 17, Livingston Taylor; Saturday, May 18, Frank Christian and Nanci Griffith; Wednesday, May 22, Jeff Waryan; Thursday, May 23, Shok Tok, Bill Gordh & Sax Freymann, Bruce Donnola, and Deb Kayman; and Friday, May 24, Vermont folkie **MICHAEL HURLEY.** Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** performs with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK;** on Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Sundays from five to ten **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

**KNICKERBOCKER SALOON,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A nice room that has resumed its piano-bass policies. **LOU LEVY** and Steve Gilmore are the pianist and bassist through Saturday, May 18, and starting Tuesday, May 21, **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** will assume the musical duties. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The partial lineup: Wednesday, May 15, reggae rapper **YELLOWMAN;** Thursday, May 16, **DAVE MASON;** Friday, May 17, Pure Prairie League; Sunday, May 19, Chicago blues guitarist **SON SEALS;** Monday, May 20, Mel McDaniels; Tuesday, May 21, Sister Carol; Wednesday, May 22, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN;** and Thursday, May 23, **COMMANDER CODY.** Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

**LUSH LIFE,** 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Pianist **AHMAD JAMAL,** who several years ago estimated that he had played "Poinciana" a hundred thousand times, is present nightly, except Mondays. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**MIKELL'S,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The musicians: pianist **HUGH LAWSON** Wednesday, May 15; Rock Wilk Thursday, May 16; R. & B.-ists **WHO IT IS** Friday and Saturday, May 17-18; more R. & B.-ists **JUMP STREET** Monday, May 20; Dave Acker Tuesday, May 21; BMF Sextet Wednesday, May 22; Roland Vazquez Thursday, May 23; and violinist Noel Pointer Friday and Saturday, May 24-25. Music from about ten. Dining.

**RAINBOW ROOM,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play irresistible swing music to Lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

**RITZ,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, May 15, **B.B. KING;** Friday, May 17, Otis Day & the Knights; Saturday, May 18, the Beat Farmers and No More Tears; Monday, May 20, Katrina & the Waves; Wednesday, May 22, 'Til Tuesday; Thursday, May 23, John Hiatt and Show of Hands; Friday, May 24, Mars Williams; and Saturday, May 25, Flash Kahan. Shows usually begin after eleven. Dancing.

**ST. REGIS-SHERATON,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **JOE BUSHKIN** is at the piano and singing, too, Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

**SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Part of the jazz, jazz-rock, and R. & B. schedule: Wednesday, May 15, the Vince Herring sextet; Thursday, May 16, Poor Genius; Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER'S** quintet; Sunday, May 19, Mike Clark and Neal Kirkwood; Monday, May 20, **TOM PIERSON'S** big band; and Tuesday, May 21, **RANDY BRECKER, MICHAEL BRECKER,** and **ELIANE ELIAS.** Music from nine-thirty.

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| 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |

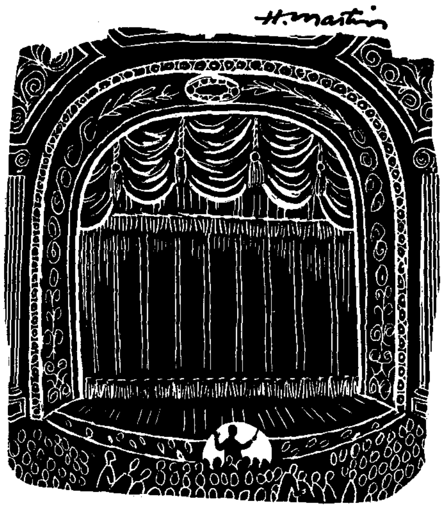
**SOUNDS OF BRAZIL,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, May 15, Frank Ferrucci; Thursday, May 16, Twins 77 and Black Ghost International; Friday, May 17, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Saturday, May 18, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Sunday, May 19, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI;** Tuesday through Thursday, May 21-23, singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO;** and Friday and Saturday, May 24-25, Batucaje. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**SWEET BASIL,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. New Orleans' own **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND** performs its charming repertoire of Ellington, Monk, Brown (James), and Jackson (Michael) through Sunday, May 19. On Tuesday, May 21, tenor saxophonist and singer-chanter **PHAROAH SANDERS** will arrive with his quintet. Mondays are the property of the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

**VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on May 20, **JERRY GONZALEZ & THE FORT APACHE BAND, BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPANIA,** and saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be on the bandstand. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, Wendy Simon and Eric Spiegel provide piano-bass music every night but Monday. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Blues vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON** winds up his week on the stand on Sunday, May 19, and on Tuesday, May 21, **LESTER BOWIE,** his talking, squawking trumpet, and his quintet will descend the stairs. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

**WEST END,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Tenor saxophonist and singer **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** is here through Saturday, May 18; Sunday and Monday, May 19-20, will belong to the Ronnie Cole quartet; and starting Tuesday, May 21, lilting drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** will be here with a quintet that will feature saxophonist **ARNIE LAWRENCE.** Music from about nine.



**ZINNO,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The musicians: pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, May 18; starting Tuesday, May 21, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE;** guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** on Sundays; and pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff on Mondays. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

### JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**GUITARSTREAM '85**—At **CARNEGIE RECITAL HALL** (247-7800): Wednesday, May 15, at 8: Paul O'Dette and Alhambra. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 16, at 8: Sharon Isbin, Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, the Los Angeles Guitar Quartet, and others. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL:** Friday, May 17, at 7:30: Doc Watson, Odetta, Jean Ritchie, and others.

**PHIL COLLINS**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday through Friday, May 15-17, at 8.

**AMERICAN FOLK ROOTS**—The seventh in a series of eight concerts, this one devoted to native American music. With Floyd Westerman, the Thunderbird Sisters, and others. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, May 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 18, at 8:30.)

**HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ**—Pepper Adams, Roger Kellaway, Benny Powell, and others in a salute to Mel Lewis. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, May 17, at 8.)

**DAVID SANBORN** and **ANGELA BOFILL**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Saturday, May 18, at 8 and midnight.

**DUKE ELLINGTON SOCIETY**—The twenty-fifth annual spring concert, this one with Woody Herman and his orchestra. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. Sunday, May 19, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**VAN MORRISON**—Beacon Theatre. Sunday, May 19, at 8.

**TANIA MARIA** and **MICHEL CAMILO**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, May 22, at 8.

**ANITA O'DAY**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 24, at 8.

**JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK**—Saturday, May 18, at 9 and 10:30: Philly Joe Jones quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 9 and 10:30: Norris Turney & the Duke's Men. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

**BENEFIT CONCERTS**—The Gil Evans orchestra, the Hannibal Marvin Peterson quintet, the Tommy Flanagan trio, and others performing on behalf of the Save the Children/ African Relief Fund. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, May 16, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Cy Coleman, Julie Wilson, Lena Horne, the Whiffenpoofs of 1985, and others in a benefit for the Yale School of Drama and the Yale Dramat. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 20, at 8. For tickets, call 772-7431.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**BILL BARRETT**—Abstract sculptures in bronze and aluminum. Through June 1. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**WILLIAM CROZIER**—Bronze figures, some of them in sexually explicit attitudes. Through June 8. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

**JOHANNES DÖRFLINGER**—Recent paintings. Through June 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

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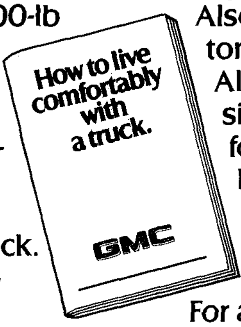
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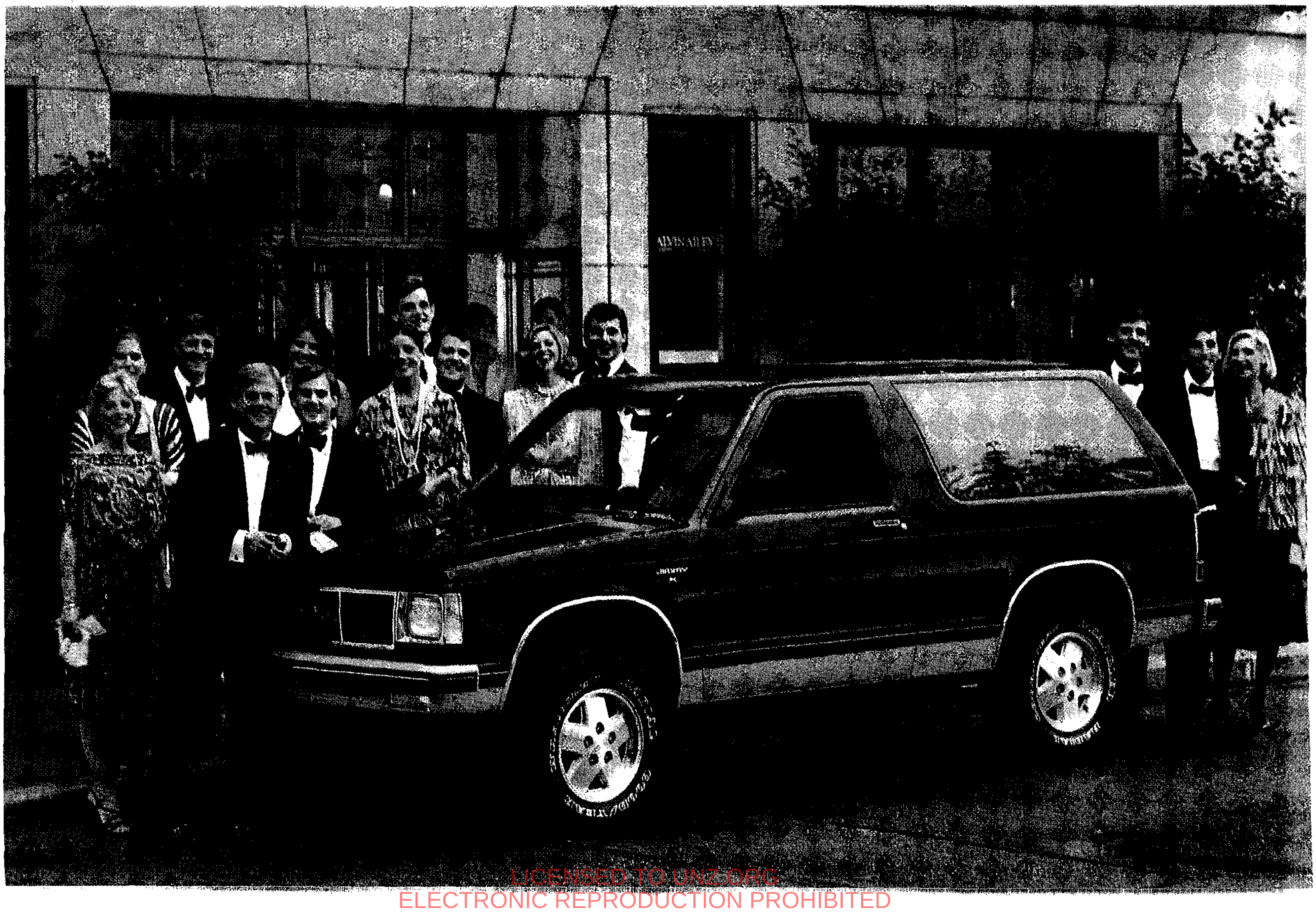

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Formica sculptures illuminated with neon lights and blinking diodes. / Collages of paper, pen-and-ink, and acrylic on unprimed canvas. Through June 1. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

**Klaus Fussmann**—Paintings in various mediums. Through June 1. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**John Adams Griefen**—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

**Simon Harling / Sally Amster**—Landscapes, mostly large scale, of the British Isles. / Expressionistic landscapes. Through June 1. (Sachs, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**Jean Hélion**—The artist's shift from abstraction to figuration is documented in these paintings and works on paper completed between 1934 and 1948. Through June 1. (Rachel Adler, 58 E. 79th St.)

**Will Horwitt**—Four large loop-shaped steel sculptures that were cut with an industrial laser. Through May 31. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

**Henri Matisse** (1869-1954)—A two-gallery exhibit. Drawings in ink, pencil, and charcoal at Davidson, 43 E. 73th St.; and prints next door at Isselbacher, 41 E. 78th St. Through Saturday, May 18.

**Paul Resika**—Two shows. Land- and seascapes in oil, mostly of Cape Cod. Also, related drawings. Through Saturday, May 18. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ A survey of paintings from 1959 through 1984. Through Sunday, May 19. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

**Susan Rothenberg**—The artist has added splashes of color—yellows, reds—in her new canvases. Through Saturday, May 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**Charles Seplowin**—Abstract steel sculptures. Through Saturday, May 25. (Cecil, 16 E. 72nd St.)

**Michael Tetherow**—Large, richly colored paintings in which figures are insinuated rather than defined. Through June 1. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Group Shows**—At **davis & langdale,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Watercolors and drawings by eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century British artists, including Constable, Blake, and Whistler. Through May 31. . . . **forum,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings in oil and watercolor by American artists from the thirties and forties, including Milton Avery and Max Weber; an exhibit meant to go hand in hand with one at the Saidenberg Gallery, listed below. Through May 31. . . . **hoffeld,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, primarily, by second-generation women surrealists, including Dorothea Tanning, Kay Sage, and Leonora Carrington. Through June 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **mazoh,** 13 E. 76th St.: Matisse, Picasso, de Kooning, and Gorky are among the fourteen twentieth-century artists represented by paintings and drawings. Through June 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **saidenberg,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by European artists from the thirties and forties, Klee, Léger, and Picasso among them. Through June 1. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **schlesinger-boisante,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Fifteen contemporary painters are represented by one work apiece, using mediums ranging from sandpaper to silk. Ross Bleckner, David Deutsch, and Andrea Belag are three. Through June 15.

**Sculpture**—Bronzes by Maillol, mobiles by Calder, and assorted pieces by Archipenko are complemented with paintings and works on paper by the artists. Through May 31. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**James Aponovich**—Still-life and figurative paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through May 29. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Gifford Beal** (1879-1956)—A retrospective of paintings by an American Impressionist noted for his New England scenes. Through Saturday, May 25. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Fernando Botero**—Paintings and sculptures of the overfed crowd at the bullfights. Through Saturday, May 25. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Alexander Calder** (1898-1976)—A happy assembly of some of his best works—stabiles, mobiles, paintings—shown to their best advantage. Through June 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Chuck Dugan / James Surls**—Large, colorful abstractions. / Large sculptures of imaginary beasts contrived from tree branches. Through June 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**R. M. Fischer**—Stylized metal lamp sculptures. Through June 1. (Baskerville+Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Patricia Tobacco Forrester / Amy F. Scott**—Large-scale realist watercolors of gnarled and tangled tropical growths. / Colored-pencil drawings of jonquils, peaches, table china, lilies, and so on. Through Wednesday, May 22. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Richard Haas / Stephen Buckley**—Pastel drawings of New York buildings. / Abstract paintings. Through Friday, May 24. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Al Held / Arthur Gibbons**—A survey of paintings from 1957 through 1984 by an abstractionist. Through Saturday, May 18. / Abstract painted-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, May 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Alexandre Hogue**—Landscapes of Big Bend National Park, Texas. Through June 15. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Bryan Hunt**—Recent sculptures done in plaster, carved wood, and steel. Through June 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Lester Johnson**—The Gold Series: The artist's familiar figures (strollers, bathers) in action on canvases suffused with warm gold tones. Through June 7. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Harry Koursaros**—Recent paintings and works on paper, full of mythological motifs. Through June 1. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Robert Kushner / Glen Baxter**—Sketchy figures that were brushed on still-drying handmade paper, with leaves, sequins, and glitter mixed into the pulp. / Colored-pencil drawings with deadpan captions that might have been lifted from Tom Swift. Through Saturday, May 18. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

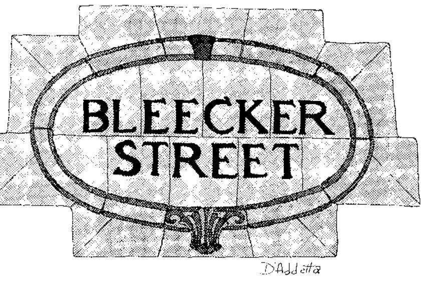
**Rex Lau**—Painted-hydrostone reliefs of stylized trees, rocks, and waves by an artist who communes with nature in Montauk. Also, drawings and prints. Through Saturday, May 18. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Fred Meyer**—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures, and gouaches, of figures reminiscent of the twenties. Through June 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**John Monti / Phoebe Adams**—Painted-plywood wall sculptures, many of which have a strong Egyptian flavor, plus large charcoal-and-pastel drawings. / Abstract cast-bronze reliefs. Through Tuesday, May 21. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Luigi Ontani**—Fantasy paintings with mythical figures and symbols for good luck and bad; many of the works reflect the artist's frequent visits in India. Through Saturday, May 25. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

**I. Rice Pereira** (1907-71)—Figurative drawings incorporating lines of poetry written by the artist. Through June 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)



**Osvaldo Romberg**—Abstract paintings in mixed mediums. Through June 6. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

**Judith Rothschild**—Abstract relief paintings. Through June 1. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

**T. L. Solien**—Paintings, drawings, and prints. Through June 1. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Richard Tuschman**—Plaster-and-balsa wall sculptures shaped like conventional houses and containing small figures, some of which have been decapitated. Through June 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Richard Ziegler**—A pair of shows by a German Expressionist who, at ninety-four, is exhibiting here for the first time. Satirical paintings, drawings, and prints depicting bourgeois Berliners in the twenties. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Landscapes, cityscapes, and portraits from the same period. Both shows through June 22. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St., Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

**Group Shows**—At the **armstrong,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by nine Irish artists who participated in last year's ROSC exhibit in Dublin. Through June 8. . . . **janis,** 110 W. 57th St.: Eight young American artists are represented by paintings, collages, and sculptures. Through May 31. (Open Mondays.)

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**Robert Adrian X**—Small sculptures, including seventy-six miniature airplanes and a horde of cutout figures. Through Saturday, May 18. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

**Charles Arnoldi**—Paintings that are the result of a process in which the artist wielded a chain saw on a surface of laminated plywood several inches thick, dousing it with paint in various colors as he went. The idea came from an aerial photograph of the Mount St. Helens eruption. Through June 1. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

**Elise Asher**—Fanciful landscapes done in oil. Through June 1. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

**Ilan Averbuch / Jack Mendenhall**—Massive sculptures of granite and wood, a bit smaller than Stonehenge but in the same general mood, except that one piece is shaped like a boat. / Slick paintings of high life—beautiful people, penthouses, flossy table settings, electronic luxuries. Through Saturday, May 25. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

**David Bowes**—Expert painting of droll subjects—for instance, a realistic St. Anthony averting his eyes from a glittering temptation that is wholly abstract. Through Saturday, May 25. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

**Jack Chevalier**—Painted carved-wood and balsa constructions interpreting the Northwest landscape. Through Saturday, May 25. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

**Adam Cvijanovic**—An exhibit called "Expulsion" presents a graphic dioramic painting, sixty-five feet long, of a lower East Side neighborhood, with its people shown on hanging Plexiglas panels and its tawdry intramural secrets revealed in additional paintings. Through Saturday, May 25. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

**Matthew Feinman**—A series of semi-abstract drawings in which the artist juxtaposes pencil landscapes with pastel still-lifes. Through Wednesday, May 22. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

**Gilbert and George**—New hand-dyed photographic works in a show that complements their retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through June 1. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**Alan Glovsky**—An installation containing a flowing stream of water, five swings, and fifteen hundred pounds of talcum powder. Through Saturday, May 25. (22 Wooster Gallery. Opens at noon.)

**Jack Goldstein**—Large airbrush paintings of natural phenomena, i.e., earthquakes and

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lightning. Through Saturday, May 18. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

**Juan Gonzales / Bill Richards**—Watercolors and drawings. / Detailed graphite drawings of dense ferns, grass, and undergrowth. Through Thursday, May 23. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**George D. Green**—Large abstract acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, May 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

**Hans Haacke**—The artist is on the attack once again, this time criticizing, via photographs and texts, the conduct of major corporations and their support of the arts. Through May 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

**Nancy Haynes**—Working on wood, slate, or canvas, in elemental forms—rectangles, L-shapes, crosses—this painter juxtaposes areas that have been worked over and over in luminous colors with areas left unpainted or covered with a neutral gray. Through May 29. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

**David Kapp**—Semi-abstract paintings of city traffic. Through June 1. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

**Jane Kaufman**—Decorative screens and a quilt. Through June 1. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

**Madeleine Kaufman**—Collage paintings, with glazed ceramic, on canvas and Plexiglas. Through Thursday, May 23. (Eno, 164 Mercer St. Open daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

**Maurie Kerrigan**—Boats, paddles, and sails are basic forms in most of these fresco paintings (done on wood panels) and sculptural works, which are decorated with American Indian and other primitive symbols. Through May 29. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**Sabina Mirri**—Figurative pastel and watercolor drawings on paper that is applied to canvas. Through June 5. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

**Mimmo Paladino**—Sculptures in bronze and stone. Through Saturday, May 25. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

**Ellen Phelan**—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 25. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

**James Rosenquist**—New paintings, chief among them "The Persistence of Electrical Nymphs in Space," which is seventeen feet by forty-six. Through Saturday, May 18. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

**David Salle**—Eight big new paintings done in mixed mediums (one is collaged with chairs). Through Saturday, May 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

**Dennis Smith** (1951-83)—Large, visionary paintings, some of them doleful and some comic—Betty Boop's head on the body of Buddha, for instance. Through May 31. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

**Nigel van Wieck**—*Paintings of circus scenes.* Through Saturday, May 25. (Germans Van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

**Bill Woodrow**—Sculptures composed of and carved from salvage—furniture pieces, an airplane wing, a car hood. Through June 8. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

**Jack Youngerman**—Large sculptures of cast fibre glass, with which the artist shows what can be accomplished by twisting a simple rectangle into a three-dimensional form. Through May 31. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Related works on paper. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Drawings on loan from the Museo Correr, in Venice, which represent work done in that city from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century. Through July 27. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **lorence-monk**, a recently opened gallery at 568 Broadway: Magritte, Cornell, and Picabia are some of the earlier artists in an exhibit called Real Surreal, and Rosenquist, Fischl, and Salle are some of the contemporary ones. Through Saturday, May 25.

**Sculpture**—At the **cooper**, 155 Wooster St.: Carl Andre, Tony Smith, Jackie Winsor, and others. Through June 1. . . . **esman**, 70 Greene St.: Sol LeWitt showing aluminum pieces (large and small), Jene Highstein showing freestanding plaster works, and George Creamer showing painted-wood wall constructions. Through June 1.

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Franco Ciarlo / Michael McClard**—Monumental abstract paintings done in a fresco-canvas technique. / Ghostly images appear in large acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, May 18. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

**Daze**—Large canvases of spray-painted graffiti, and smaller works of graffiti done in watercolor, a new medium for the artist. Through June 9. (Eastman-Wahmendorf, 216 E. 10th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

**Richard Hambleton**—Huge waves coming straight at you and curling as they break are depicted in several of these large new paintings. Through Tuesday, May 21. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

**Lucio Pozzi**—Small abstract paintings from the past three years. Through May 26. (M-13, at 440 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**Taro Suzuki**—The artist pokes fun at the local science fair with a glass model of a solar system, drawings of planets, and an installation of colored lights. Through June 1. (Newburg, 44 White St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

**P.S. 1**—One of the many shows here is a group of works by forty-four painters from Houston. Through June 23. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Group Shows**—At the **alternative museum**, 17 White St.: The second half of a two-part survey of paintings and sculptures by artists from the Southeast. Through June 8. (Closed Tuesdays.) . . . **katz**, 6-8 Avenue A, at Houston St.: Pastels by Victoria Bugbee of a Chinatown fish-store window and figurative oils by K. Bloss are among the works by ten downtown artists. Through May 30. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, and Thursdays, when it is open until 8.) . . . **postmasters**, 66 Avenue A, near 4th St.: An abstract painting in vivid colors by Peter Halley and a wall sculpture involving Plexiglas and store-bought hardware by Alan Belcher, among other works. Through June 2. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Tina Barney**—Large-scale photographs showing family and friends on their home ground. Through May 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Harry Callahan / Carl Toth**—Multiple-exposure dye-transfer prints of downtown urban shopping areas. / Abstract color-Xerox collages. Through June 15. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Larry Fink / Anthony Hernandez**—Photographs juxtaposing social gatherings in high-society Manhattan and in Martin's Creek, Pennsylvania. / Another juxtaposition, here contained in each photograph of tourists and locals on Rodeo Drive. Through June 15. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

**André Kertész**—Vintage and modern prints of public gardens in Budapest, Paris, and New York. Through June 29. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

**Russell Lee**—Documentary photographs of New York in the Depression, plus more uplifting F.S.A. prints. Through May 31. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

**Sol LeWitt / Jack Sal**—Photographs and sculptures. / *Cliché-verre* pictures. Through Saturday, May 25. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Robert Mapplethorpe**—Large platinum prints. Through Saturday, May 25. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Tod Papageorge**—Silver prints of visitors to Central Park and the Acropolis. Through June 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Sam Wagstaff Collection**—Mr. Wagstaff selected this show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs that were in his collection before it was bought by the J. Paul Getty Museum, and of a few photographs he recently acquired. Through June 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Group Show**—"New World Africans," nineteenth-century albumen prints, silver prints, and *cartes de visite* of blacks in South America and the Caribbean. Through Sept. 7. (Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of a hundred gold objects produced by the prodigious craftsmen of pre-Columbian cultures of the Americas. The pieces, among them pendants, masks, and cups, are from the collection of Jan Mitchell. . . . ¶ A show of antiquities—crosses, chalices, crowns—from the Treasury of San Marco, Venice, many of which have resided there since their removal from Constantinople in the early thirteenth century. Through June 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of landscape paintings by George Inness. Through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Henri Rousseau's "Myself, Portrait-Landscape" greets viewers to a retrospective of approximately sixty of the artist's paintings. Through June 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A Gilbert and George retrospective of large photographic murals, in which the artists themselves appear. Through June 16. A complementary show is at Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. . . . ¶ A show of works on paper by Mark Rothko. Through June 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1985: eighty-four artists, a hundred and forty-six pieces (paintings, sculptures, photographs, films, video, and installations). Through June 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—A show of drawings and paintings by nineteenth-century American Pre-Raphaelites, who practiced the doctrines of John Ruskin and the English movement, and whose subjects were nature scenes and humble still-lifes. Also included are works by better-known contemporaneous artists outside of but affected by the movement—Bierstadt, Church, Durand, and others. Through June 10. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—The ancient Mayan civilization is recaptured and documented in an exhibit of objects (in gold, wood, jade, and shell), plus maps and photographic blowups. Through July 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

**American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters,** Broadway at 155th St.—A show of literary and music manuscripts and of paintings and sculptures, by recipients of Academy-Institute awards and by newly elected members, among them Elizabeth Spencer, Carolyn Kizer, George W. S. Trow, Charles Wuorinen, Esteban Vicente, and George Sugarman. Starts Thursday, May 16. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and drawings by German artist Felix Nussbaum (1904-44), many from the period when he lived in hiding during the Second World War. The artist died at Auschwitz. . . . ¶ A series of recent prints by Frank Stella, who based them on a series (also on exhibit) by El Lissitzky (1919), who based *his* prints on the children's Seder song "Had Gadya." Through June 9. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—Albrecht Dürer's original drawing "Praying Hands" is the centerpiece of a show of seventy-five Old Master drawings on loan from the Albertina collection in Vienna. As a bonus, the Morgan has added its own eight Dürers. Through May 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art,** 125 W. 55th St.—High points in Southern folk art have been gathered for a show of ninety pieces, including Moravian redware and a quilt in the Afro-American tradition from North Carolina; a 1743 sampler from South Carolina; and, from Mississippi, examples of a singular nineteenth-century art form combining silhouettes and watercolors and called Nita Yuma pasties (after a plantation of that name), by William Henry Brown. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of drawings by John Singer Sargent which provides a broad selection of his works on paper; on loan from the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Through June 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**The New Museum,** 583 Broadway—The forms and the language of signs (as in road signs and logos) are reflected in paintings, photographs, video, and, well, signs of all kinds by nine artists—Al Souza, Jenny Holzer, John Knight, and Marian Galczenski among them. Through July 7. . . . ¶ A show of paintings and works on paper by Pierre Tal-Coat, a French abstractionist. Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

### ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

**Artists Space,** 223 West Broadway. 226-3970.—Performances: Matt Mullican and Robin Winters, Thursday, May 16; Paul McMahon and Michael Smith, Friday, May 17; Robert Longo and Jill Kroesen, Saturday, May 18. All at 8.

**Franklin Furnace,** 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.—Performances by Swiss artists: Ruedi Schill, Thursday, May 16, at 8:30; Peter Trachsel and Knut Remond, Thursday, May 23, at 8:30.

**P.S. 122,** 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Charles Dennis (performance), Wednesdays, May 15 and 22, at 9. . . . ¶ "Avant Garde Arama," programs of dance, performance, music, you-name-it, Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, at 9.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

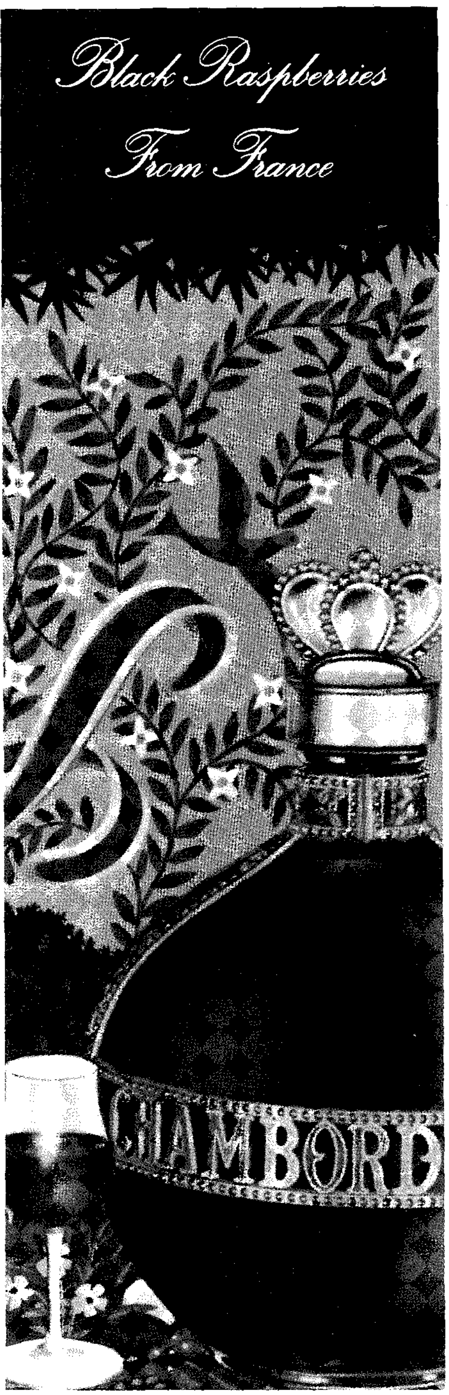
**Opera Ensemble of New York**—Ruth Bierhoff conducting Benjamin Britten's arrangement of John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, May 15, and Friday, May 17, at 8, and Sunday, May 19, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

**Bronx Opera Company**—Two performances of Verdi's "La Traviata," in English. Staged by Ron Medici and conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, at 8. For tickets, call 787-1356.)

**After Dinner Opera Company**— "Predators" and "Out the Window," two one-act comic operas by Seymour Barab. Conducted by Conrad Strasser and staged by Richard Flusser. (Theatre of the Music School, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, May 18, at 8:30; Sunday, May 19, at 3 and 7; and Monday, May 20, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the final concerts of the season—Thursday, May 16, at 8; Friday,



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 17, at 2; Saturday, May 18, at 8; Tuesday, May 21, at 7:30 and Thursday, May 23, at 8: A Bach–Mozart–Richard Strauss program, with Joseph Robinson, oboe; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Judith Le Clair, bassoon; and Philip Myers, horn. On May 23, works by Jacob Druckman and Ravel will replace the Strauss piece. . . . ¶ Friday, May 24, at 2, and Saturday, May 25, at 8: Two programs, each featuring Prokofieff's Violin Concerto No. 2, with Glenn Dicterow as soloist.

**CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA**—Christoph von Dohnanyi conducting the final concerts of the season here. **CARNEGIE HALL.** Wednesday, May 15: A Bartók-Janáček-Brahms program, with Alfred Brendel, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 18: A Haydn-Schoenberg-Beethoven program, with Anja Silja, soprano. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Friday, May 17: A Charles Ruggles–Stravinsky–Tchaikovsky program, with Gerald English and Frank Kelley, tenors; Julian Patrick, baritone; Enrico Fissore, bass; and members of the Cleveland Ballet. (Evenings at 8.)

**HARRISBURG SYMPHONY**—Larry Newland conducting an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 18, at 3.)

**Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY**—Gerard Schwarz conducting the final concerts of the season. With Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Syoko Aki, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, May 18, at 8, and Sunday, May 19, at 3.)

**ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S**—Felix Galimir conducting a Mozart-Schoenberg program, with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, May 18, at 8.)

**AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Peter Maag directing a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Mary Shearer, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Melvyn Poll, tenor; Richard Crist, bass; and the New York Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 19, at 3.)

**ALL SOULS CONCERT**—Walter Klauss directing a chamber orchestra and choir, with Susan Jolles, harp, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 19, at 8.)

**JUPITER SYMPHONY**—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 20, at 8.)

**NORDIC CHAMBER ORCHESTRA**—Göran Staxäng conducting, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Arve Tellefsen, violin; and Brynjar Hoff, oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 21, at 8.)

**IMAS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA OF TOKYO**—Hidekazu Himoto conducting, with Eugene Fodor, violin, in the orchestra's first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 23, at 8.)

**ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA**—David Randolph directing, with Mary Burgess, soprano, and David Hamilton, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 16, at 8.)

**GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK**—George Mead directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 18, at 8.)

**NEW AMSTERDAM SINGERS**—Clara Longstreth directing a program of music by Eastern European composers. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Sunday, May 19, at 4. . . . ¶ Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, May 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

**DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET AND THE MUSICA SACRA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA**—Richard Westenburg directing Mr. Brubeck's "Mass: To Hope" and "Pange Lingua" (New York première). (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 19, at 4:30. No tickets necessary.)

**DESSOFF CHOIRS**—Amy Kaiser directing a program for double chorus and soloists, accompanied by a baroque ensemble. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, May 23, at 8.)

## RECITALS

**RITA BOUBOULIDI**—Two in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesdays, May 15 and 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-4770.)

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**J. S. BACH: THE COMPLETE ORGAN WORKS**—Two in a series of sixteen biweekly recitals, each performed by a different organist. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, May 16, at 8: Jon Gillock. . . . ¶ Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Sunday, May 19, at 3: Dennis Keene. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ The seventh in a series of thirteen recitals by Donald Joyce. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, May 23, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

**BERENICE LIPSON-GRUZEN**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 17, at 8.)

**SYLVAN WIND QUINTET**—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 17, at 8.)

**MUSIC FOR A WHILE**—A program called "Medieval Music by and for Women," with Concentus Laurentius. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, May 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**RUTH GOLDEN**—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 19, at 2.)

**NEW AND NEWER MUSIC**—With Irene McCormick, pianist, and David Starobin, classical guitarist. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, May 19, at 2. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

**DAVID SYME**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 19, at 3.)

**ELAINE BONAZZI**—Mezzo-soprano, with William Black, piano, and Jerome Carrington, cello. (Church of the Good Shepherd, 240 E. 31st St. Sunday, May 19, at 4:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

**MANNES CAMERATA**—Paul C. Echols directing a performance of Emilio de' Cavalieri's musical drama "Rappresentatione di Anima et di Corpo" in concert form. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Sunday, May 19, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

**DON SHIRLEY**—Piano, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 19, at 8.)

**PAMELA EPPLE**—Oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 20, at 8.)

**MORDECAI SHEHORI**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 20, at 8.)

**DANIEL DRUCKMAN AND ALAN FEINBERG**—Percussion *and piano. (Symphony Space*, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, May 20, at 8.)

**ROBERT FEUERSTEIN**—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, May 22, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)

**MEYER KUPFERMAN**—Clarinettist/composer, in a program of new music written by him and his friends, dedicated to the memory of Max Pollikoff. With Mary Findley, violin, and Marjorie Lee, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 22, at 8.)

**NEW YORK WOODWIND QUINTET**—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 22, at 8.)

**EMANUEL AX**—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, May 23, at 8.)

**NINA TICHMAN**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 23, at 8.)

**ANTHONY DAVIS AND URSULA OPPENS**—A program of new music for two pianos. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 23, at 8.)

**THRUSTON JOHNSON, FRANCES BING, AND WHITNEY TUSTIN**—Violin, piano, and oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 25, at 8:30.)

## SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Wednesday, May 15, at 8, and Thursday, May 16, at 1. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Friday, May 17, at 8:05; Saturday, May 18, at 7:35; and Sunday, May 19, at 1:35. . . . ¶ San Diego, Monday through Wednesday, May 20-22, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, May 24, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 25, at 1:20.

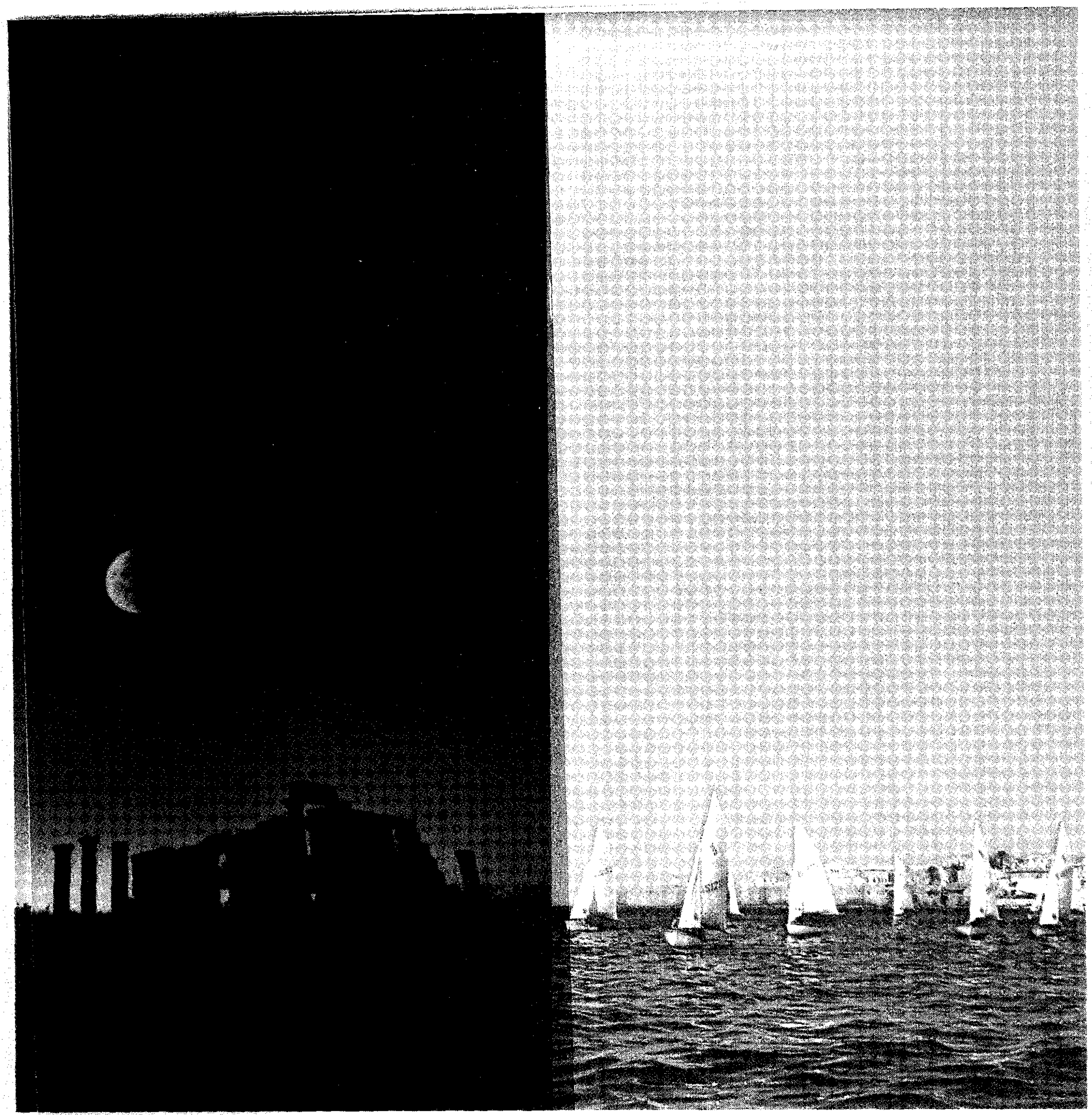
**RACING**—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, July 29. The Shuvee Handicap, Saturday, May 18; the Roseben Handicap, Sunday, May 19; the Saranac, Wednesday, May 22; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 25. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 15. The Camden Handicap, Saturday, May 18. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, May 24, through Saturday, Aug. 31. . . . **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 18.

## ET ALIA

**POETRY AND PROSE READINGS**—Grace Paley reading from her own short stories. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, May 16, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ Allen Ginsberg reading from his own poetry. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, May 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Ved Mehta and Linn Cary Mehta reading from Mr. Mehta's essays. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, May 20, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Jamaica Kincaid, Lorrie Moore, David Mamet, Frank MacShane, and Deborah Eisenberg reading from their own short stories. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 475-5707. Monday, May 20, at 8.) . . . ¶ Amy Clampitt and Marilyn Hacker reading from their own poetry. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, May 21, at 7:30.)

**WALKING TOURS**—Conducted tours of the upper West Side sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, May 18-19, starting at Central Park W. and 73rd St., at 2. (For information, call 935-3960.)

**AUCTIONS**—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 15, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 16, at 10:15 and 2: Tribal art. . . . ¶ Friday, May 17, at 2, and Saturday, May 18, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 18, at 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 21, at 2: European porcelain, Renaissance jewelry, Old Master paintings, French and English furniture, and other works of art; from the Jack and Belle Linsky Collection. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 22, at 10:15 and 2: Books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Friday, May 17. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 22, at 7: Oriental paintings, from the collection of Coral Petroleum, Inc. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 606-7303. Exhibition starts Friday, May 17. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 23, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Friday, May 17. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 15, at 7: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 546-1128. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 16, at 10: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 16, at 2:30: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures.



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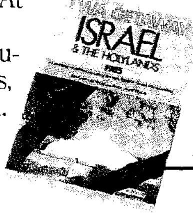

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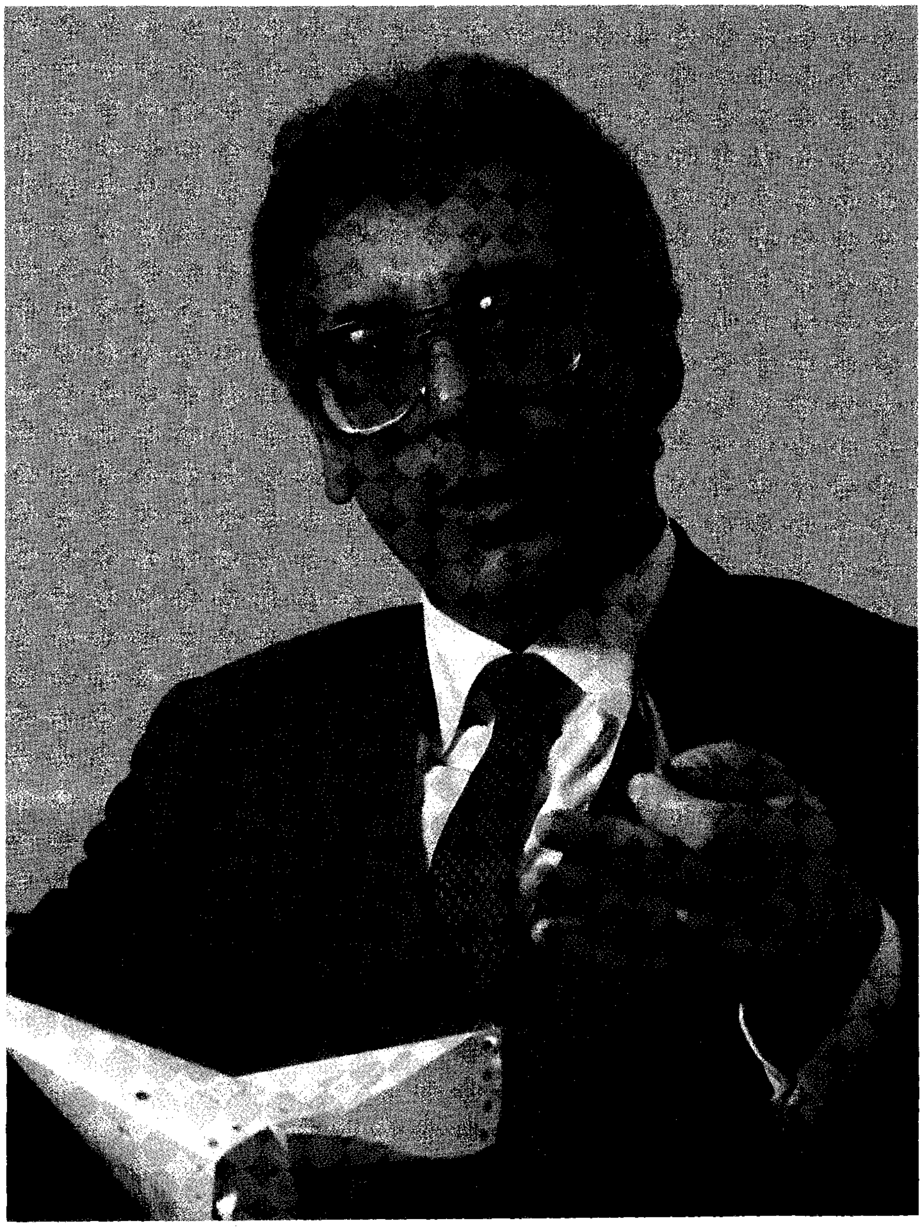

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**"Because the HP systems deliver more accurate analyses of test results, we're saving $250,000 in raw materials."**

Dr. Bill Zeitz, Director of Medical Group Information Services, says: "American Cyanamid's Medical Group is replacing mainframe use in its manufacturing plants with six HP 3000 computers. The HP systems automate materials and production management, factory order entry, and quality assurance programs.

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In Quebec, at Northern Telecom's A&R Transmission Division, Tony O'Rourke, director of manufacturing, describes the development of the RD-4A Long Haul Digital Microwave Radio. "Our customer wanted this product in just 16 months. Failure to meet this deadline meant losing the contract to another supplier.

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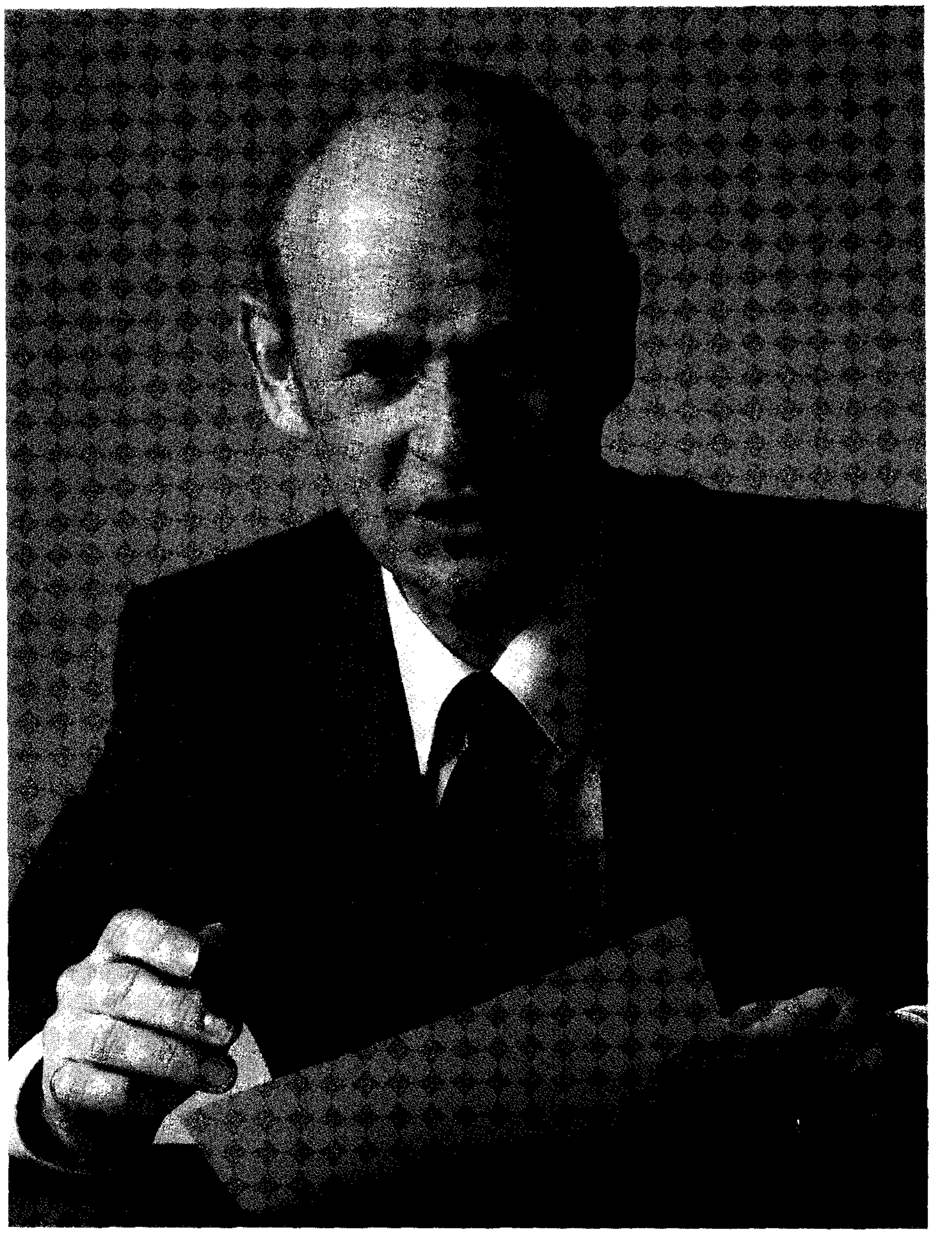
"Our HP equipment gave us the advanced capability we needed. By augmenting our staff with HP engineers, we developed design, production and test projects simultaneously—a key factor in the success of this project.

**"The high performance of HP equipment and the teamwork between HP engineers and our staff enabled us to cut a development cycle that would have taken 48 months to just 16 months. The payback? A $26 million contract for Northern Telecom."**



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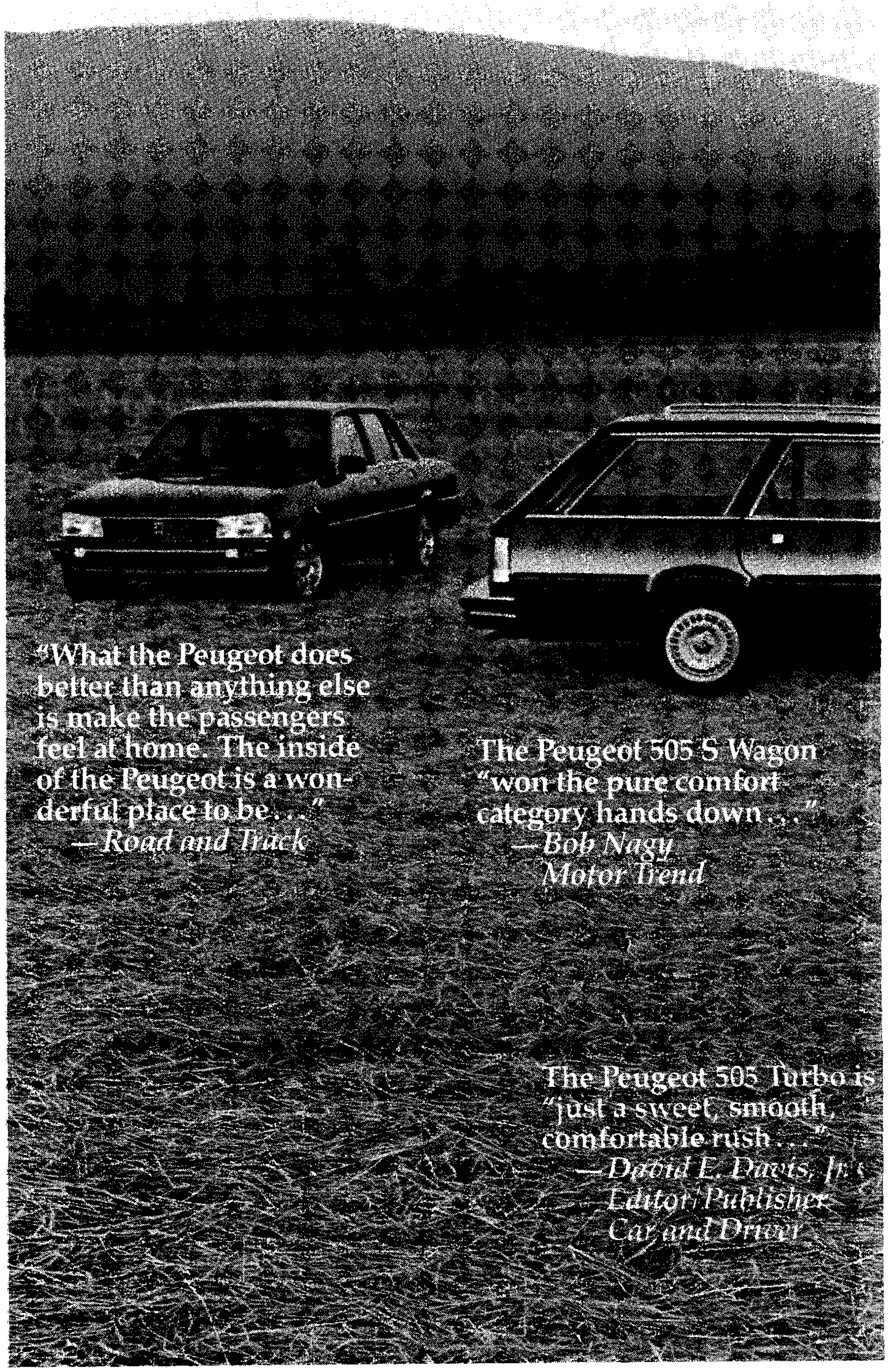
*Since 1889, this Marque has represented Peugeot's commitment to automotive excellence.*



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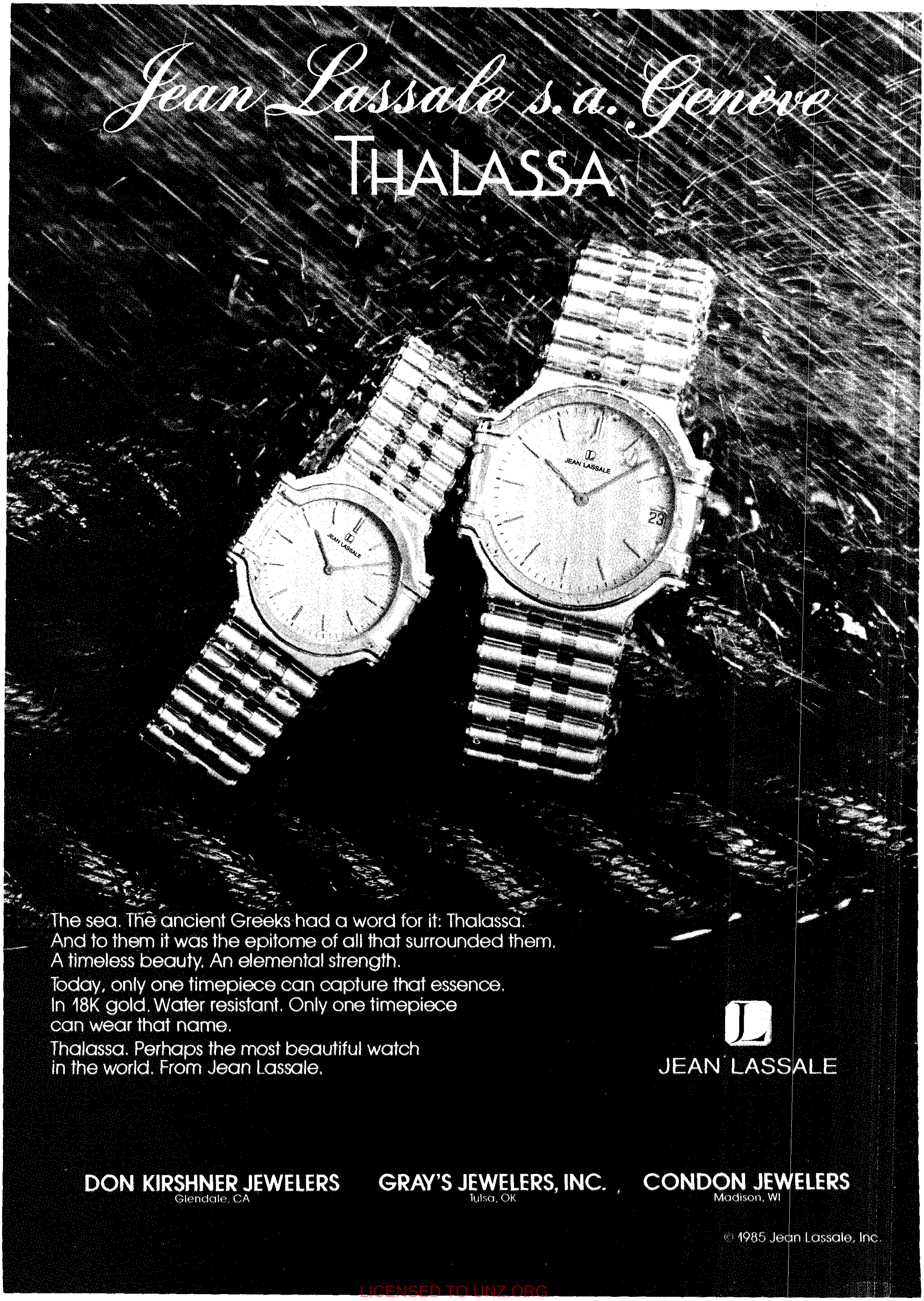

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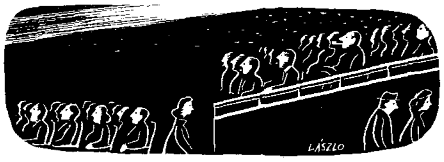
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

"Les Années 80" (1983; directed by Chantal Akerman).

**R.K.O. Century Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

"Lost in America" (†).

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through May 16: "A Passage to India" (†).

From May 17: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through May 16: "Rappin' " (Joel Silberg).

From May 17: "Gymkata."

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through May 21: "Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb).

From May 22: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through May 16: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards. From May 17: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "Rustlers' Rhapsody" (Hugh Wilson), with Tom Berenger.

Theatre 3: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through May 16: "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" (Alan Metter).

From May 17: "The Secret of the Sword."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through May 16: "Amadeus" (†).

From May 17: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Ladyhawke" (†).

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Almost You" (Adam Brooks), with Brooke Adams and Griffith Dunne.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Secret Places" (Zelda Barron).

**Manhattan 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Lost in America" (†).

Theatre 2: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Lily in Love" (Karoly Makk), with Christopher Plummer and Maggie Smith.

Theatre 2: Through May 16: "1918" (Ken Harrison). From May 17: "Silver City" (Sophia Turkiewicz; an Australian film).

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through May 16: "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" (Alan Metter).

From May 17: "Gymkata."

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through May 23: "Mikey and Nicky" (1976; Elaine May), with Peter Falk and John Cassavetes. From May 24: "The Shooting Party" (Alan Bridges).

Theatre 2: Through May 23: "Movers and Shakers" (William Asher), with Walter Matthau and Charles Grodin. From May 24: "Sylvia" (Michael Firth; a New Zealand film).

**Gemini 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through May 16: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†). From May 17: "Grace Quigley" (Anthony Harvey), with Katharine Hepburn and Nick Nolte.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Little Treasure" (Alan Sharp), with Margot Kidder, Ted Danson, and Burt Lancaster. From May 22: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

**Loews New York Twin 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through May 16: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards. From May 17: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "Rustlers' Rhapsody" (Hugh Wilson), with Tom Berenger.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Witness" (†).

**U. A. 85th St. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

**Loews Orpheum 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through May 16: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris. From May 17: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 16: "Dungeonmaster." From May 17: To be announced.

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through May 16: "Rappin' " (Joel Silberg).

From May 17: "Gymkata."

**R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: From May 21: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg. From May 22: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz). From May 22: "Rambo: First Blood Part II."

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum 1 and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: A program of seven short films. From May 22: "Freckled Rice" (1983; directed by Stephen C. Ning; in Cantonese and English, with English subtitles); and "Vacant Lot" (1984; Ken Selden).

Theatre 2: Through May 23: "Twenty Years Later" (Eduardo Coutinho; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). From May 24: "Kaddish" (Steve Brand), a documentary.

**Waverly 1 and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through May 16: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (Pedro Almodovar; in Spanish). From May 17: "Return to Waterloo."

Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

**Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through May 16: "The Return of the Soldier" (†). From May 17: "Grace Quigley" (Anthony Harvey), with Katharine Hepburn and Nick Nolte.

Theatre 2: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through May 16: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish). From May 17: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (Pedro Almodovar; in Spanish).

Theatre 2: Through May 16: "The Company of Wolves" (Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner. From May 17: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret.

Theatre 3: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Theatre 4: "Where's Picone?" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini.

**23rd St. West Triplex,** 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through May 16: "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" (Alan Metter). From May 17: "The Secret of the Sword."

Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 3: "Stop Making Sense" (†).

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through May 16: "Amadeus" (†).

From May 17: "The Secret of the Sword."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"A Passage to India" (†).

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Pumping Iron II: The Women" (George Butler).

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through May 23: "A Private Function" (†).

From May 24: "Dangerous Moves" (Richard Dembo; in French), with Michel Piccoli.

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through May 16: "French Cancan" (†).

From May 17: To be announced.

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

**Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: Through May 16: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish). From May 17: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.

Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

Theatre 3: "Jules and Jim" (†).

**Cinema Studio 1 and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 16: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary. From May 17: "MacArthur's Children" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese).

**Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "George Stevens: A Filmmaker's Journey" (George Stevens, Jr.), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Through May 16: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret. From May 17: "Goodbye New York" (Amos Kollek), with Julie Hagerty and Kollek.

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through May 16: "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" (Alan Metter). From May 17: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 16: "Dungeonmaster." From May 17: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through May 16: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris. From May 17: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through May 16: "Rappin' " (Joel Silberg). From May 17: To be announced.

**Loews 84th Street Sixplex,** B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Lost in America" (†).

Theatre 2: "Rustlers' Rhapsody" (Hugh Wilson), with Tom Berenger.

Theatre 3: "Ladyhawke" (†).

Theatre 4: Through May 21: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards. From May 22: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Theatre 5: "Witness" (†).

Theatre 6: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris. From May 22: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Theatre 2: Through May 16: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards. May 17-21: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz). From May 22: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.

Theatre 3: Through May 16: "Rappin' " (Joel Silberg). From May 17: "Gymkata."

Theatre 4: Through May 16: "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" (Alan Metter). From May 17: "The Secret of the Sword."

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (directed by Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Theatre 2: "Moving Violations" (Neal Israel).

Theatre 3: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with

Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen.

Theatre 4: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

Theatre 5: Through May 16: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From May 17: "Ladyhawke" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Killing Fields" (†).

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through May 16: "The Company of Wolves" (Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner.

From May 17: "The Secret of the Sword."

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb). From May 22: "Witness" (†).

Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 4: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Witness" (†).

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "Rustlers' Rhapsody" (Hugh Wilson), with Tom Berenger.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards. From May 22: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through May 16: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

From May 17: "Night Train to Terror."

**New Embassy 49th Street,** Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.

**R.K.O. Century National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" (Alan Metter).

Theatre 2: Through May 16: "Ladyhawke" (†). From May 17: "Marvin & Tige" (Eric Watson), with John Cassavetes and Billy Dee Williams.

**R.K.O. Century Warner Twin,** B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Dungeonmaster." From May 22: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz). From May 22: "Rambo: First Blood Part II."

**U. A. Twin 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "Rappin' " (Joel Silberg).

Theatre 2: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Agee Room,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"*Enormous Changes at the Last Minute*" (1983; directed by Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank).

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

A festival of Alfred Hitchcock films.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through May 23: "Rembetiko" (1985; Costas Ferris; in Greek).

May 24: "At Dawn It's Quiet Here" (1976; Stanislav Rostotsky; in Russian); and "Armored Attack" (†).

May 25: "A Wartime Romance" (1984; Pyotr Todorovsky; in Russian); and "The Best Years of Our Lives" (†).

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 16: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.

May 17-18: "Bananas" (1971; Woody Allen), with Allen; and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.

May 19-21: "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman); "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), and "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), all with the Marx Brothers.

May 22-23: "Places in the Heart" (1984; Robert Benton), with Sally Field; and "Norma Rae" (1979; Martin Ritt), with Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges.

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May 24-25: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "*Eraserhead*" (*1977; David* Lynch).

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 21: The Women's Erotic Film Festival.

From May 22: To be announced.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

May 15: "Trading Places" (1983; John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy; and "48 Hrs." (1982; Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

May 16-18: "The Natural" (1984; Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford and Robert Duvall; and "Places in the Heart" (1984; Robert Benton), with Sally Field.

May 19: "Raintree County" (1957; Edward Dmytryk), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Eva Marie Saint; and "Quo Vadis" (†).

May 20-21: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965; Gillo Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic); and "Z" (1969; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand, Irene Papas, and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

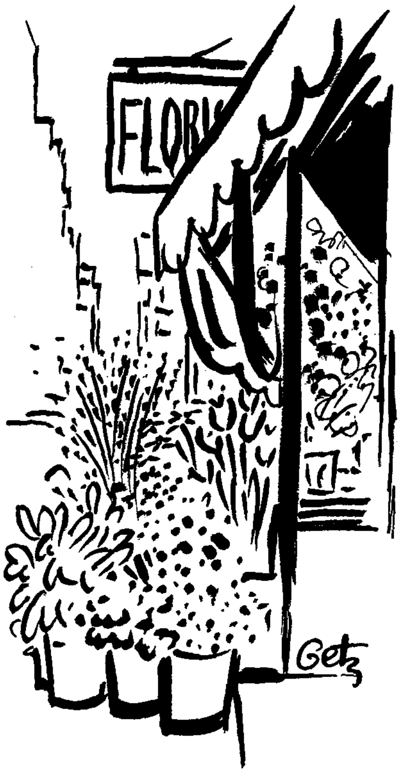
May 22-23: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.

May 24-25: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Scarface" (1983; Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 16: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti; in French), with Sylvia Kristel.

From May 17: To be announced.



**Metro Cinema,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

May 15: "Late Autumn" (1960; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Floating Cloud" (1955; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese), with Hideko Takamine.

May 16: "A Man Escaped" (1956; Robert Bresson; in French), with François Leterrier; and "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey.

May 17: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), *with Jack Nicholson, Jessica Lange, and* John Colicos.

May 18: "Swann in Love" (1984; Volker Schlöndorff; in French), with Jeremy Irons, *Ornella Muti, and Alain Delon; and* "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen.

May 19: "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell.

May 20: "Silkwood" (1983; Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher; and "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter McNicol.

May 21: "Blonde Venus" (†) and "Morocco" (†).

May 22: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.

May 23: "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

May 24: "The Three Ages" (1923; Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton; and two Buster Keaton short films.

May 25: "Sherlock Jr." (†); and three Buster Keaton short films.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 15: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John W. Bubbles; and "New Faces" (1954; Harry Horner), with Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Robert Clary.

May 16-18: "Gypsy" (1962; Mervyn LeRoy), with Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood, and Karl Malden; and "Funny Girl" (†).

May 19-20: "Bye Bye Birdie" (1963; George Sidney), with Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke, and Ann-Margret; and "Annie" (1982; John Huston), with Albert Finney, Carol Burnett, and Aileen Quinn.

May *21-22*: "Wonder Bar" (1934; Lloyd Bacon), with Al Jolson, Kay Francis, and Dick Powell; and "Cabaret" (†).

May 23-25: "Show Boat" (1936; James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "Roberta" (1935; William Seiter), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 15: "The Incredible Shrinking Man" (1957; Jack Arnold), with Grant Williams; and "Attack of the Puppet People" (1958; Bert I. Gordon), with John Agar.

May 16: "Crossfire" (1947; Edward Dmytryk), with Robert Young, Robert Ryan, and Robert Mitchum; and "Gentleman's Agreement" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, and John Garfield.

May 17-18: "Smorgasbord" (1983; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis; and "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis.

May 19: "*Oedipus Rex*" (*1967; Pier Paolo* Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano; and "Medea" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas.

May 20: "The Day of the Triffids" (†) and "These Are the Damned" (†).

May 21: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry

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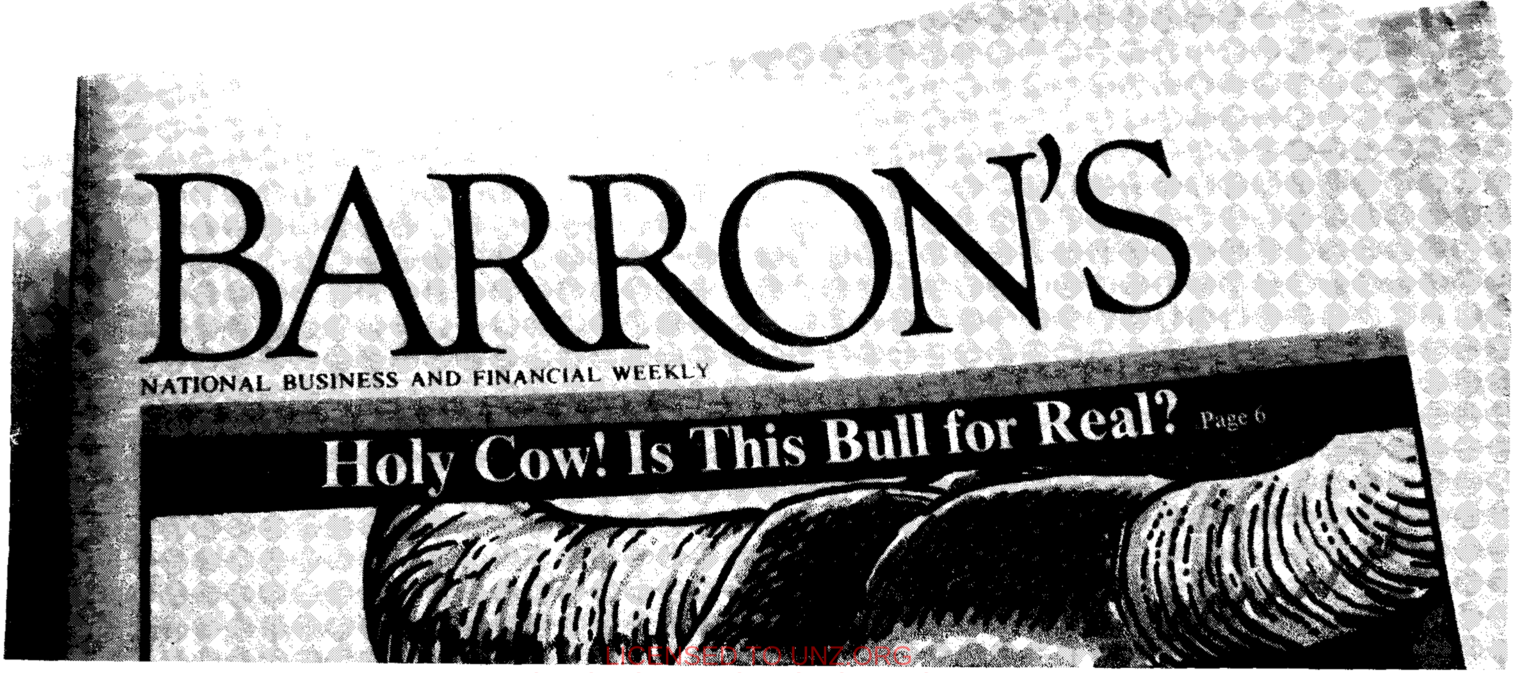
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Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.

May 22: "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "Simon of the Desert" (†).

May 23: "Funny Girl" (†); and "Be Yourself" (1930), with Fanny Brice and Robert Armstrong.

May 24: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring; and "Werner Herzog Eats His Shoe" (1981; Les Blank).

May 25: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 15: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "On the Town" (1949; Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Vera-Ellen.

May 16: "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

May 17-18: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

May 19: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

May 20: "Ordet" (1955; Carl Dreyer; in Danish); and "The Magician" (1958; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Max von Sydow.

May 21: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray.

May 22: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

May 23: "The Little Foxes" (1941; William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall; and "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor.

May 24-25: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**THEATRE 1:** May 16 at 2:30 and 6: "Page of Madness" (1926; directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa; a Japanese silent film). . . . ¶ May 17 at 2:30: "The Dam Busters" (1954; Michael Anderson), with Richard Todd, Michael Redgrave, Ursula Jeans, and Robert Shaw. . . . ¶ May 17 at 6: "Angels One Five" (1951; George More O'Ferrall), with Jack Hawkins, Dulcie Gray, and Vida Hope. . . . ¶ May 18 at 2: "Reach for the Sky" (1956; Lewis Gilbert), with Kenneth More and Muriel Pavlow. . . . ¶ May 18 at 5: "The Dam Busters." . . . ¶ May 19 at 2: "A Night to Remember" (1958; Roy Baker), with Kenneth More, Ronald Allen, and Alec McCowen. . . . ¶ May 19 at 5: "A Town Like Alice" (1956; Jack Lee), with Peter Finch and Virginia McKenna. . . . ¶ May 20 at 2:30: "Darling . . ." (1965; John Schlesinger), with Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey. . . . ¶ May 20 at 6: "Reach for the Sky." . . . ¶ May 21 at 2:30: "I'm All Right Jack" (1959; John Boulting), with Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Dennis Price, and Terry-Thomas. . . . ¶ May 21 at 6: "A Night to Remember." . . . ¶ May 23 at 2:30 and 6: "Berlin: Symphony of a Great City" (1927; Walter Ruttmann; a German silent film without intertitles); and "Rien Que les Heures" (1926; Alberto Cavalcanti; a French silent film). . . . ¶ May 24 at 2:30: "Victim" (1961; Basil Dearden), with Dirk Bogarde. . . . ¶ May 24 at 6: "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch, James Mason, and Yvonne Mitchell. . . . ¶ May 25 at 2: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962; Tony Richardson), with Tom Courtenay, Michael Redgrave, and Alex McCowen. . . . ¶ May 25 at 5: "Darling . . ."

**THEATRE 2:** May 16 at 3 and 6:30: "A Country Auction" (1984; Robert Aibel, Ben Levin, Chris Musello, and Jay Ruby), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 17 at 3: "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film, with English intertitles), with George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston. . . . ¶ May 17 at 6:30: "Tabu" (1931; F. W. Murnau and Robert Flaherty). . . . ¶ May 18 at 2:30: "Our Daily Bread" (1929; F. W. Murnau; a silent film, with English intertitles), with Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan. . . . ¶ May 18 at 5:30: "Sunrise." . . . ¶ May 19 at 2:30: "Tabu." . . . ¶ May 19 at 5:30: "Our Daily Bread." . . . ¶ May 20 at 6:30: "Bless Their Little Hearts" (1983; Billy Woodberry). Mr. Woodberry will be present. . . . ¶ May 21 at 3 and 6:30: "L'Avventura" (1960; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari. . . . ¶ May 23 at 3 and 6:30: "Herbicide Trials" (1984; Neal Livingston), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 24 at 3 and 6:30: "Hotel Imperial" (1927; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film). . . . ¶ May 25 at 2:30: "Joy of Living" (1938; Tay Garnett), with Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ May 25 at 5:30: "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

**Whitney Museum,** Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

# IN BRIEF

### SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
### IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Amadeus**—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Guild; through May 16.)

**Armored Attack** (1943; originally called "The North Star")—Samuel Goldwyn produced this Second World War monstrosity in his typical shiny prestige format. Anne Baxter, Farley Granger, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews, Ann Harding, Walter Brennan, and Jane Withers are Russians living in a village that fights back against its German invaders. Lewis Milestone, who had made his reputation with "All Quiet on the Western Front"—which was about the humanity of the young German soldiers who proudly went off to die in the First World War—disgraced himself by directing this slick piece of propaganda, which dehumanized the Germans and, in the process, romanticized the Russians so fondly that they were turned into Andy Hardy's neighbors. The film was doctored to change its political slant and reissued in 1957 under the present title. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 24.)

**The Best Years of Our Lives** (1946)—A hefty (172 minutes) piece of moviemaking that seemed to satisfy the public desire to see what changes the Second World War had made in people's lives. Despite its seven Academy Awards, it's not a great picture; it's too schematic and it drags on after you get the points. Fredric March is the infantry sergeant who comes home to his small (apocryphal) Midwestern city and the love of his wife (Myrna Loy) but finds no pleasure in his job as vice-president of a bank. Dana Andrews, an Air Force captain who had been a soda jerk before the war, discovers that his hard-as-nails wife (Virginia Mayo) doesn't want him any more than he wants her; he turns to the sergeant's daughter (Teresa Wright). Harold Russell is the machinist's mate second class who has lost his hands but has retained the love of his childhood sweetheart. Directed by William Wyler, it's clean and unmannered. With Cathy O'Donnell, Hoagy Carmichael, and Ray Collins. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 25.)

**Beverly Hills Cop**—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy.)

**Blonde Venus** (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the man she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. Once degraded, she sinks down to flophouse level before she pulls herself together and becomes the toast of the night-club world. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler, Cecil Cunningham, Hattie McDaniel, Sterling Holloway, and Dewey Robinson. (Metro Cinema; May 21.)

**Cabaret** (1972)—A great movie musical. Taking its form from political cabaret, it's a satire of temptations. In a prodigious balancing act, Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director, keeps the period—Berlin, 1931—at a cool distance. We see the decadence as garish and sleazy; yet we also see the animal energy in it—everything seems to become sexualized. With Joel Grey as our devil-doll host—the master of ceremonies—and Liza Minnelli (in her first singing role on the screen) as exuberant, corruptible Sally Bowles, chasing after the life of a headliner no matter what; Minnelli has such gaiety and electricity that she becomes a star before our eyes. With Michael York, Helmut Griem, Marisa Berenson, and Fritz Wepper. (Regency; May 21-22.)

**The Day of the Triffids** (1963)—The Triffids are meteor-incited plants that eat meat. Meaty mankind has mostly been blinded by the meteors; Janette Scott and Kieron Moore are nervy scientists who find a way out. Not bad, considering that half of England has to be imagined as blundering around on a few low-budget sets. (Thalia; May 20.)

**Desperately Seeking Susan**—Set in the punk world, it's a mistaken-identity fantasy about doe-eyed Roberta (Rosanna Arquette), a suburban housewife in New Jersey, who becomes fixated on a drifter named Susan (played by the rock star Madonna). This attempt at screwball charm was directed by Susan Seidelman, who wipes out her actors. All their responsiveness is cut off—there's nothing going on in them. No subtext—nothing. Nobody comes through except Madonna, who comes through as Madonna (she moves regally, an indolent, trampy goddess), and

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the cinematographer Edward Lachman, whose lighting gives the East Village shops and streets a funky prettiness. The cast includes Robert Joy, Aidan Quinn, Mark Blum, Laurie Metcalf, and the comedian Steven Wright. (4/22/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, U. A. 85th St. East, Loews Paramount, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Gemini; through May 16. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting May 17.)

**French Cancan** (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (Cinema 3; through May 16.)

**Funny Girl** (1968)—A bravura performance by Barbra Streisand. As Fanny Brice, she has the wittiest comic inflections since the comediennes of the thirties; she makes her written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation. As the shady gambler Nicky Arnstein, phlegmatic Omar Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. But Streisand's triumphant talent rides right over the film's weaknesses. William Wyler directed. With Walter Pidgeon, Kay Medford, and Anne Francis. (Regency; May 16-18. . . . ¶ Thalia; May 23.)

**Jules and Jim** (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre), have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau) they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy, an enchantress. Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"that way, she'll still be *ours*." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does) she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps *more* devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period. In French. (Lincoln Plaza.)

**The Killing Fields**—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

**Ladyhawke**—Set in the Middle Ages, it's about the romance between Princess Isabeau (Michelle Pfeiffer) and the noble Navarre (Rutger Hauer), which is cursed by an evil sorcerer-bishop (John Wood). Each sunrise, Isabeau turns into a hawk; each sundown, Navarre turns into a black wolf. The settings and accoutrements have grandeur; just about everything connected with the movie is big except the storytelling instinct of its director, Richard Donner. At almost every point where we might expect a little ping of surprise or mystery, Donner lets us down. It's a limp and dreary movie. The lovers are helped by a boy thief, played by Matthew Broderick, who is like a contemporary urban-American adolescent placed in medieval France—the effect is something like putting, say, a boy Woody Allen at Robert Taylor's elbow in

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"Ivanhoe." The device doesn't feel integral and the boy is made too endearing and impish, yet even when Broderick's lines are irritating, this happy, ingenious young actor isn't. Put up on the screen for comic relief, he has more of a fairy-tale quality than anyone else. With Leo McKern as the swillbelly priest, and Ken Hutchison. The overly fastidious script, which lifts its climax from Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," is by Edward Khmara, Michael Thomas, and Tom Mankiewicz; the cinematography is by Vittorio Storaro; the disco-medieval music is by Andrew Powell. (5/13/85) (Sutton, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century National Twin; through May 16. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting May 17.)

**Lost in America**—Original and pleasantly snappy. It lacks the fullness of a major comedy, but Albert Brooks, who stars in it and directed, is on to something: satirizing the upper middle class from within, he shows the nagging terror along with the complacency. And he keeps you laughing fairly steadily. As David, an L.A. advertising whiz, he's an anxious wreck who tortures himself and his wife over every detail of his existence. With her little-girl breathiness and her look of panic, Julie Hagerty is an ideal choice for the timid, depressed woman who puts up with him. These two buy a luxury motor home, and, with the security of a nest egg of roughly a hundred and forty-five thousand dollars, set out to find themselves and get in touch with the real America. With Garry Marshall, Art Frankel, and Michael Greene. (4/8/85) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

**Morocco** (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first Hollywood film, and perhaps Josef von Sternberg's most effective piece of romantic mythmaking. It's enchantingly silly, full of soulful grand passions, drifting cigarette smoke, and a few too many pictorial shots of the Foreign Legion marching this way and that. Dietrich is Amy Jolly, a mysterious woman with a past she won't talk about, who arrives in Morocco and gets a job singing in a rough café. You feel that she's a real performer here: when she comes out to sing, her energy level soars. For her first number, she appears in top hat, white tie, and tails; a Legionnaire (Gary Cooper) shushes the raucous, jeering crowd. When, in a feather boa and a short leotard that shows off her long sleek legs, she sings "What am I bid for my apples?," the Legionnaire knows just what to offer. Dietrich is at the peak of her naughty perfection—cool effrontery and a hint of amusement. This is the movie with the classically giddy, ridiculously satisfying romantic finish: she says goodbye to the rich, kind, worldly Adolphe Menjou, who loves her, kicks off her high heels, and follows Cooper and the departing Legionnaires into the desert. With Juliette Compton, Ullrich Haupt, and Eve Southern. (Metro Cinema; May 21.)

**A Passage to India**—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Festival. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through May 16.)

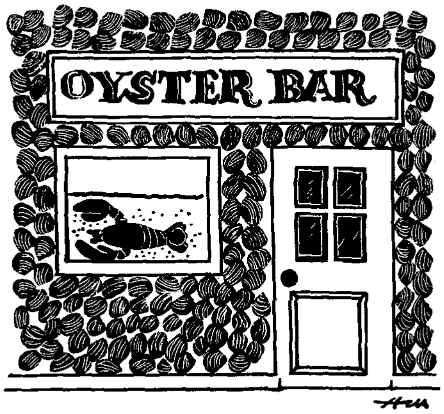
**A Private Function**—It never quite makes the final leap into lewd farce, but it's pretty funny anyway. The action is set in a small Yorkshire town in 1947, during the worst of the postwar austerity, and the plot involves the efforts of the local pillars of society (Denholm Elliott, John Normington, Richard Griffiths) to fatten a hidden, "unlicensed" pig for a banquet celebrating the nuptials of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. They run into trouble when the pig is stolen by a mild-mannered chiropodist (Michael Palin), who is encouraged by his Lady Macbeth of a wife (Maggie Smith). The movie is trivial, but alive and unruly; the characters cheat and conspire on such a low level that it suggests "Volpone" set in a cabbage patch. With Liz Smith, Bill Paterson, and Rachel Davies. Directed by Malcolm Mowbray. (3/25/85) (Paris; through May 23.)

**The Purple Rose of Cairo**—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. He wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, and Dianne Wiest. (3/25/85) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Movieland; through May 16.)

**Quo Vadis** (1951)—Never before were thirty thousand actors employed so footlessly as in this version of the Sienkiewicz novel about hard times for Christians under Nero. Robert Taylor, the thirty-thousandth actor, helps not at all. But there's no doubt that it's big. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 19.)

**The Return of the Soldier**—Directed by Alan Bridges, this film version of Rebecca West's first novel, published in 1918, isn't great or exciting, but its very enjoyable. Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson, and Ann-Margret play the three women who love the shell-shocked amnesiac Captain Chris Baldry (Alan Bates), who has forgotten the last twenty years of his life and regressed to the time of his greatest joy. The conflict is: Should he be allowed to remain in his boyish state of happiness, or should he be forced to confront the truth? As Chris's wife, Julie Christie is so outrageously vain that she's funny; Glenda Jackson takes the literary conception of an instinctual, loving woman and plays it with an ease and leanness that's fairly astounding; and Ann-Margret has a thankless role, but she acquits herself with likable dignity. In a part that could seem ludicrous, Alan Bates has a weight and an aura of middle-aged bewilderment that you don't laugh off. The cast includes Ian Holm, Frank Finlay, and Jeremy Kemp. (3/11/85) (Greenwich Playhouse; through May 16.)

**Sherlock Jr.** (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's a piece of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. Silent. (Metro Cinema; May 25.)



**Simon of the Desert** (1965)—Luis Buñuel made this short satirical feature (forty-five minutes) in Mexico, just before he did "Belle de Jour." It's a jovial comedy about the temptations of St. Simeon Stylites, the fifth-century desert anchorite who spent thirty-seven years preaching to pilgrims from his perch on top of a column; in both a literal and figurative sense it's a shaggy-saint story. Simon (Claudio Brook) performs his miracles, and the crowds evaluate them like a bunch of New York cabdrivers discussing a parade: whatever it was, it wasn't much. The Devil, in the female form of Silvia Pinal, tempts Simon and at one point frames him in front of the local priests, who are more than willing to believe the worst of him. He falls, of course, because of the animal instincts he has tried to deny. Buñuel couldn't raise the money to finish the film, and he resorted to a bummer of a jokey ending in which the foolish saint is transported to the modern world and left, a lost soul, in a Greenwich Village discothèque full of dancing teen-agers. In Spanish. (Thalia; May 22.)

**Stop Making Sense**—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (23rd St. West Triplex.)

**Stranger Than Paradise**—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Quad Cinema.)

**These Are the Damned** (1962)—Joseph Losey's film, with Viveca Lindfors as a sculptor called Freya. Her sculptures are by Elisabeth Frink, and they are the real stars of the picture. They have the repose and classical sense of conflict that Losey struggles for with an effort that strains muscles. The plot is relentlessly serious; Shirley Anne Field and Macdonald Cary end the picture about to die of radiation sickness. Losey always casts very well: the film includes a most interesting performance by Alexander Knox. (Thalia; May 20.)

**Witness**—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting May 22.)

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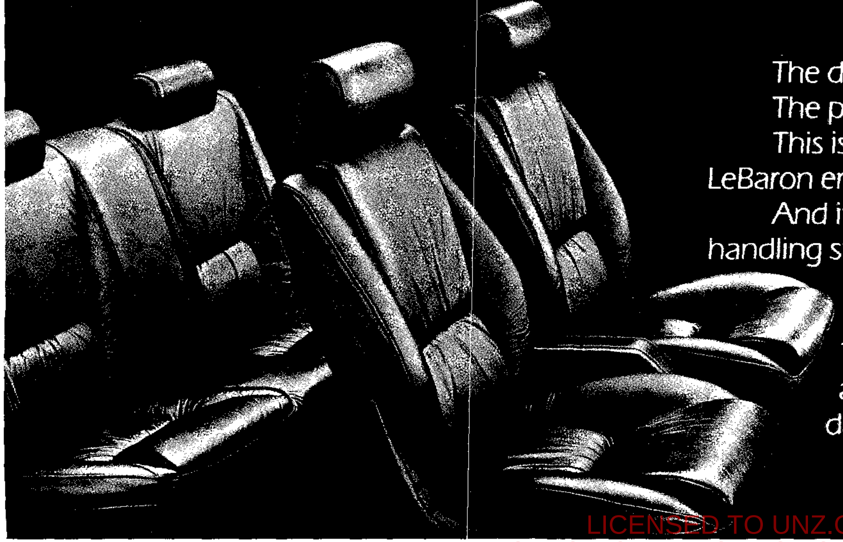

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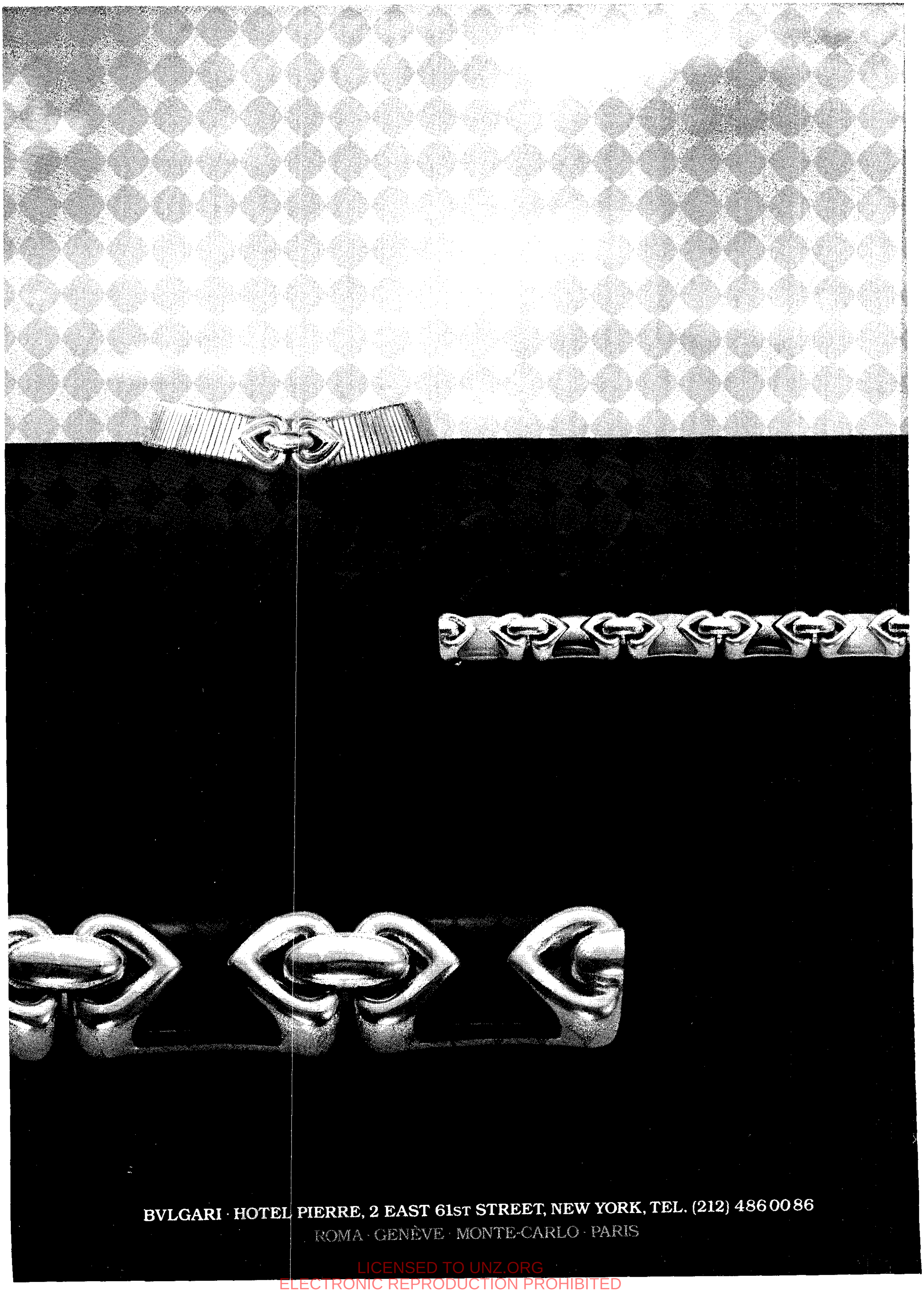

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# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

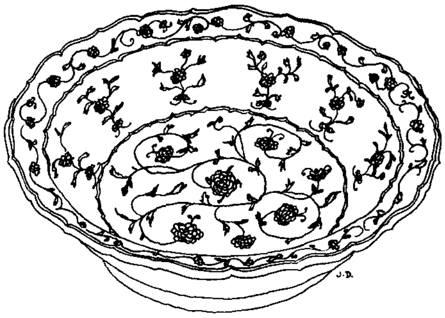
## *Notes and Comment*

A WOMAN we know writes:

The bells of Trinity Church struck noon under a dark-gray sky as I emerged from the subway at Wall Street. The winter that has passed now was just beginning. On the street in front of the church, a trio played jungly music that got mixed up with the church bells. I followed a narrow, lumpy street into the depths of the financial district, where I found the hugely brass-knobbed door of a venerable masculine lunch club. Inside, its character was plain, but with subtle flavors underneath—like a stew cooked over a low flame for a long time. An elderly figure in black tie spotted me, lurched, then sprinted toward me. "You want Room E-F," he said, and he repeated "Room E-F," emphatically, meaning "*Do not stray*." I didn't. Room E-F was warmly lit, not large, with tables arranged in a U and set for lunch. Natives of Wall Street were in the majority. I have noticed about members of the financial community gathered together in rooms in Manhattan that sometimes they look ghastly, almost as if they were dead, and sometimes they look like Rembrandts. The burghers in Room E-F that day had lively eyes and good color, and emanated evolved worldliness. Artistic persons and a variety of female persons, including some who had not camouflaged themselves as natives, were present as well. There was an atmosphere of openness and civility. Conversations wove naturally in and out of each other. This was pleasant, and completely unexpected. It was only a public-relations event.

A man was there whose eminence was based on a lifelong, and continuing, productivity of incontrovertible worth; he appeared to have the sort of harmonious nature for which work is almost like breathing. His eminence seemed to have risen up underneath him until it became a cliff top, on which he dwelt, cordial, alert, and unrivalrous. He seemed to know about but be strangely protected from the emergencies of the world—on some of which he was an expert—and from the subjective emergencies that toss the rest of us about, at the foot of the cliff. This man had unusually large eyes, which were blue—a dark, hot, tropical blue that was surprising. His eyes could seem to frame him, as if they were the sky behind him, as he leaned down from his cliff top to speak or listen—or, to put it the other way around, speaking to him, one had the impression of looking skyward. That day, in the course of conversation, this man spoke to me of a writer who, though eminent, had found no cliff top—had instead been, to the end of his days, battered by his own conflicted nature. The man on the cliff top spoke of a book, recently published, that exposes the tortured side of this writer's life in detail. It seemed almost inconceivable that the man on the cliff top had ever suffered in that way. He and the writer could easily be seen as opposites. But the man on the cliff top said that he had come away from the book loving the writer very much. He said this with candid simplicity. His saying this from his cliff top gave the impression that pain and confusion are not wasted but are also not paramount. His use of the word "love" was unembarrassed. For a moment, it was as if this man and the writer he spoke of were parts of the same nature; for a moment, the dark, hot blue that framed him seemed not empyrean at all but the inside of the sphere of consciousness which contains all of us, and within which we are allies against isolation, futility, and death. The hospitality of the room deepened. I looked out the window and saw snow falling. Time drew in thick and close, like a nurturing cocoon.

It's amazing to hear the word "love" used with a full-bodied meaning intact, and it was doubly amazing that day, for the meaning was unusual: love felt upon reading about a fellowman, now dead, who had suffered. It was triply amazing to hear it used in a social situation: "love" is a word that, if we want to use it with its meaning intact, we reserve for moments that are quiet and intimate, so that its meaning won't be dissipated by a tumble of other meanings. But here, though it had been thrown out in the course of random conversation, its meaning remained intact and powerful, and, furthermore, it had seemed at home in the room; and why it should have seemed at home I couldn't say, because the people there were strangers gathered for a public-relations event. It was a spectacular little miracle.



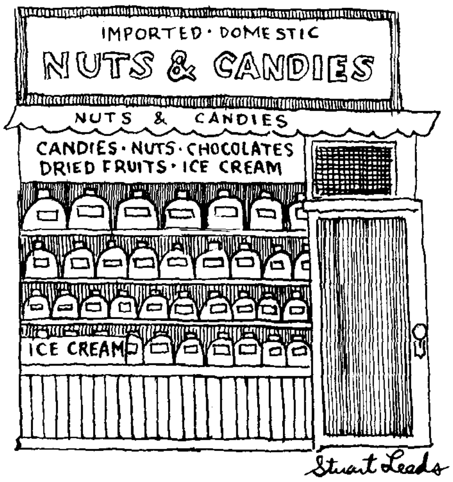
Then a shift took place which reversed the miracle with a horrible authority. It was caused by a small thing: the manner of a waiter when I asked where a phone was—the controlling way he stood at the door to see that I went to the right place, and did not stray. It brought home the archaic exclusivity of the club, not only socially but in terms of male/female. It made me uncomfortable, and when I came back to the room it seemed to me that the civilized sociability was little more that a phantom borrowed from another century's habit of institutionalizing the abyss between men and women. But the authority behind the shift came from modern life, from the actuality of my firsthand experience. It came from my experience of what seems to be a perverse law of modern life: that the deeper the connection the more inevitable its breaking, and that the relationships between men and women must be a special target of this law. And it seemed to me that this target is not so much our relationships as lovers, where we can meet as opposites and from opposite ends of the earth, as our relationships as brothers and sisters, our relationships based on our sameness, our relationships as allies against the darkness in our common nature, against isolation, futility, and death. This law seemed to me to be Havoc itself in action. And a way to describe this invisible yet omnipresent abyss might be this: If a man says, "I came away from the book loving him very much," we all know he means as a brother. But if a man said of a book about a woman, "I came away from the book loving her very much," we would suspect that he meant he had, in some way, fallen *in* love with her, because the idea that he loved her as a sister would seem farfetched. It would mean that he had admitted her experience into his own, and the word "love" does not currently delineate a sphere of experience within which men and women are part of the same nature, and allies. A man who used the word that way would be an extraordinary man. In this, somehow, we are not together. I thought: How can we reknit the world under these circumstances? That the warmth in the room evaporated was hardly remarkable—this was only a public-relations event. But it is always sad to look again and see that it's no longer snowing.

I stood on the street once more, opposite Trinity Church. Wall Street's church is very black—the absorbent black of night. It seems to be sucking all the light out of the air. It looks like a witch crouched among the skyscrapers—a witch with a pointy hat. It looks as if it were about to spring. From here, Broadway extends straight uptown to Eleventh Street. At Eleventh Street, it bends like an elbow, and in the crook stands Grace Church. Grace Church is a frosty gray that gives off light. It looks like an angel, wings barely folded. It looks as if it had alighted on the earth just a moment before. Grace and Trinity Churches mark off an axis in the city. One can see them as jewels of tradition, fastening the ravelling, wind-snapped fabric of contemporary New York to the schist. Or one can see them as having become a kind of costume jewelry, worn by the city as by an irreverent, humorous girl. To me that day, they were masculine. To me that day, they were also clues, strewn along the historical way—apparitions, both slightly eerie, of the light and the dark in our nature. The snow had stopped falling. In this, the day seemed stingy, and the season choked up, incapable of a full statement. And then the third shift of the day took place. It was as if the little miracle of before came back, took up residence inside me, and spoke. It said: Snow is not something that it makes sense to wait for or hope for, much less count on. But snow always comes eventually, and sometimes soon. And almost in spite of myself I thought: We will stand in rooms that are lamplit at midday and we will talk with an open civility that is not at odds with private experience. As we talk, it will begin to snow, and the mood in the room will change to a richer key. The snow will fall thickly, and then more thickly, until there is no doubt about the fullness of its arrival. The reciprocal hospitality in the room will deepen further, and time will gather in close around us, like a cocoon. I saw myself afterward, alone, on the street, in the snowfall. The snowflakes would land on my cheeks with the lightest touch on earth, then turn to tears, unaccompanied by sorrow—cool tears that would remind me of another time.

• •

## *Messages*

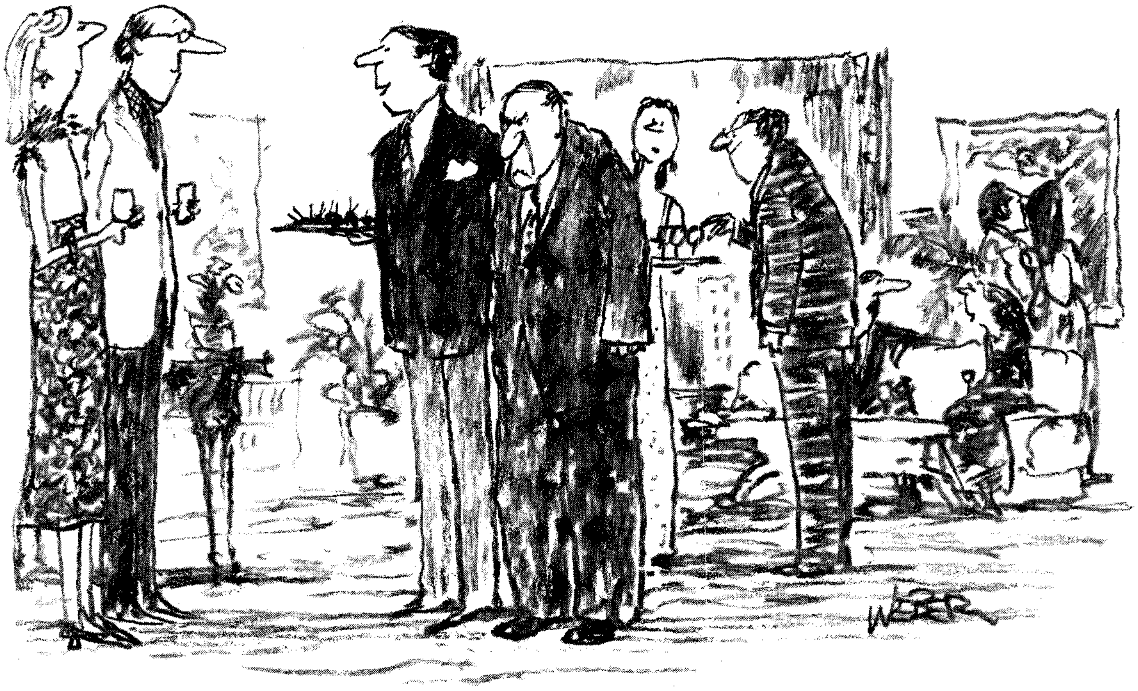
WE happened to be following some raccoon and pheasant tracks along the edge of a field in East Hampton (40°58′ N. and 72°11′ W.) the other afternoon when we found what looked at first like a piece of junk mail—something blue wrapped in transparent plastic. It turned out to be a hand-lettered card in a Baggie that was attached to the tattered remains of a pink balloon on a string. The card said, "This balloon came to you from the First Grade Children at Cambridge Central School 24 So Park Street Cambridge NY 12816. Please mail a post card back to school. We want to know who you are and where you live. Thank You. Lori Sourdiffe."



We wanted to know who Lori was and where she lived. First, we looked in the atlas. It listed fifteen Cambridges around the world—two in England, and one each in Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Jamaica, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, New York, New Zealand, Ohio, and Ontario. Cambridge, New York, is situated near the Adirondacks, at 43°02′ N. and 73°23′ W.—about forty miles northeast of Albany and a hundred and sixty miles northwest of East Hampton. The population is eighteen hundred and twenty.

We phoned the Cambridge Central School. The first graders had already left for the day. We wound up talking to Mrs. Therese Hewson, Lori's first-grade teacher. "We're so excited to hear from you," she said. "We were studying a unit in the Ginn reader that had a story called 'The School Fair.' It's about some schoolchildren who release balloons with messages and get a reply from someone who uses balloons to find out about the weather. We tie our reading in with science and social studies, and so we decided to duplicate the story and launch helium-filled balloons with messages and see how far they would travel. The other first-grade teachers are Barbara Johnson, Helene Pearson, Melissa Skellie, and Elizabeth Lennon, and we got the whole first-grade class, a hundred children, in on the project. It was quite an event. I didn't know what was going to happen, because on the day of the launch the wind out of the west was so strong that I thought the balloons might be blown straight out into the Atlantic. Or maybe to Boston. There's been one other reply: a first-grade teacher who lives in Broad Brook, Connecticut, and teaches in East Windsor found one of our balloons." Mrs. Hewson said she would send us a videotape about Balloon Day and about the school and the town.

We tracked down Lori at her grandmother's house. On the telephone, she was a little shy. We asked



*"I'm sure you've heard of the good old Good Olds Guys. Mr. Groark was one for a short time."*

• •

her a lot of questions, and whenever she started to reply with "Mm-hmm," she would stop and say "I mean yes." "The teacher taught us how to let the balloons go, and we all sent them up at once," she said softly. "That was fun. I liked it. We had a story of it in our reading books. I liked the story. I thought someone would find mine, but I didn't know who."

We told her who we were and where we were from. We told her that we liked discovering things and writing about them, and that three days after she had let her balloon go we had found her message in a field near the ocean, and that in the field potatoes sometimes grew and rye at other times; that at the moment green shoots were coming up in the rye stubble; and that except for some dunes along the beach the countryside was very flat, with lines of trees along the edges of the fields.

We asked her to tell us just who she was and where she was from. We learned that she was seven, that she was born in the hospital in Cambridge, that she had a ten-year-old brother, that she had long blond hair, and that today she was wearing jogging pants. We learned that her father worked on the roads and her mother worked at Lori's grandmother's place, helping out with her milk-hauling business. Her grandmother has cattle and horses, and Lori feeds the horses carrots and ears of corn, rides on a saddle on a fence rail, and plays in a sandbox. She said that people in Cambridge liked to go camping and fishing in the mountains nearby, and she liked that, too, but she also liked to play house with her dolls in the woods on her parents' ten-acre property.

We asked her what she liked best in the whole world.

"Flowers and dolls, and that's about all," she said.

A few days later, the mail brought the videotape. It had a soundtrack with music and voice-overs. To the song "Save the Country" ("Come on, people, come on, children . . ."), a big group of children and teachers filed out of a modern, flat-roofed yellow brick school building. While the others watched, the first graders and their balloons gathered in an open stretch of the schoolyard. The balloons—orange, yellow, blue, pink, lilac, green, and red—bobbed on strings, along with their attached messages, over the heads of the children, who were mostly wearing puffy jackets and coats of red, yellow, turquoise, pink, blue, and purple. A red balloon escaped and rose, amid screams, above the bare-branched trees and the evergreens at the edge of the schoolyard, above the low, rounded mountains, and into the clear blue air. The soundtrack switched to "Up, Up, and Away," and, while the children and teachers applauded and cheered and waved, the ninety-nine other balloons, their white cards wagging and their strings trailing, ascended in an oscillating column, remained briefly clustered, and then quickly dispersed across the sky until they were pale specks. Some of the children stood with their heads tilted back, their expressions thoughtful. Others jumped up and down. Others wandered off, occasionally glancing upward.

The videotape also contained a section about the Cambridge Central School, which is a public school going from kindergarten through twelfth grade, and about the area it serves. We learned that the school's buses travel more than a thousand miles each day to fetch children from and return them to surrounding communities like White Creek, Ash Grove, Camden Valley, Lincoln Hill, Colfax Mountain, Brownell Hollow, Lake Lauderdale, and Eagle Bridge. We learned that the pride of Eagle Bridge is the homestead of Grandma Moses. We heard a man in a suit in an office say that the school doesn't try to do anything extravagant and that the emphasis is on the individual. We were told that in the last century Cambridge had two opera houses. The voice of an elderly woman said, "Even though we're far from the attractions of the big city, there's much going on in Cambridge all the time." We saw the hospital where Lori was born. We saw lawns and big trees, lovely Victorian houses, barns and silos, colts and calves, streams with covered bridges, and fields and forested hillsides as they appear through the four seasons. We saw majorettes and a marching band, and heard a girl say, "The Cambridge Central School Marching Band students have become quite close on their recent trip to Canada." We heard a man's voice say, "I was born and raised in Cambridge, and I've had a business here for ten years. It's a really nice town . . . and I'll probably be here for the rest of my life." We heard a boy say, "I think Cambridge is coming on strong, and one of the reasons is the stores. And the mushroom farm.”

## *Mirror, Mirror*

Estée Lauder was launching her new men’s “scent,” so she threw a luncheon in the ballroom of the Helmsley Palace for some hundred of “New York’s most handsome men.” Among those who made the list were Jerome Zipkin, the man-about-town; former Mayor Robert Wagner; Glenn Bernbaum, the proprietor of Mortimer’s restaurant; and Marvin Traub, the chairman of Bloomingdale’s. Last-minute seats were found for the artist Andy Warhol and his bodyguard. Most of the men were middle-aged and were dressed in business suits; vanity rippled over the assembly like breezes on the surface of a pond. “These are all men who are movers and shakers,” a Lauder executive told us. “It is success that makes a man look good.”

As the guests entered, they paused for a second at the threshold, shy as débutantes, to twitch at a breast-pocket handkerchief, pat their neckties, smooth their hair. Then they plunged, and shook each other’s hands in hearty greetings, clapped each other on the back, and joshed.

“I never wear scent,” one man told us quite emphatically. “I believe in Ivory soap, liberally used.”

“I accepted the invitation as a change from thinking about the dollar or talking to Japanese businessmen,” said an Australian diplomat. “I thought this lunch would be a hoot.”

A third man had been surveying his fellow-guests. “Never seen such a moth-eaten lot,” he said cheerfully. “It’s a victory by default, though. Very good for one’s amour propre.”

The Penn Pipers, of the University of Pennsylvania glee club, moved from table to table with harmonious football anthems and drinking songs. Smooth and fresh the faces of the tenors, under comma-quiffs of hair or boater brims. Willow Bay, a young woman who is a senior at that university and is also the model for much Estée Lauder advertising, watched with a clear gaze as the singers performed, then gave them a dimpled smile. “Glad to see you boys here today,” she said. “*You’re* not studying, either.”

After lunch, Estée Lauder stepped to a microphone. She was wearing a feather-printed white silk dress. “It took me three solid years to perfect this fragrance,” she said, looking at the tables filled with men. “I tried it out on every man I met. It is young, it is fresh, it is international. It gives a lift, just like champagne.”

•

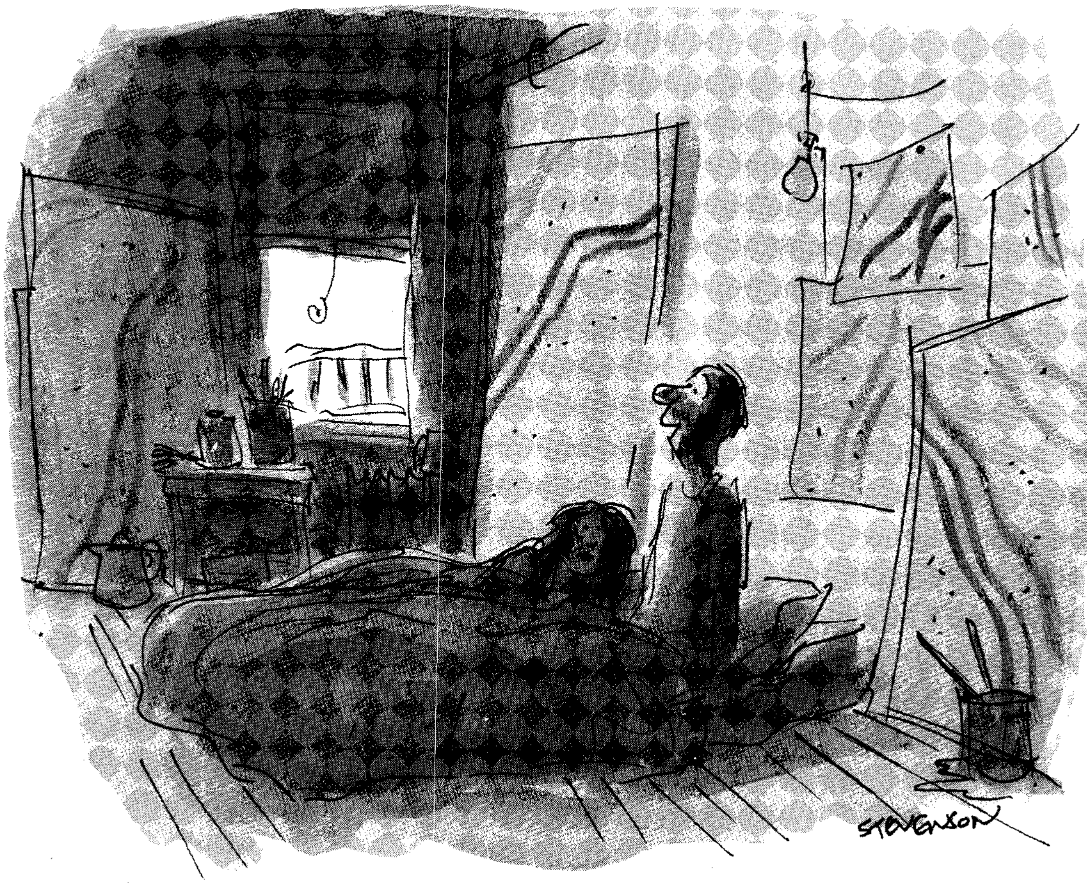
“Pumping Iron II: The Women,” the new movie about female bodybuilding, was having its première that same evening, to benefit the Women’s Campaign Fund. Two male bodybuilders—one a former Mr. Universe, the other a contender for the American National Bodybuilding Championship—were standing under the movie marquee, the muscles in their bare torsos bulging and gleaming in the light of camera flashes. By comparison, Officer Guglielmo, of the Midtown North Precinct, looked, in his blue shirtsleeves, a slightly built figure as he shooed away curious passersby and tried to keep a passage clear. A large-bosomed, tired-looking woman in a raincoat and sensible shoes stood obediently behind a barricade. Her black-framed spectacles hung around her neck on a chain. A coquettish brunette in a tight gown appeared and posed—her iron flanks and arms like Jacobean newel posts—beside the men.

“Oh, my God,” the woman in the raincoat said. “My friend saw this on TV.” She gave a sniff. “It’s not very feminine.”

Inside, a co-chairwoman of the fund gave a speech before the film was shown. Carol Bellamy, Elizabeth Holtzman, and Geraldine Ferraro had all received the fund’s help, she informed us. “We are proud to celebrate strong women, powerful women,” she said.

A man seated near us was nodding and dozing away until the movie soundtrack boomed.

“Future Sex, I got the muscle. Future Sex, I got the body,” blared a woman singer’s voice. Then the audience saw vein and sinew, teeth bared in pain; heard groans, and the clank and thud of gymnasium weights. Would the



*“I dreamed Mobil was sponsoring me at the Modern, Exxon at the Whitney, and Philip Morris at the Metropolitan.”*

champion be the most monolithically muscled of the bikinied contestants—the Australian strongwoman Bev Francis—or one of her prettier rivals?

Politically responsible women streamed out of the theatre in their business suits and high heels at the movie's end and headed for a club where a party was to be held. Menfolk went with them.

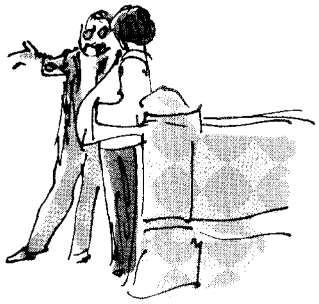
"It's not supposed to be a femininity contest," a woman said to her companion as they walked. "First prize should have gone to the one with the biggest muscles. It's not fair."

"I guess what the movie tells us is that the best woman doesn't always win," the man said.

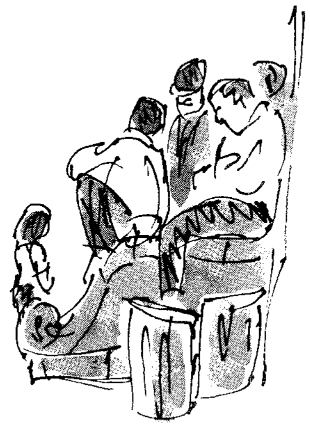
They arrived at the door of the club and went in. Bev Francis was already there, in person, sporting a new engagement ring. In the course of the evening, in spite of a pulled muscle from a recent lift of a five-hundred-and-ten-pound weight, she was scheduled to hoist Gloria Steinem and George Plimpton simultaneously.

## *Spring Day*

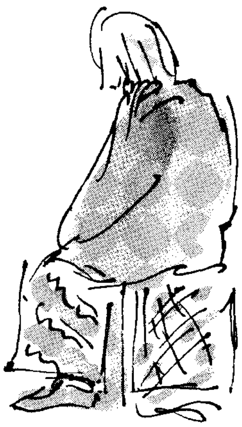
LATE in the afternoon on one of the first irrefutably perfect days of spring, people on the upper West Side lingered in front of buildings (*A*), gathered on stoops (*B*), or sat on milk containers (*C*) or on benches on the islands of Broadway—in groups (*D*) or alone (*E*). Many who couldn't get out, or didn't want to, sat by open windows (*F*) or leaned out (*G*, *H*, *I*) to watch the people on the street below. As shadows of buildings on the west side of Amsterdam Avenue moved up the walls of buildings on the east, a shirtless man (*J*) peered out a second-story window, half-awake, glaring this way and that. Maybe he was mad because he had missed the day; maybe he was angry that the day was still not over.



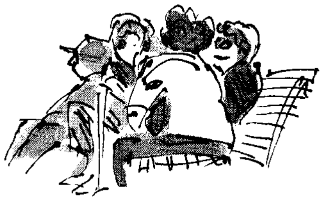
*Illus. A*



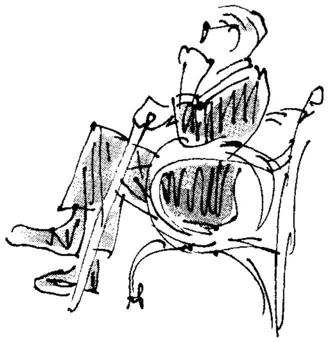
*Illus. B*



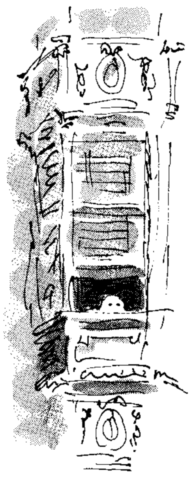
*Illus. C*



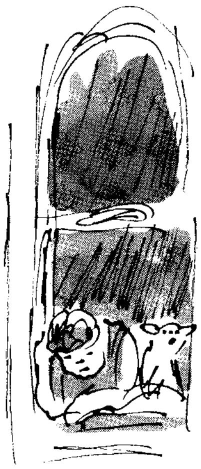
*Illus. D*



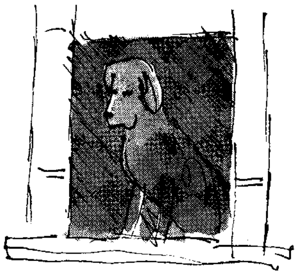
*Illus. E*



*Illus. F*



*Illus. G*



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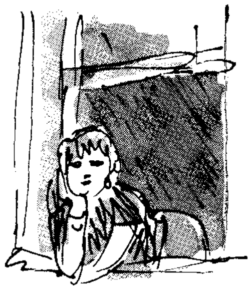
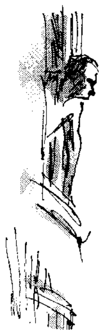


*Illus. I*



*Illus. J*

# IN THE NEW CANADA, LIVING IS A WAY OF LIFE

THE cabin attendant on our Air Canada flight answers a request for the correct time in almost perfectly unaccented English. She will not be the last Canadian in this new Canada of hers to try meeting a question with an answer, to make a reply her way of dealing with a query.

•

Below us, so vast that only a tiny portion is visible from the aircraft window, is Canada. Could any land be more aptly named? The name "Canada," after all, derives from the ancient Indian word "kanata," meaning, as luck would have it, "Canada."

•

Now visible as our plane descends toward the airport are the familiar antlike legions of motor-powered cars that are the sole means of private transport for most Canadians. They swarm across the landscape in columns so regimented that none dares stray from its place on the paved strip laid down by the authorities to head off across the open country all around.

These are the new Canadians, on their way to work in this, the new Canada.

•

The dinner party goes on almost until bedtime. The conversation has blithely looped and skimmed all evening around the subject of Baffin Island, as if that icebound mass of a hundred and eighty-three thousand square miles simply did not exist. For these citizens of the new Canada, at this dinner party, Baffin Island does *not* exist.

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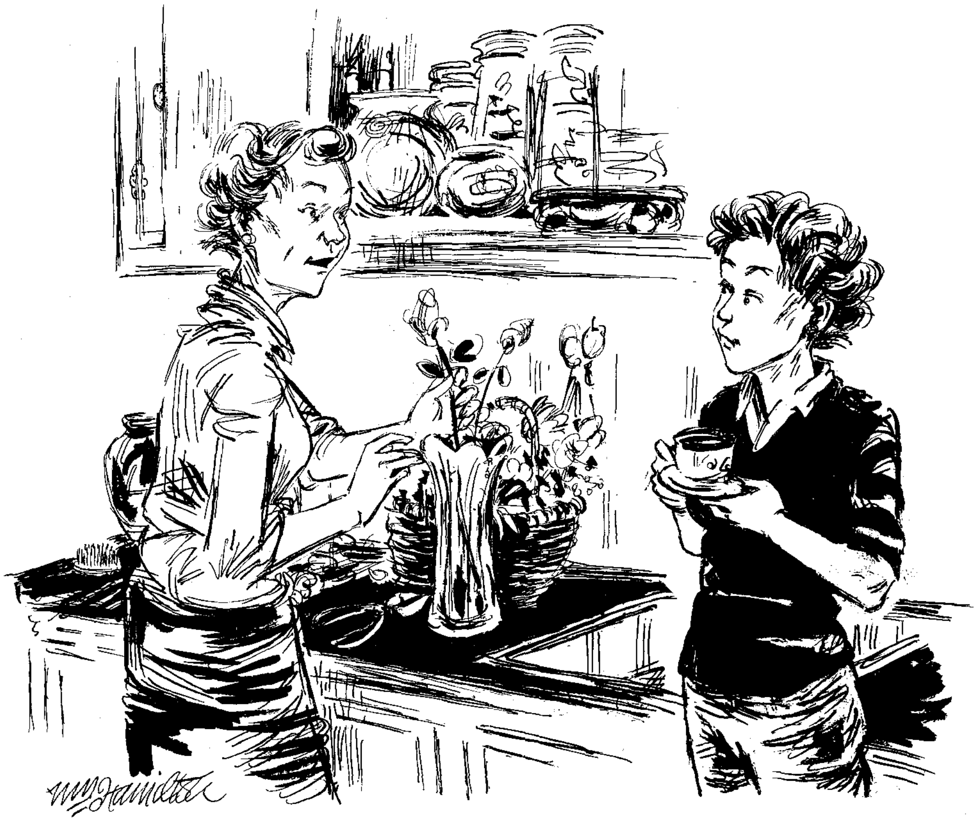
The Ross Farquaharsons (as they shall be called here) dwell, like most families in this new Canada, indoors. Yet for all the official government statistics "proving" a huge leap in living standards since confederation, in 1867, the Farquaharsons live little differently from the way Canadians have lived for most of this century.

Ross Farquaharson, his wife, Helen, and teen-age daughter, Kelly, all share a single living room without running water. To use the only swimming pool requires a trip outdoors. Dogs roam freely indoors, begging scraps from the meals taken communally at a table hewn from a piece of wood.



*"Yes, dear, I did say I lost my husband, but I certainly have no reason to believe he's dead."*

But there is no wood to burn in the fireplace. "Ran out in May," Ross Farquaharson says with a shrug. May is now three months past.

•

The rickety old bus full of bawling infants and caged chickens never comes; we must take a gleaming new one instead. There is no time to quibble. We have come to a wide river, and no ferryboat is available to take us across. Instead, government engineers have thrown a bridge of sorts across from the near to the far bank. It is just four lanes wide, and only a shoulder-high concrete retaining wall, a wire fence, and a few iron stanchions on either side prevent wayward vehicles or pedestrians from plunging into the rapids below.

The bus makes the two-thousand-foot crossing in thirty seconds that seem like half a minute. Yet there is no cheering from the passengers as we finally gain firm ground on the other side.

•

The plane approaches the airport runway slowly, cautiously, even tentatively, as if the Canadian pilot were unwilling to risk landing until his airspeed was throttled back to almost nothing and his wheels were fully down.

•

Everywhere the same gradations of blue and green and yellow and red and brown and orange and purple and taupe and mauve and pink and beige; city *and* countryside, summer *and* winter, in this new Canada, the only color is that of a single spectrum attempting to encompass all the hues of the rainbow.

•

The story of "Jack" (real name: John) typifies life as it is lived today in this, the new Canada. He had no choice after graduating from elementary school but to attend high school, and after high school no choice but to attend university, and after university no choice but to go to work. "It's the system," he confides, without evident bitterness. Jack is twenty-eight.

If he "keeps his nose to the grindstone," in the painfully graphic phrase Canadians are wont to use in describing toil, Jack may one day earn as much as two hundred thousand Canadian dollars per year in his job as a physician, a princely income in this new nation—not yet a nation when Pickett charged at Gettysburg—where sixteen ounces of prime sirloin steak can cost the average worker a fraction of his weekly wage.

•

In this land of the musk-ox, the beaver, and the moose, there is no musk-ox or beaver or moose meat to be had. The man behind the counter at the meat store is little more than a butcher. The remains of cows and sheep and pigs are all he has to sell.

•

It is a Saturday night in Coboconk. Like so many towns in this new Canada, Coboconk is too small to be a city and too large to be a village. The citizenry has learned to treat this not as a paradox but as a fact of life. And life, in Coboconk, as all across this vast land with more letters in its name than India but less than one-thirtieth the population, goes on.

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The sight is far from uncommon: uniformed men are removing the furniture from a suburban house and manhandling it piece by piece into a huge van parked on the street nearby. No one protests or attempts to restrain them—not even the family whose possessions these are.

The house is soon stripped bare. The van is bolted and locked and rumbles away. A few minutes later, the former occupants of the now deserted house are bundled into a waiting red Volvo station wagon, and it, too, moves off down the street and out of sight.

"Well," sighs a neighborhood woman who has been watching all along, "we'll never see *them* again."

•

"They say we'll get some rain today."

"They tell us you're up here from the States, eh?"

"They never let you park in that spot without a permit."

Who are "They," who seem to know all, to control all, in this new Canada? The Canadian we ask blurts out the answer we expect. "I don't know what the heck you're talking about," he sputters, careful not to *not* look us straight in the eye.

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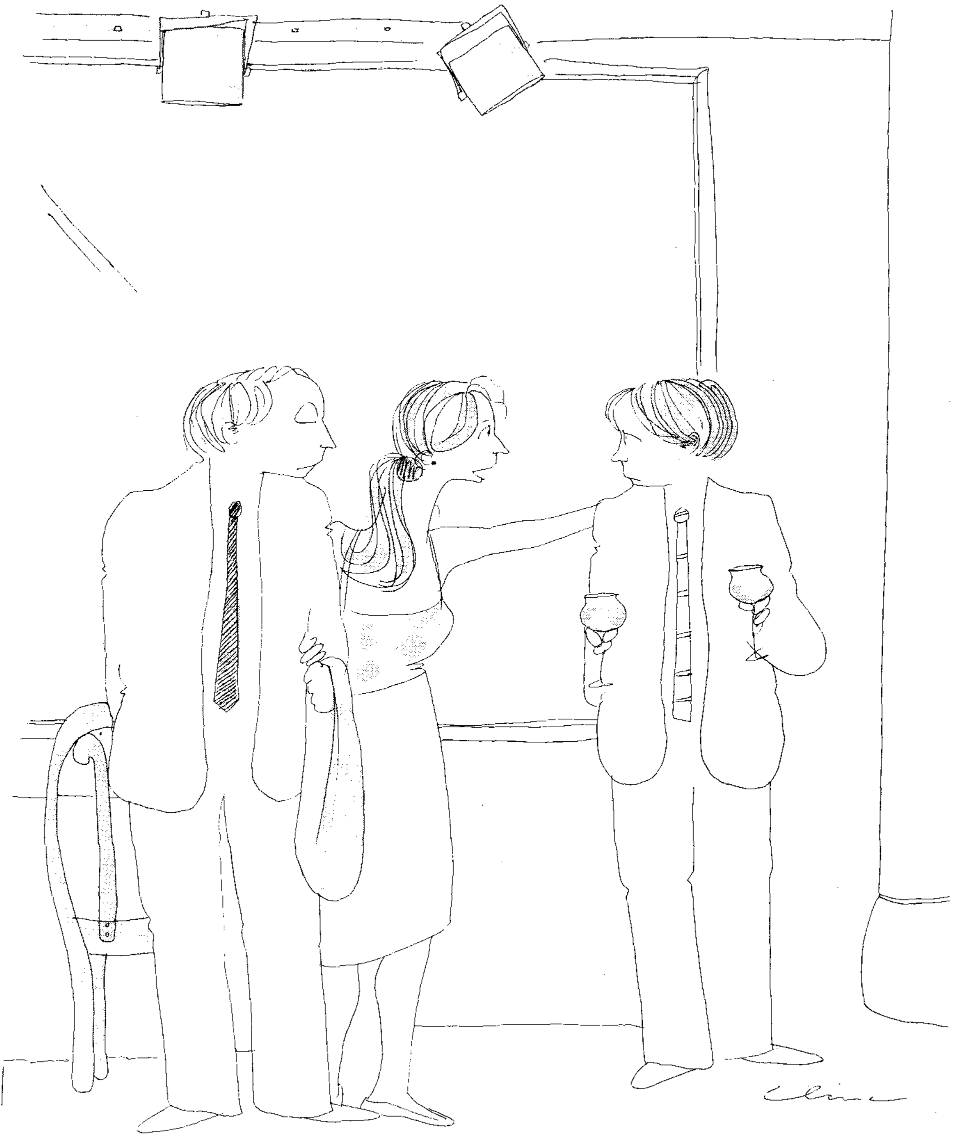

*"You simply have to see our space. It's totally gutted."*

• •

The church, save for the minister, the choir, the sexton, and perhaps a hundred parishioners huddled in a space easily large enough to accommodate a hundred and thirty or more, is empty. The stone walls lack paint. Bits and pieces of colored glass serve as windows. Music is provided not by an orchestra but by a lone pipe organ. Men shuffle among the worshippers soliciting coins and paper currency—anything anyone can afford to give. There is no talking, no playing checkers, no smoking allowed.

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There are no schoolchildren with bouquets to see us off at the airport, as there had been no folk dancers to greet us when we arrived. This is the new Canada.

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"Friendly, familiar, foreign, and near." That was the old Canada. No such four glib adjectives could today limn this new Canada; or could they? Is it merely the same old Canada but full of new Canadians? A new Canada but full of old Canadians? Somewhere in between—as, indeed, most of the new Canada lies somewhere in between the Pacific on one side and the Atlantic on the other?

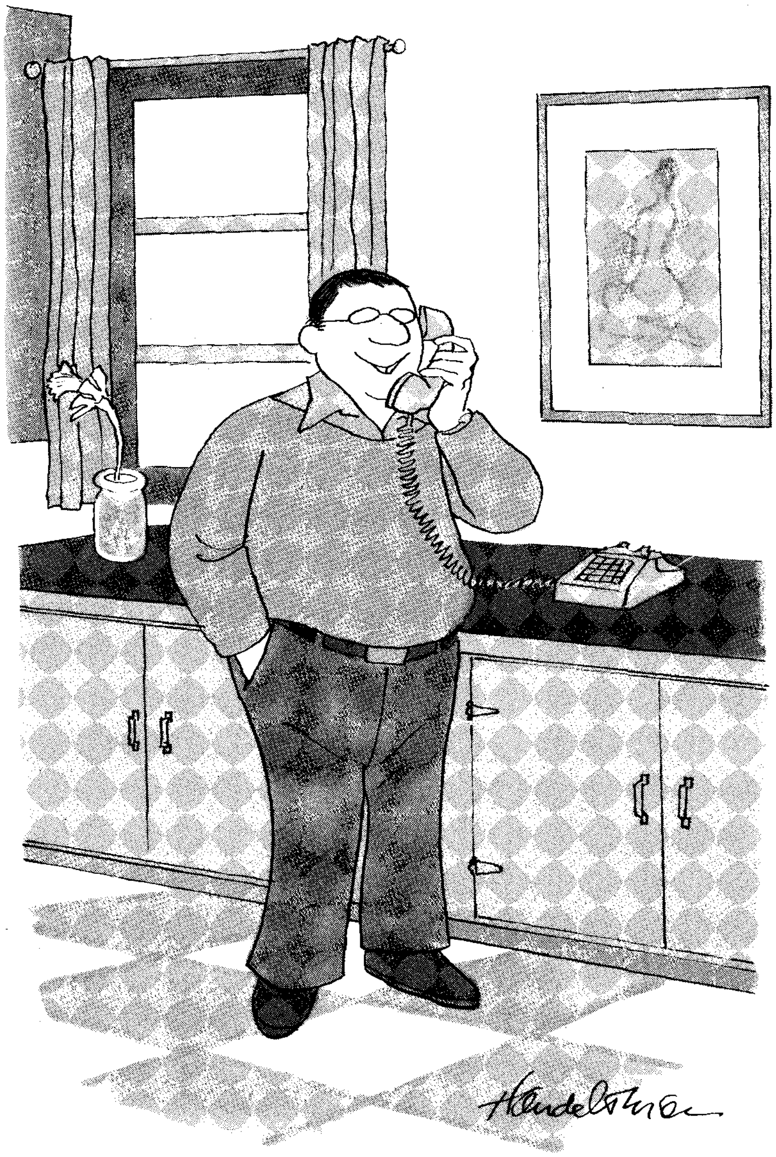
What is this thing we call the new Canada; and, equally important, what isn't it? More important still, has our foray, shorter by far than all of Frobisher's and Franklin's voyages of discovery combined, helped unravel the enigma of a nation-cum-riddle only now coming to terms with changes that not even Canadians pretend to know have yet occurred? To these quintessentially American questions, can there ever be truly Canadian answers? Perhaps it is too early—or too late—to ask. —BRUCE MCCALL

# THE DACHA

*FIRST, there was Odessa, with* its wide, tree-lined boulevards by the Black Sea, where my grandmother and my mother were born. Then there was, briefly, Constantinople. After that came Paris, where I was born and lived the first seven years of my life, until I went to boarding school in Switzerland. Then, four years later, in 1939, there was New York. Now, after more than a decade spent in Europe, there is, once again, New York. Ever since I can remember, I have felt at home both everywhere and nowhere. It is a precarious position at best, but it has a nice sense of danger to it: a little like standing on thin ice. In time, of course, one gets used to anything.

Geographical complications can lead to further difficulties, for I have, among many others, three distinctive and totally separate selves: a Russian self, a French self, and an adopted, American self. Most of the time, all of this somehow keeps itself in balance, but when my mother died, early last summer, the last connection that held me to the mother tongue—in fact, to my entire Russian self—gave way. The younger generation, my two sons, eventually grew up to speak five languages between them, but no Russian. Just one in a series of life's ineffaceable mistakes. When those children came into the world, psychiatrists reigned as absolute monarchs. My mother had a friend who was an eminent psychiatrist. When my first son was born, he decreed that I must not burden the child. "*Two* languages will confuse him," he said. "There is a good risk he may develop a stutter." My own experience, and good sense, pulled me in the right direction, but I listened. Now there is no one left close to me with whom I can speak about my Russian past, and, even more serious, no one close to me left with whom I can speak Russian. The oral history of my family has suddenly ceased to exist, for it needs the cadence and the depth of a Russian voice. It also needs the lived-in detail that transforms a simple tale into an art form; in this case, tragicomedy. I grew up on tales of pogroms, revolution, and flight and famine, usually followed by tuberculosis. (Actually, these tales were far less grim than the traditional Russian fairy tales. The monstrous witch Baba Yaga, who lives in an isba on chicken feet. Or the small child who grows bigger and bigger, fatter and fatter, and blows up like a balloon until he fills every corner of his room. Real nightmare stuff.)

In the stories I was told, the characters were real; the ending was happy, for the simple reason that the narrator was right there to tell the tale. There was the tale of crazy Great-Uncle Vilya, who always fled at the very last possible moment, and whose motto was "Never walk if you can run." (He made it to Berlin.) There was the tale of crazy Cousin Mossia, who, Oblomov-like even as a child, could not be raised from his bed in spite of all too real threats of Bolsheviks about to break down the door. Cousin Mossia stayed behind. Years later, the Soviet authorities eccentrically and inexplicably granted him a special permit to study engineering in Paris. I vividly remember him recumbent on a beige velvet couch in our living room, in pajamas, uncombed, reading, always reading, covered by my mother's vicuña rug. By that time, he had grown a beard. There was the tale of crazy Aunt Zinaïda, who was my grandmother's aunt, but barely older than my grandmother. Aunt Zinaïda had to wear a wig, because she was in the habit of tearing her hair out. If one *has* to tear one's hair out, then Aunt Zinaïda had every reason to do so. Her truant, delinquent, hooligan son Boris, or Borya, stole money from her purse, sold her bibelots and her feather boa, embezzled the money she gave him for the public baths and spent it all on itinerant circuses, music halls, and theatres. Aunt Zinaïda screamed that he would be the death of her, and pulled out her hair. Later, in Paris, Borya became an enormously successful night-club performer. (For his stage name, he took Émile from Zola and changed Borya to Boréo.) At this point in the story, my grandmother, a wicked mimic, weighty but light on her feet, would go into Émile



*"You're entirely welcome, Operator, and may I say that to me using A.T. & T. is one of life's greatest pleasures?"*

*"Since when was Madonna your cup of tea?"*

• •

Boréo's best-known patter song. He made several fortunes, which he lost regularly at roulette. (Here I visualize Aunt Zinaïda, regularly losing another long tuft of hair.) Borya came to a bad end, I think. Aunt Zinaïda lived on and on. My mother used to send her, along with my grandmother, to take the waters at Wiesbaden, where she was photographed, her bewigged head shaded by a parasol. That photograph, among the hundreds I gleaned from my mother's desk drawers, is now in my safekeeping. As for my grandmother, she had an absolute fixation on wigs. She could spot one a block away. She once demolished the hero worship I had built up for the regal mother of the headmistress of my boarding school, with her magnificent coiffure. "Oh, that!" she said, with utter contempt. "That's just a *wig*."

It was a Russian family, and from the South, so everybody sang. My early childhood was lulled by song. Even a nasty bullterrier who belonged to one of my two uncles sang. "Sing!" my uncle would command, and the dog sat down, raised his muzzle to the ceiling, opened it wide, and wailed. And then the singing stopped. Another emigration, another war took care of that. A few years ago, my mother, sitting at dinner in her apartment, suddenly said, "I can remember the song the Italian sailor sang on that very last boat we took to Constantinople." And out of that small, Buddha-like woman—she could sit stiller than any human being I have ever known—approaching eighty and ailing but still a presence, with her amazing, seemingly poreless and unwrinkled white skin, came an extraordinarily young, strong, fresh, and musical voice, like the voice from a medium, singing a Neapolitan song.

Never again will I hear the magic word "Constantinople" spoken with that familial, tender blend of nostalgia and awe. Constantinople, the magic city to which they all fled and from which they all took off like sparrows, stateless and free, to settle at what they thought would be their final destination. Whenever any of them later spoke of Constantinople, they always perpetuated the myth that they had arrived there from Odessa on "the very last boat."

FOR many summers before my mother died, I remained in the city, in bondage to her last, terrible illnesses. (Actually, summer had always been her bad season, just as spring had been my grandmother's.) Now I was suddenly free to go anywhere. I was standing in the middle of nowhere thinking Russian thoughts when, in mid-July, a friend offered me a cottage on his Long Island property. (It had just been vacated by a clammer.) As summer was half spent, I made frantic preparations. I was moving in alone, so I thought, "First, an animal." I had vivid daydreams about walking one of those trendy, racy Japanese guard dogs with the curlicue tails, the way a young man might dream of driving a Porsche 928, but as I am irrevocably allergic to anything that grows a hair or a feather, I settled on a tortoise. I called a man I have known for years who used to own a pet shop on West Fourteenth Street. His name is Aldo Passera. He was now a teamster involved in the digging of the No. 3 Water Tunnel at Harlem River Drive and 183rd Street, but I knew that he still kept animals in a friend's basement.

"You're leaving tomorrow?" he asked, immediately rising to the challenge. "Meet me tonight at six at Fifteenth Street and Seventh Avenue. The northeast corner."

He drove up in his car promptly at six, and I got in. We exchanged a word of greeting, after which he reached into the back seat and brought out a cardboard box containing three tortoises in varying degrees of stage-fright. "This is a redfoot from South America," he said. "It's temperate." (It was also very substantial and not very *sympathique*.) He paused. "This is a Russian. Pakistan, Afghanistan, Turkestan, and into Russia. It lives in the steppe." I let him finish, out of politeness. "This is a Moorish tortoise from North Africa. Tunis and its environs. Also temperate."

"Which is the hardiest?" I asked, knowing full well what the answer would be. (My mind had been made up so quickly that I was already thinking ahead to a New York winter.)

"The Russian," he said. "The steppe, you know. She's a female. About five years old. Two-thirds grown. Came in with the last shipment from Afghanistan. Very hardy. Can live to be fifty or seventy-five years old.”

“The Russian,” I said, and dove for my wallet. (Actually, it wasn’t the word “Russian” that had ensnared me; it was the word “steppe.”) The transaction took but a second, and I couldn’t help thinking how illicit it might have looked to a passerby. Yet how innocent we were! And how constructive—since the current batch of experts, who today seem to call themselves psychologists, have been extolling for some time ownership of a pet, no matter how humble. Somewhere, recently, I read the following: “It has been demonstrated that pets reduce anxiety in humans, lower their blood pressure and prolong their life.”

## GLASSES

There is no eye to catch

they come in uniforms
they cross bridges built on cement arches
they dip their lights
they wave

they have just read a book
they have never read a book
they have just turned from the TV
they have just turned from the table
or bed

it is morning and they pour
one by one out of the door
they are real glass and thin
and the wind is blowing
the sky is racing
they come to drink from the steel fountain
they come to walk on the carpet
they come past the doors
of frosted glass
they turn in the window at the end of the hall
in amber light
ninety floors from the ground
walking on empty evening
they pay the electric bills
they owe money
all the stars turn in vast courses around them
unnoticed
they vote

they buy their tickets
they applaud
they go into the elevator
thinking of money
with the quiet gleam of money

they bear arms
they go on wheels they are without color
they come in clothes out of closets
they fly above the earth reading papers
the bulldozers make way for them
they glitter under imported leaves

—W. S. Merwin

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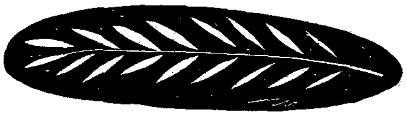
“Enjoy!” Aldo Passera shouted out the window as he drove off.

I fled uptown with my refugee from the steppe. Her shell was about five inches by four, a perfect oval, and of a coloring I had never seen before—diluted Colman’s powdered mustard, dappled with dark gray-brown spots. She wasn’t the least bit shy, and was extremely *sympathique*, but I kept wondering how she would manage to lower my blood pressure in a careering old Checker with a spectacularly foul-mouthed, demented driver at the wheel, until I settled back, having decided that she would outlive me anyway, like Napoleon’s tortoise, which died on St. Helena only a few years ago.

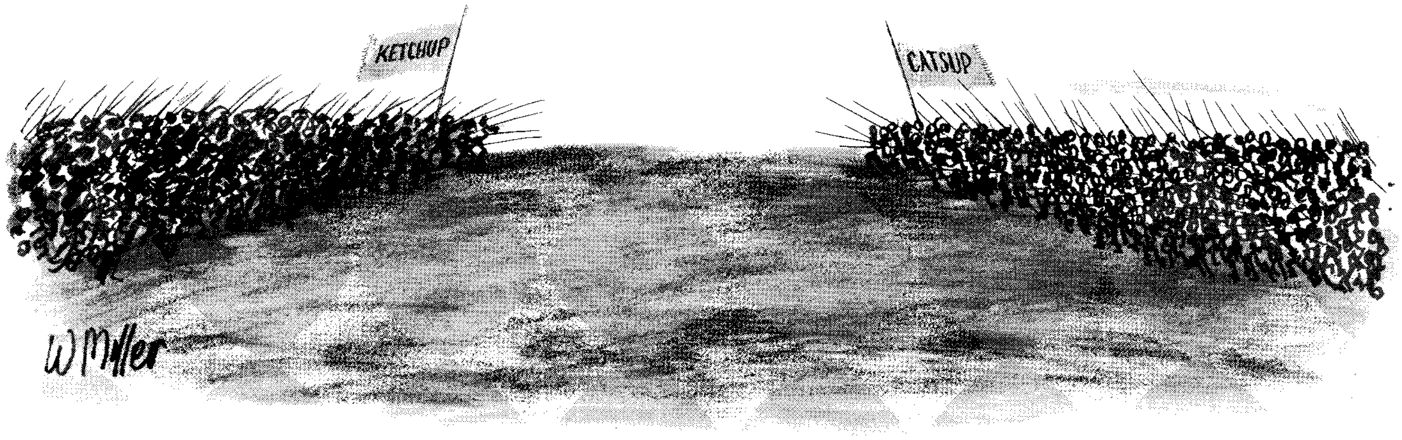
Next, books. The Society Library, three blocks down from my house, closes at five. The neighborhood bookshop, which usually keeps late hours, was also closed. So I went through my own bookshelves, picking at random—or so I thought. Then I packed a few clothes, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, a cooking pot, plastic cups, towels, sheets, my mother’s tartan cashmere rug, a small black-and-white TV, and a miniature Sony radio. And as I worked, I remembered my grandmother’s voice, lightly pitched and young, telling the tale of her yearly move from Odessa to a country dacha. The dachas were not furnished, so she had to take her furniture along. A large horse-drawn van went ahead, piled high with most of her possessions, and balanced on top, to see that nothing fell by the wayside, sat a young servant girl, holding a parrot in its cage.

The cottage had been freshly whitewashed and sparsely, simply furnished. Architecturally, the space was unexpectedly lovely. All was light and air. The tall old icebox, just installed and twice as large as the one I have in town—“*Post*-World War I,” my friend assured me—hummed. The beds, salvaged from a luxury hotel that had been redecorated, were a dream. Outside my kitchen door was a marvellous deep country back yard with a large lilac bush in the middle. The grass was freshly mown. I had almost forgotten the scent. On the property, there was also the *big* house, where my “landlord,” as he liked to call himself, spent long weekends, surrounded by family and friends; a barn in the process of being renovated; a stable that had housed two horses for the three previous summers (none this year—I had inquired immediately); a large expanse of rigorously kept lawn; an immense garage that looked like a house and held five cars (I don’t drive); giant marine pines; two old horse-chestnut trees; some ancient maples; and two dogs, which were not allowed indoors.



I moved in. The tortoise walked about the house on her powerful, squared-off front nails (good for digging), paying special attention to corners. I installed a telephone, and a friend called. “It’s paradise,” I said. “It must be like one of those dachas in Peredelkino.” Here I paused, discerning a silence in the shape of a question mark, so I continued, “You know, the writers’ colony near Moscow where Pasternak used to live.”

In the mornings, I worked on a long piece of fiction that had to do with summer and islands and boats, until real fatigue—not just simple country restlessness—set in. Then, if the weather was truly fine, I took a taxi to the dock. Then a ferry that crossed the Great South Bay in fifteen minutes and deposited me on Fire Island. A short walk, barefoot on the boardwalk, over a narrow expanse of sand dune and grass, and I was in front of the Atlantic Ocean on a nearly deserted beach. If the day was overcast, I would walk toward the bay and pick wildflowers, which always wilted in a few hours. If it rained, I curled up on my bed under my mother’s cashmere rug and read. (The reception on the TV, except for one Long Island station, was definitely pointillist, and WQXR, my only source of decent music, soon palled.



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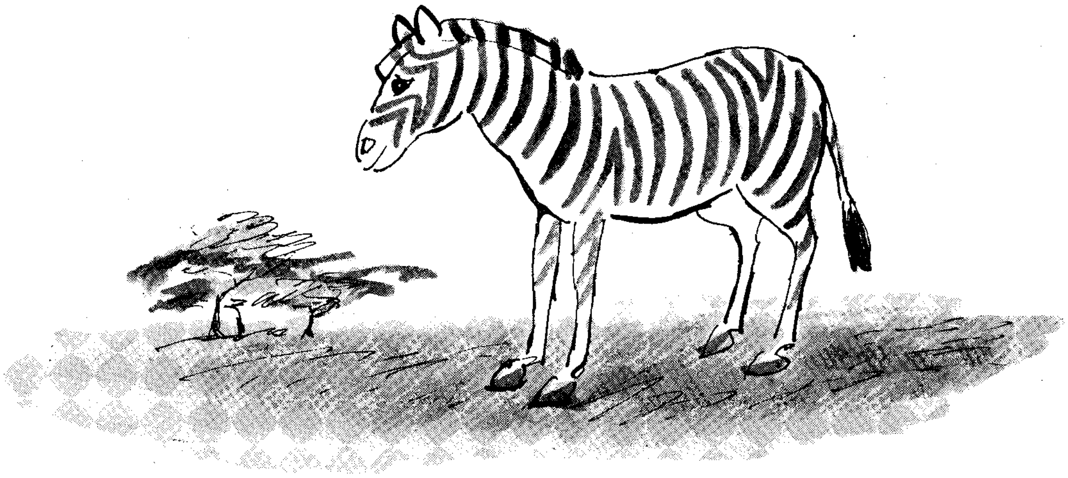
So much Wagner, and on rainy days.)

I read and read. It was only when I had almost finished rereading Alexander Herzen's "Memoirs" that I realized what I had done. Except for "In Exile from the Land of Snows," by John F. Avedon, which had just come out, and which had been sent to me by a close friend who follows my longtime fascination with Tibet, I had brought along nothing but the Russians, most of whom I had already read. Now I knew what I had been up to, but it did not diminish my pleasure in reading Turgenev *en plein air*, in my back yard, with the starlings pecking at the roof and fair-weather clouds racing overhead. Especially as I was reading the outdoor book of all time, "Sketches from a Hunter's Album," in a Penguin edition. I had read it as "A Sportsman's Sketches," and I had read it as "A Sportsman's Notebook." I had read it as "Les Mémoires d'un Chasseur," at the American Hospital in Paris, where I once landed with bronchopneumonia. I had read it in Russian, too. (When I picked up the old edition from my bedroom shelf to take it to the cottage, the pink-brown edges of pages shredded into my hand, so I didn't take it.) Although I admit that it does not make for a delectable title in English, the Russian, transliterated as "Iz Zapisok Ohotnika," means simply "From a Hunter's Notes." Translators have strange ways.

I made my way slowly, painstakingly, and laboriously, in a state of rage—at my pace, not at the author—through Chekhov's collection of ninety-two "Outlines and Stories," published in Russian in Berlin in 1920 by a Mr. I. P. Ladajnikov. They were early Chekhov, dating from 1883 to 1886. Chekhov wrote a hundred and twenty-five stories in 1885. His friend, colleague, and fervent admirer Ivan Bunin wrote of him, "Sometimes he took his notebook out of the desk and, raising his face, his pince-nez sparkling, waved it about in the air. 'Exactly one hundred plots. Yes, my dear sir! You couldn't vie with that! I'm a real worker. Can I sell you a couple?' "

I taught myself to read Russian at my Swiss boarding school when I was eight. In a letter, I had asked the uncle who was my mother's older brother (he had also left on that very last boat for Constantinople) to send me a Cyrillic alphabet with a transliteration into French. And he had done so. Carefully, lovingly, with hope. It was a marvel of calligraphy. I taught myself to read Russian, but I did not do a good job. Another one of life's ineffaceable mistakes. I could have taken it up later, gone to school, disciplined myself. I did nothing. This uncle survived the German Occupation by hiding out in the provinces, but succumbed soon after to the tuberculosis he had contracted during the Revolution.

There was so much tuberculosis around. Soon after my grandmother and I sailed to New York to join my mother, a concert pianist who had been touring the States, my mother took to her bed and stayed in it for a year with a recurrence of the tuberculosis she had contracted as a young



girl. On the Ile-de-France, I had played Ping-Pong during the day and cried myself to sleep at night at the thought of having to live with my mother, a virtual stranger, after four blissful years of boarding school. But she had already settled the matter by choosing to live alone. My grandmother and I shared another apartment on the same landing. A hush muffles that year. My mother's bedroom was dimly lit. She didn't read. She spoke endlessly over the telephone. My grandmother ran back and forth with trays along the corridor. I wasn't allowed into my mother's bedroom. I had to stand in the doorway. Streptomycin had not yet been discovered.

How that volume of Chekhov's "Outlines and Stories" landed on my shelf I shall never know. When I disposed of my mother's meagre library ("Rebecca," "Who's Who in the Bible," "The World's Great Letters"), the only books I managed to salvage were "War and Peace," published in Moscow in 1951, three small but chunky volumes of Pushkin, printed in Leningrad, also in 1951, and a wonderfully schlocky early novel, set in the Soviet Union, by Ayn Rand, called "We, the Living," which I left on a bus.

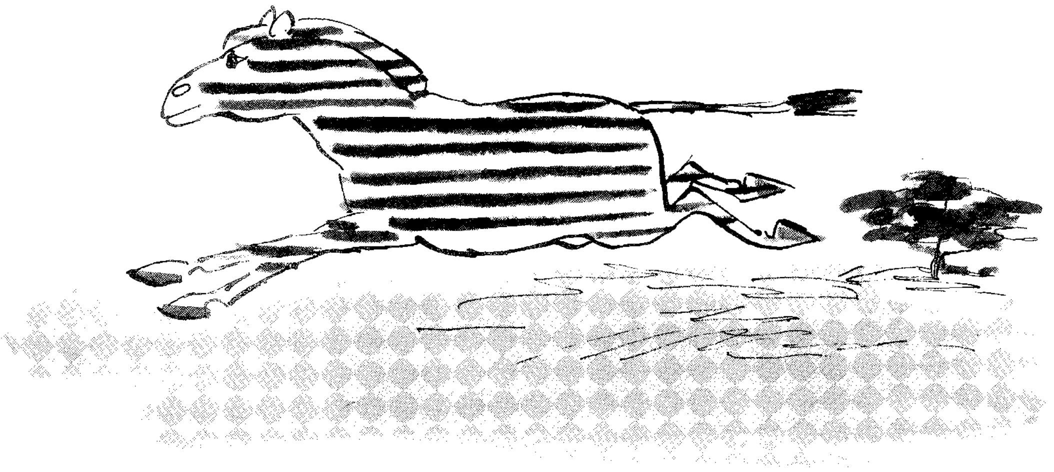
One day, as I sat in the back yard reading, I discovered that I had been tricked by a Penguin edition of three Tolstoy stories I had brought along: "The Cossacks," "Happy Ever After," and "The Death of Ivan Ilyich." I skipped the first and the last, knowing them well. But "Happy Ever After." Imagine—a Tolstoy story I had never even heard of! I could have used a little more sophistication. The first paragraph gave out echoes. The second spelled out "Family Happiness," my very favorite Tolstoy story. The Russian title, transliterated as "Semionoï Schasti," is composed of two simple words: "Family Happiness." Translators have mysterious ways.

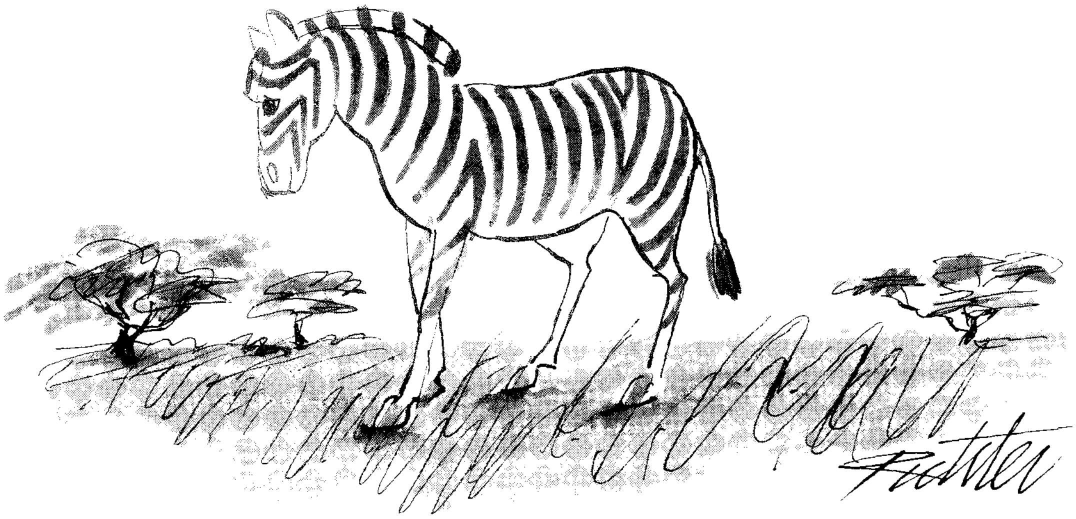
I read Edward Kuznetsov's "Prison Diaries," on a day when it poured relentlessly. And I felt blessed: I was sheltered, and safe, neither dislocated nor dispossessed. My friend called up from the big house, thinking I must be either thoroughly morose or else bored to death, only to learn that I was happily reading the afternoon away with no one to accuse me of moral turpitude.

I read "The Correspondence of Boris Pasternak and Olga Freidenberg, 1910-1954." I knew a good deal about Pasternak's work (his poetry, in Russian, is sublime, but, like all sublime Russian poetry, it does not translate) and about his life. But I had never heard of Olga Freidenberg. She was a revelation. She and Borya, as she usually addressed him, were first cousins, born the same year—1890. They spent their childhood summers together. When they were very young, they fell in love, or thought they did. Later in life, they rarely saw each other. She lived in Leningrad. He lived in Moscow, and later at his dacha in Peredelkino. But they wrote to each other at length. Olga Freidenberg was one of those exceptional Russian intellectuals. As a child, she studied French, English, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Swedish. Later, she applied herself to ancient civilizations. She went through a long siege of tuberculosis. In 1925, her first scholarship did not give her the security she needed in the uncertain Soviet academic world. She wrote her cousin, "All I ask of Mother Russia is something legal plus something edible—a minimum of each." She organized and directed the department of classical philology at the Leningrad Institute of Philosophy, Language, Literature, and History. She also kept a diary. At the height of the Stalinist Terror, she wrote, "Those in power could do what they would—kill, distort, pervert —but in reality . . . they could only build straw houses incapable of withstanding the test of time. However great their power, they had no means of changing history." She understood marvellously well the workings of the Soviet mind: "In our country, logic is installed in the brain as a gadget whose functioning depends not on the object under examination but on the hands of the one who installed it." Her letters and her diary on the siege of Leningrad and on the death of her mother are both heartrending and astonishing.

One half of me had always been in love with Pasternak. Now the other half fell in love with Olya, as he called her. Snatches from her letters, and from her diary, pursued me for days. Pursued me even as I lay flat on my back, eyes closed, gently rocked by those minimal currents that ripple the Atlantic on the few miraculously clear and quiet days that come to Fire Island each August and transform the ocean into a lake.

I missed the younger generation. I craved family, and panicked at the thought that my small unit was now reduced to three. Not a cousin in sight. Not a niece or a nephew. Not in the Western world, anyway. My grandmother had had a brother in Odessa with whom she had corresponded, but communication had stopped long, long ago at his own request. (Is Cousin Mossia alive? Did he have any children?) I craved the intimacy of life shared over an extended period of time, the good-natured laughter that accompanies old family jokes. But both my sons were hopelessly tied up that second part of the summer. I took to tutoring my friend's thirteen-year-old stepson in French, using a classic Tintin comic book entitled "Les Cigares du Pharaon," which I picked up on one of my lightning trips into the city. I discouraged visitors, except for very close friends. When they came, I longed to make borscht, for which I have an excellent recipe, but I felt





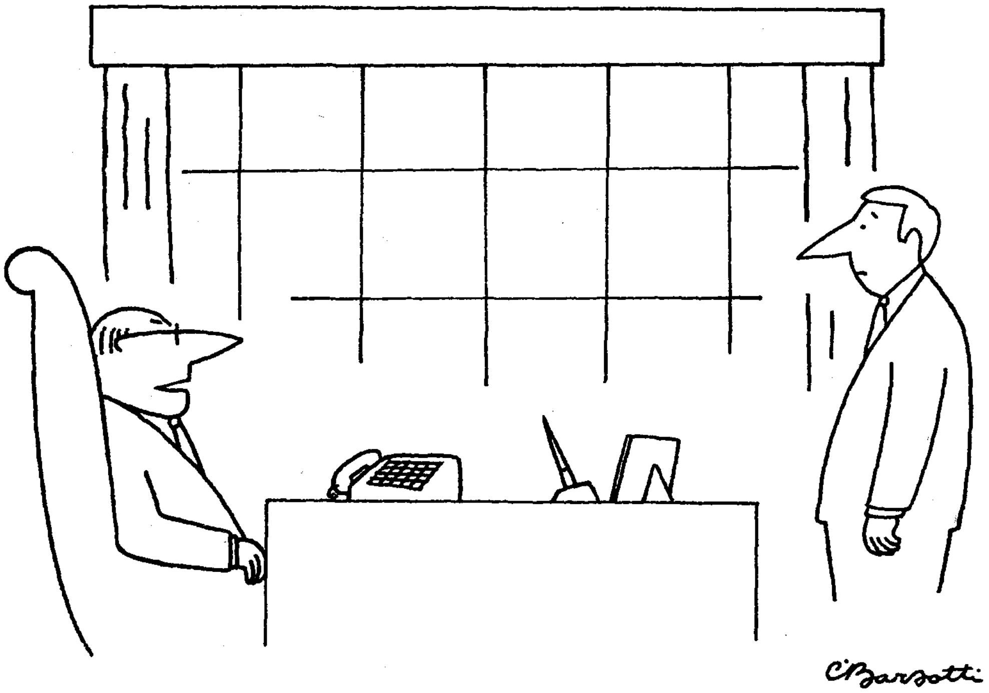
reticent about imposing my obsession on others. The young man who was restoring the barn drove me into a neighboring town that had a fish store with the freshest clams in the region, and I walked to a nearby vegetable stand and bought mounds of fresh Long Island corn.

The man at the vegetable stand gave me two stringbeans for my tortoise every day. (She also devoured tomatoes, but left plums untouched.) I had thought that tortoises were absolutely silent, but this one clucked. She clucked after she had eaten. I named her Olenka, a diminutive of Olga. (Besides Olya, I can think of two others—Olichka and Olyushka.) She and I lived in complete harmony. I addressed her in Russian. She slept in a beach bag I had once left on the floor of my bedroom, making her way to it from wherever she happened to be. She slept a good deal. I had to borrow the bag from her when I went to the beach. She also clucked to signal distress. I once heard her clucking insistently from inside the beach bag. I looked in and found a bottle of suntan lotion and a can of insect repellent I had left behind. I removed them, and she went to sleep.

THE light is failing in my back yard. I am trying to do three things at once: knit, read "War and Peace" (balking at the translation, when, with a little effort, I could have brought along my mother's Soviet edition and raised my self-esteem), and keep an eye on Olenka, who is grazing. "Watch her like a hawk when she's outdoors," Aldo Passera had warned. "These animals are Houdinis at escape." I am not concentrating on "War and Peace." I am thinking about my mother. What a strange woman she was! She never spoke about my father. Not to me. Not to anyone. My father came from Kiev. He and my mother were married in Yalta, and they both left on that very last boat to Constantinople. She divorced him soon after I was born, and kept him hidden from me until he died in London during the Second World War, before I was old enough to go to him.

The Russian tales continued in Paris. Particularly the saga of the Nansen passports. (Fridtjof Nansen, who was high commissioner for repatriation at the League of Nations, devised the Nansen passport for displaced people in 1922. Later that year, he won the Nobel Peace Prize.) When I was born, my father, who was in a flap, registered me in the wrong place, the wrong consulate. Or something. The point was that I could easily have been made a French citizen, and he muffed it. I could never get the straight story out of my mother. Once when I questioned her, she shrugged her shoulders—a mannerism she had acquired in France, for it is definitely not Russian—and said, "He even managed to step on the Prince of Wales' foot when we were dancing in a London *boîte*." For years, my only identification was a name on my mother's stateless passport. With a Nansen passport, one required a visa to go anywhere. And a visa consisted of a piece of paper that was glued to an already existing piece of paper. And so on. My mother was forever on tour. Now she takes over the Nansen tale: " '*Merde, alors!*' said the customs official, as he slowly backed out of my train compartment, unfolding my passport like an accordion far out into the corridor."

It was only in my middle twenties that I was able to leave behind the Nansen, along with the French passport issued in Bern when I was ten (N 59. I still have it in a drawer where I keep expired passports), the visas, the quota numbers, and the terrible insecurity. I became a naturalized United States citizen. The size of the American passport may have shrunk, but my attachment to it has not. It



*"Damn it, Stevens, this is business. I need you to fly out to Tulsa, and if there's someone you're trying to forget in Tulsa I'm sorry."*

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wasn't all that easy to acquire. I remember, during the Second World War, going up to Montreal with my grandmother so that we could reënter the States on a quota. I remember the seemingly endless forms, the questions that lasted for days. I had barely learned English. My grandmother spoke not a word of it. I translated for her. I filled out her forms. Once, at the end of a very long day, an official asked her, "Have you ever been a patient in an insane asylum?" She answered (through me), "No, but one more question from you and I'll gladly go." She was irresistible, and she was old. The man laughed and dismissed us. I spent an entire summer learning American history. I thought I knew it well when I finally stood trembling in front of the judge, with my two American witnesses. But he asked me a question about baseball. Another instance in which the thin ice broke.

I close "War and Peace," and wind up my ball of silk-and-wool. Suddenly, I see a hare stop dead just inside the fence that separates the back yard from the stable area; he listens intently, his ears so erect and taut they appear to tremble, and then bounds, staccato, across the yard, missing the tortoise by a foot. (She never noticed.) "The Tortoise and the Hare"—a Russian fable, or so I thought in early childhood until I hit La Fontaine years later. (Never mind Aesop. With my French education, with the French pride in La Fontaine, I managed to circumvent him by a mile.) The fable was taught to me by my mother's sister, who, with her husband, also left on that very last boat to Constantinople, and later shared our Paris apartment. I adored my aunt. She and my grandmother (and a succession of nannies neither one ever approved of) took care of me. I loved her with a passion, and with the despair of a child deprived of both mother and father. I remember her warmth, her raucous laugh, her earthy jokes, and her bulk. She was wonderfully cozy. Like my grandmother, she was very funny, and, best of all, they both stayed at home.

My aunt did not survive the Occupation. She and her husband died in Auschwitz. To the treasure of tragicomic family tales, a purely tragic black bead is added. In silence. No tale to tell. And I avoid the word by which this calamity is known. Emotionally, I can't bear it; intellectually, I deplore the way in which it has been exploited; and aesthetically I detest its very sound. In 1938, before what they did not know would be their final parting (my mother was leaving for a tour of the States, my aunt was remaining in Paris), the two sisters, who were very close, exchanged rings. They were simple bands: my mother's wide, set with baguette diamonds, my aunt's narrow, with small round diamonds. Both rings came from Cartier and dated from the twenties. Guards, they were called. When we found out what had happened, sometime after V-E Day, my mother never again mentioned my aunt's name (for that was her way), until, a few days before she died, she cried out to her in a very loud, imperious voice (for that, too, was her way). Our apartment in Paris had been ransacked and occupied. Nothing was left. Even the dispossessed leave a trace. (It took me six weeks to sort out and deal with the contents of the two rooms that made up my mother's final apartment.) But my aunt left nothing. Only her ring remains. A love token she had relinquished in her lifetime. It is the only tangible evidence that she existed at all. The intangible evidence resides in my memory and mine alone, for, as far as I know, there is no one else left to remember her. Many years ago, I asked my mother for the ring, and she gave it to me. I replaced a tiny diamond that was missing. Eventually, I had to have all the stones reset. Otherwise, it has rarely left my finger.

IT is time to pull myself together, give Olenka her daily bath, and make my way to the big house, sandals in one hand, flashlight in the other, for the return trip. My friends eat elegantly, around nine. (When I am alone, I eat like a muzhik: soup, or bread and cheese, at six or seven. This is not a culinary summer. My coffee is instant, my tea is in bags.)

I love to walk barefoot in the cold, heavy dew. Already leaves from the two horse-chestnut trees lie on the grass, in various shades of *vieux rose*, their scalloped edges curled up and brown, their hearts sunk in the damp. I hear happy voices, a familiar laugh. From the "dacha," in two minutes, I walk into my adoptive country, where everyone is, or seems to be, third-generation American, and where, let's face it, I feel perfectly at home. And yet, at the table, when I fish into my bag for the pill I have to take with my dinner, I happen on my passport.

—NATACHA STEWART

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**WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.**

[*Adv. in the Gainesville (Fla.) Sun*]

EXPERIENCED CHILD CARE in my home. Meals & smacks. Fenced yard.

# ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

## CABLE—I

OVER the past few years, various technical developments that are often now collectively referred to as the communications revolution have been thrust into everyday life. These developments have been showered upon everybody in such profusion that many people have hardly been able to keep them in mind without feelings of vertigo. People have had to accustom themselves to talk of domestic and international communications satellites; of newspapers set in electronic type via satellite signals; of programs broadcast directly from satellites to houses with small receiving dishes or to high-rise apartment complexes with master-antenna systems; of the birth of "electronic publishing"—the transmission of information to people by way of home-computer terminals attached to monitoring screens or regular television sets.

Of all the technology associated with this so-called revolution, cable television has probably attracted the most attention. In two decades, cable television has grown from a simple neighborhood convenience for people with poor TV reception into a major industry, and this industry, despite attempts by the broadcasting and communications-industry establishments to stifle it at birth, is still expanding, its promoters having staked out potentially lucrative municipal cable franchises throughout the country. In the process, the cable industry has been increasingly dominated by increasingly large communications corporations, and its power has grown accordingly. In the past ten years, by using satellite technology to distribute its pay-TV services the cable industry has contributed to throwing the established distribution patterns of the big Hollywood film studios—and the studios' relationships with movie-theatre owners—into considerable disarray, and it also appears to have diminished, to some extent, the ability of the broadcast-TV networks to hold their audiences. Cable service is now being delivered, via nearly eight thousand cable systems, to thirty-eight million of the nearly eighty-five million American households that have television sets. Nor is cable exclusively an American phenomenon; almost all Western European governments have been making plans to provide cable to extensive areas of their countries, and several of them seem to view cable as an important element in their efforts to acquire the largest possible share of the world electronics-industry market. Recently, however, the cable-television industry in the United States has been encountering difficulties in sustaining its swift expansion, and has also shown signs of failing to realize its proponents' earlier promise that cable would be the medium to transmit, among other things, highly specialized programming for specific audiences, and programs of particular cultural worth.

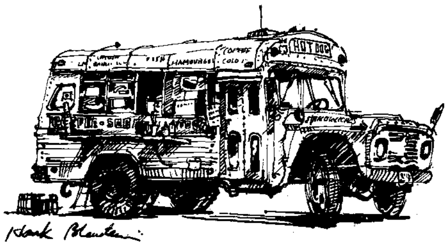
CABLE television had its origins in the late nineteen-forties. At that time, commercial television—even when puppet shows and the like constituted the main programming—was making such an impression on the public that the number of television sets in use rose from five thousand in 1946 to almost ten million by 1950: this despite the fact that TV viewing was then generally confined to the more populous areas, in part because in 1948 the Federal Communications Commission, faced with the problem of allocating the available frequencies to communities equitably, put a moratorium on licenses for new television stations. During the freeze period, which lasted three and a half years, people not within range of existing television stations complained vigorously among themselves of their difficulties in getting decent reception. Communities in hilly terrain got particularly poor reception, and some communities surrounded by mountains rarely received a recognizable signal. What is believed to be the first cable-television system was started in 1948 in Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania, to cope with such a situation. In Mahanoy City, a coal-mining town of ten thousand people in the Appalachians, reception from the three network-TV stations in Philadelphia—eighty-six miles away—was all but hopeless. An appliance store in Mahanoy City had some television sets for sale in 1947, but there were virtually no customers for them in the town itself; those people who did buy sets came from small communities high up in the surrounding mountains. The appliance store was owned by

*Collector*

a man named John Walson, who ran it with his wife. During the day, Walson worked as a lineman for the Pennsylvania Power & Light Company, and in the evening he would join his wife at the appliance store, which was in part of their house. In the summer of 1947, because the lack of reception prevented Walson from demonstrating the TV sets he was trying to sell, he erected an antenna on a high ridge of a nearby mountain. When a customer seemed interested in buying a set, he would put the set and the customer in his pickup truck, drive up the mountain, connect the set to the antenna and a portable generator, and give a demonstration. Later that year, Walson strung electrical ribbon wire from the mountain antenna down to his appliance warehouse, which was a few blocks from his store, and there he was able to demonstrate for visitors a dim video image and a weak audio signal. Then, in the spring of 1948, he erected a larger antenna, this time on top of the mountain, and replaced his ribbon wire with more efficient twin-lead wire, to which he added, every five hundred feet, an amplifying device to boost the signal. Almost at once, his sales of television sets to Mahanoy City residents improved noticeably.

That summer, Walson persuaded the manager of the local office of the power company to give him informal permission to use power-line poles to extend the line from the warehouse to the store. After he had done so, he put three television sets in the store window and showed on them programs from the three Philadelphia network stations. This display caused a local sensation: people gathered in front of the store to watch shows being brought in from the outside world. Walson next arranged to run leads, for a fee, from the wire strung between his warehouse and his store into the homes of several residents along the route—neighbors to whom he had sold television sets with the promise that they would be connected to his service. The demand for television sets and for inclusion in the system immediately jumped again in Mahanoy City, and the service was soon established as a going business. Walson charged a hundred dollars to connect subscribers' sets to the service, and this fee also covered a year's maintenance of the service; after that the fee was two dollars a month. By the middle of 1948, Walson had seven hundred and twenty-seven subscribers. Within the next couple of years, entrepreneurs in other communities where television reception was poor began setting up similar antenna services, which were known as community-antenna television systems, or CATVs. (It was not until the early nineteen-seventies that the term "CATV" began to give way to the term "cable television," which connoted a service with a potential for considerable versatility in the mass-communications business.)

Once the F.C.C. lifted its moratorium on the licensing of television stations, in 1952, the television industry entered a boom period. But even with the construction of hundreds of television stations there remained areas poorly covered by station transmitters, and the demand for improved signals was such that community-antenna systems were able to get under way in scores of small towns and suburban communities. By 1955, there were some four hundred CATV systems in operation, with a total of a hundred and fifty thousand subscribers. A lot of these were Mom-and-Pop enterprises, but as the decade progressed and the number of television viewers everywhere increased enormously, larger companies began to get into CATV.



During the television boom of the nineteen-fifties, the commercial broadcasting industry raised few objections to the existence of the community-antenna business; for the most part, the CATV system served the ends of broadcasters by extending the range of the stations' signals and increasing the number of available viewers, and thus allowing the stations to charge more for advertising. As for the F.C.C., it initially took a hands-off attitude toward CATV, which was tolerated as being generally in the public interest. By the end of the fifties, however, when the number of CATV systems had risen to six hundred and forty, the television-broadcasting industry began to grow uneasy about the role of cable services. For one thing, the broadcasters claimed, many of the systems were beginning to do more than transmit programs from local stations; they were beginning to import, via commercial microwave-relay systems, program signals from distant stations, and were making these

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN IRISH DAYBREAK

*Dawn in its high-*
flung overtones
alights upon
the hilltops first,
descending by
warming degrees
slopes still nearer
silver than green
as the sun lifts
and the sea takes
on then loses
its scumbling blue,
lavender, rose,
and peach glazes;

sprung aerial
arousals, big
bulging reaches'
enkindlings come
seasonably
down to grounded
unveilings that
lighten but lend
no color to
all of the gray

*stone walls that spill*
with the smoothed trends
of streams down each
responsive hill.

And while, up close,
these walls are seen
as nothing more
than reject moons,
or misshapen
skulls of a lax,
superseded
race that left in
terms of remains
nothing but its
bones, they display
to someone at
a sufficient
distance—to, say,

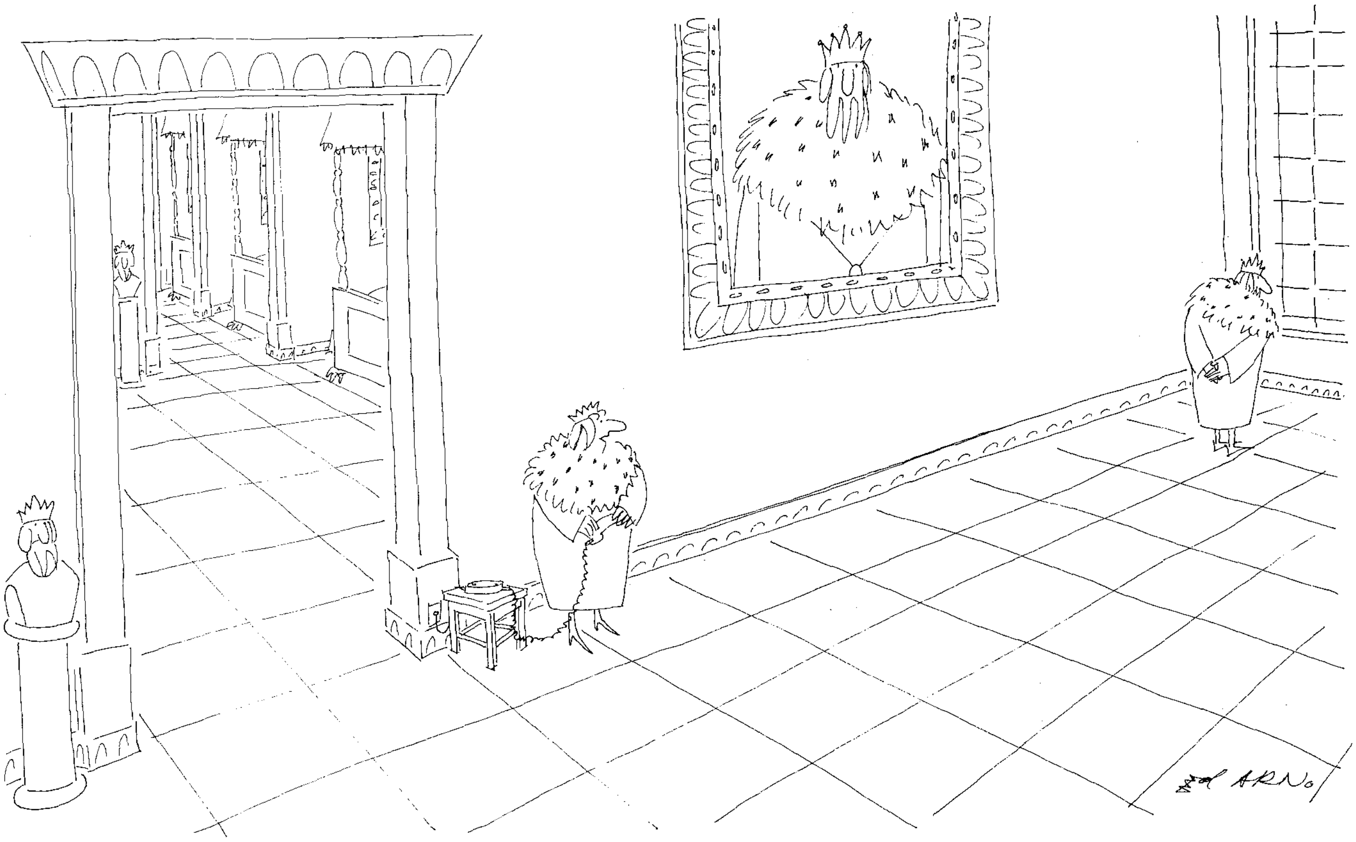
a young man perched
commandingly
on a boulder
whose barnacle-
gripped, weed-strung base

*the sea rinses—*
all of the live,
slung fluency
of spider's thread.
How handsomely
from his select
vantage (with a
zigzag jigsaw
puzzle effect)

the whole terrain
has come to be
overlain by
one extended
web, in whose most
ample, fertile
interstices
fields are tended,
cattle fatten,
chimneys project
their indolent
and indirect
assault upon
the firmament.

—BRAD LEITHAUSER

• •



*"It's the rental agent. He's got a couple from Milwaukee for two weeks in July."*

• •

programs available to their subscribers. And, it was charged, some of the CATV services were not transmitting certain broadcasts from their local stations. Broadcasters began to regard CATV as a competitive service—a possible threat to commercial broadcasting—and they began to exert pressure on the F.C.C. and Congress to step in and limit the activities of the cable-television industry. In February of 1962, the F.C.C. took a first step toward helping the commercial broadcasters by issuing an order that placed restrictions on relaying by microwave programs brought in to cable systems from distant points.

The expansion of the cable-television business was also made more difficult by the resistance of many telephone companies to allowing cable systems to string their coaxial cables along telephone poles except on terms that the cable companies considered almost prohibitive. Many telephone companies would grant pole rights to only one cable company in an area, and sometimes that company would turn out to be an affiliate of the telephone company concerned. Often, telephone companies would insist on constructing and owning the necessary cable facilities and leasing them to the cable companies at a disproportionately high cost. And some telephone companies simply refused to allow cable-television-service wires to be attached to their poles.

Besides these difficulties, the cable people had another problem to contend with—one that was to cause great turmoil in their industry. An aspect of cable that had increasingly perturbed the network and station owners, the leaders of the broadcasting industry's trade associations, and other established broadcasting interests was the possibility that cable systems might eventually grow strong enough to challenge advertiser-supported television: to acquire rights to movies and special events, and to feed such programs to their subscribers with an extra fee but without the distraction of advertising; in other words, to supplement their basic service—relaying existing over-the-air programs—with pay-cable service.

By the mid-nineteen-fifties, several small-scale ventures into pay television had been started by owners of community cable systems on a more or less experimental basis. Also, in the fifties and early sixties the F.C.C. licensed several limited experiments—some of them backed by Hollywood interests—in pay TV, mostly on ultra-high-frequency stations. One such experiment, called Phonevision, consisted of a joint venture of R.K.O. General and the Zenith Radio Corporation, using the facilities of WHCT, a UHF station in Hartford. The Phonevision programs were conveyed in electronically scrambled images, and subscribers who wanted to see them telephoned the service to place an order, whereupon the station activated an unscrambling device attached to their sets. Most of the pay programs in this experiment consisted of old movies, but the Hartford station also ran a few live or filmed special events, such as prizefights. This and other early forays into pay TV seem to have been uniformly unsuccessful—the companies running the services had considerable trouble keeping subscribers. But that did not prevent the commercial-broadcasting-industry lobby from making the lot of the over-the-air pay-TV operators even harder; it reacted by pressuring the F.C.C. to put many restrictions on this new broadcast form.

As the infant cable industry continued to expand, however, the prospect that cable operators might seriously devote themselves to the business of pay TV and succeed at it made the

JERSEY JOE'S BAR
Tea Dansant
5:00 P.M.–6:00 P.M.

whole notion of cable television itself increasingly disturbing to the broadcasters. They showed signs of being particularly aroused when, early in 1964, they contemplated the potential increase of competition from a pay-TV system that was being set up in Los Angeles and San Francisco. The new service—called Subscription Television, or STV—was not due to begin its programming operations until the middle of the year, but in February the trade press was reporting that the television board of directors of the National Association of Broadcasters had adopted "a firm policy opposing any form of pay television for the home." The trade press also reported that the board was devising ways of putting pressure on Congress for legislation that would restrict the development of cable television. A couple of months later, when the National Association of Broadcasters held its annual convention, in Chicago, an article in the magazine *Broadcasting*, describing the prevailing attitude toward STV, reported, "Broadcasters were exhorted to strangle it, or stifle it—or seize control of it," and continued, "If anyone had a kind word to say for it, he was lost in the tumult of invective against a system, still unborn, that suddenly had acquired the status of a menace." According to this report, the broadcasters feared that if the Subscription Television service turned out to be a success a pay-TV network could quickly be built up and "could soon piece together enough customers to begin outbidding free-TV broadcasters for programming." The prevailing fear seemed to be considered sympathetically by E. William Henry, then the chairman of the F.C.C., as he told the broadcasters, "The basic problem is the competitive effect of wired television upon our present advertiser-supported system."

The power behind the creation of Subscription Television was Matthew Fox, who had been in the film-production-and-distribution business. At one point in his career, shortly before the Second World War, Fox had been executive vice-president of Universal Pictures, and in the postwar years he had been a successful wheeler and dealer in various businesses, particularly film and network television. During the first part of the nineteen-fifties, Fox had been looking for an opportunity to become even richer by making a deal that would end the film studios' policy of offering only the oldest and lowest-budget movies to television—a policy that had been established because of fears in Hollywood that home viewing of movies would keep people from going to movie theatres. In 1954, Fox saw a chance for such a deal after Howard Hughes bought out the R.K.O. Pictures Corporation, which was failing badly, for twenty-three and a half million dollars, and, the following year, sold off R.K.O. Radio Pictures, a subsidiary of R.K.O. Pictures, to General Teleradio, an entertainment subsidiary of the General Tire & Rubber Company. Fox stepped in with several associates to acquire from R.K.O. Radio Pictures, for fifteen million dollars, nearly all the rights to the R.K.O. film library. This was a substantial acquisition, since the assets of R.K.O. Radio Pictures included a number of films starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Fox's group then sold these rights to individual television stations throughout the country, thereby effectively breaking the longstanding Hollywood film boycott of television and within a year making a profit for itself of about ten million dollars.

Around the time that Fox was pulling off this coup, he became interested in the potential of pay cable television. In particular, he became interested in the development of Skiatron, an electronic system that could be used to determine which cable subscribers were watching a given program. The subscribers could thus be charged for viewing specific programs. Fox, who had spent a lot of time in his Hollywood career auditing the distribution of motion pictures, considered such a system a natural means of measuring

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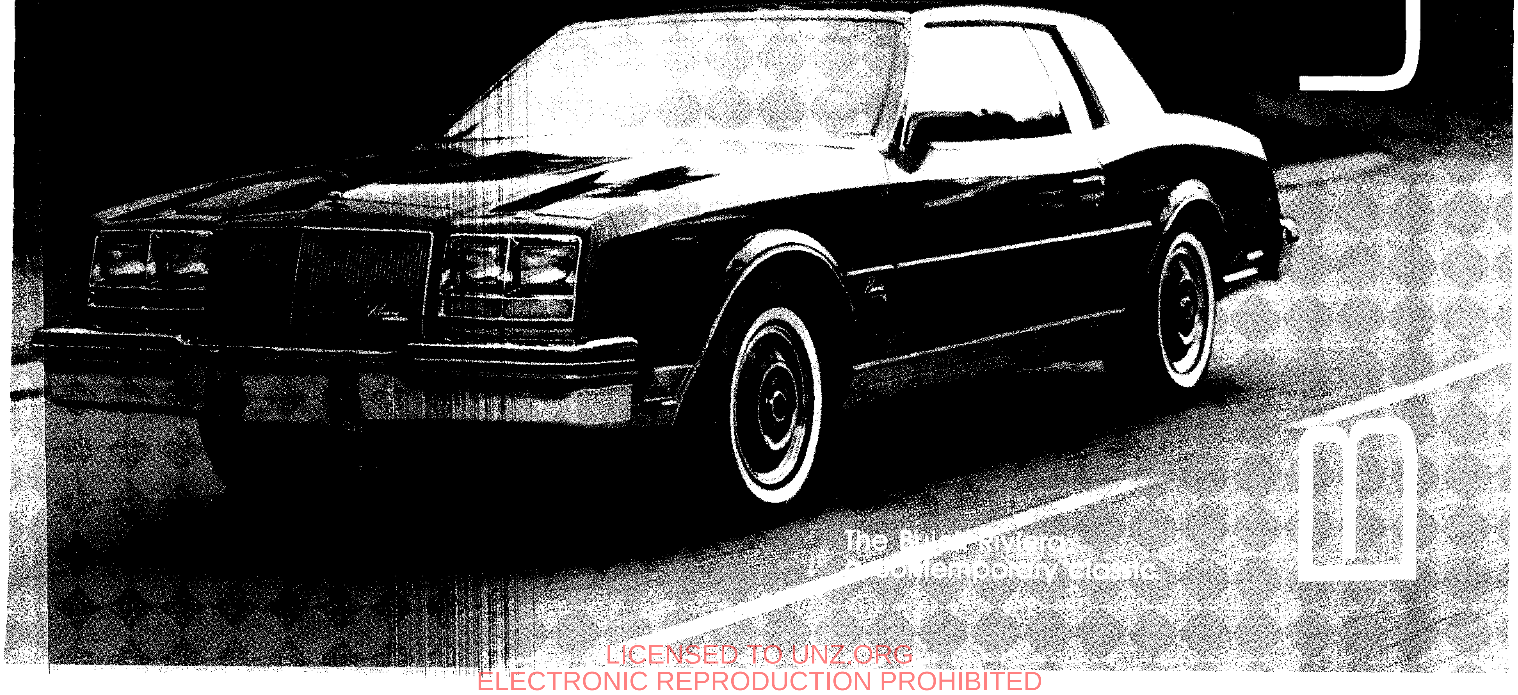

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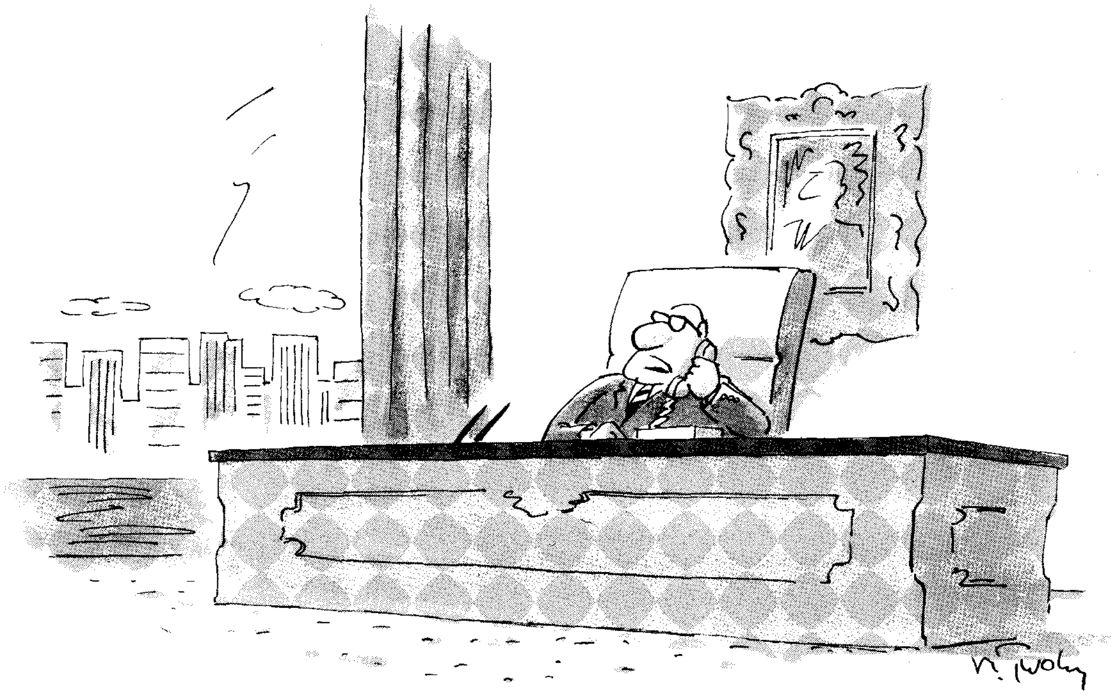
the box-office impact of films and other programs, and he reasoned that it would provide an accurate and instant means of awarding the owners of motion pictures their appropriate share of the gate—a feature that he reckoned would attract to a pay-TV system recent and desirable films. Fox made an arrangement for the exclusive use of Skiatron, and began developing a pay-cable system of his own.

From the start, Fox had been sure that the way to make a big stir with a pay-TV system was to offer audiences attractions that they couldn't get on commercial TV. Specifically, he figured that the showing of big-league baseball games—most of which, of course, were already available on commercial television—was sure to make his pay-TV outfit rich if he could get the rights to some of them. By the mid-fifties, however, the owners of the New York major-league baseball teams had come to realize that they had a problem with television. While TV coverage of home games of college and professional football teams was carefully controlled by gate-conscious team managements, the New York baseball teams had been allowing local commercial-television coverage of their home games. Because the games attracted huge TV audiences, stay-at-home viewing habits were increasingly cutting into attendance at the stadiums. At one stage in the mid-fifties, Fox approached Walter O'Malley, the owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and proposed a solution. Donald A. Petrie, a partner in Lazard Frères, the investment-banking concern, who was associated with the development company that financed Fox's pay-TV scheme, told me some time ago, "Matty Fox described his whole Skiatron pay-TV system to O'Malley and said to him, 'Mr. O'Malley, you've got to get your games off the air in New York, and then we'll offer the Dodger games to people on subscription television only if they *pay* to see them. That's the way we'll get people to take our [system] into their homes and become our subscribers.' O'Malley said to Matty, 'I can't go off the air in New York—I'll be lynched.' Matty told him, 'Then you've gotta move, you've gotta go somewhere else where you've never been on the air.' And that was one of the many reasons behind the move of the Dodgers from Ebbets Field to Los Angeles." There were some difficulties, of course. "The National League objected to the idea of the move," Petrie said. "It said to O'Malley, 'We're not going to go to the West Coast to play just one team there. If you move to Los Angeles, you've got to get somebody else to move to San Francisco.' So Fox and O'Malley went to work on Horace Stoneham"—the owner of the New York Giants—"to get *his* team to move to San Francisco, so that both owners could keep their home games off local commercial-television stations and become partners in the STV-Skiatron system."



*"You know, R.B., I read somewhere that Bach and Handel never met each other, and I was thinking we shouldn't let that happen to us."*

• •

Stoneham agreed, both teams moved to the West Coast in 1958, and Fox's scheme for an operating pay-TV company was pushed toward actuality in California. The development corporation put together and headed by Petrie, on behalf of Dun & Bradstreet, to finance Fox was backed by its subsidiary the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, which was to handle the marketing and sales end of the operating company, and by the big California electronics firm of Lear Siegler, which was to manufacture and install the Skiatron hardware. The Dodgers and the Giants also participated in the financing of the operating company.

Subscription Television, the operating company, went public in October of 1963, with twenty-one million dollars in capital, mainly from a public stock offering. The first area chosen for wiring the houses of prospective subscribers was West Los Angeles, with part of San Francisco to follow. Although that year the California Legislature had authorized pay TV in the state, the STV people, in negotiating with the telephone companies for permission to install cables on the phone companies' rights of way, found the going hard. The actual wiring for the cable service was contracted out to the General Telephone Company and the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company, which controlled the necessary poles and street conduits, and which, according to Petrie, agreed to do the job only on terms that the STV people found extremely onerous, and strictly on a cash-in-advance basis.

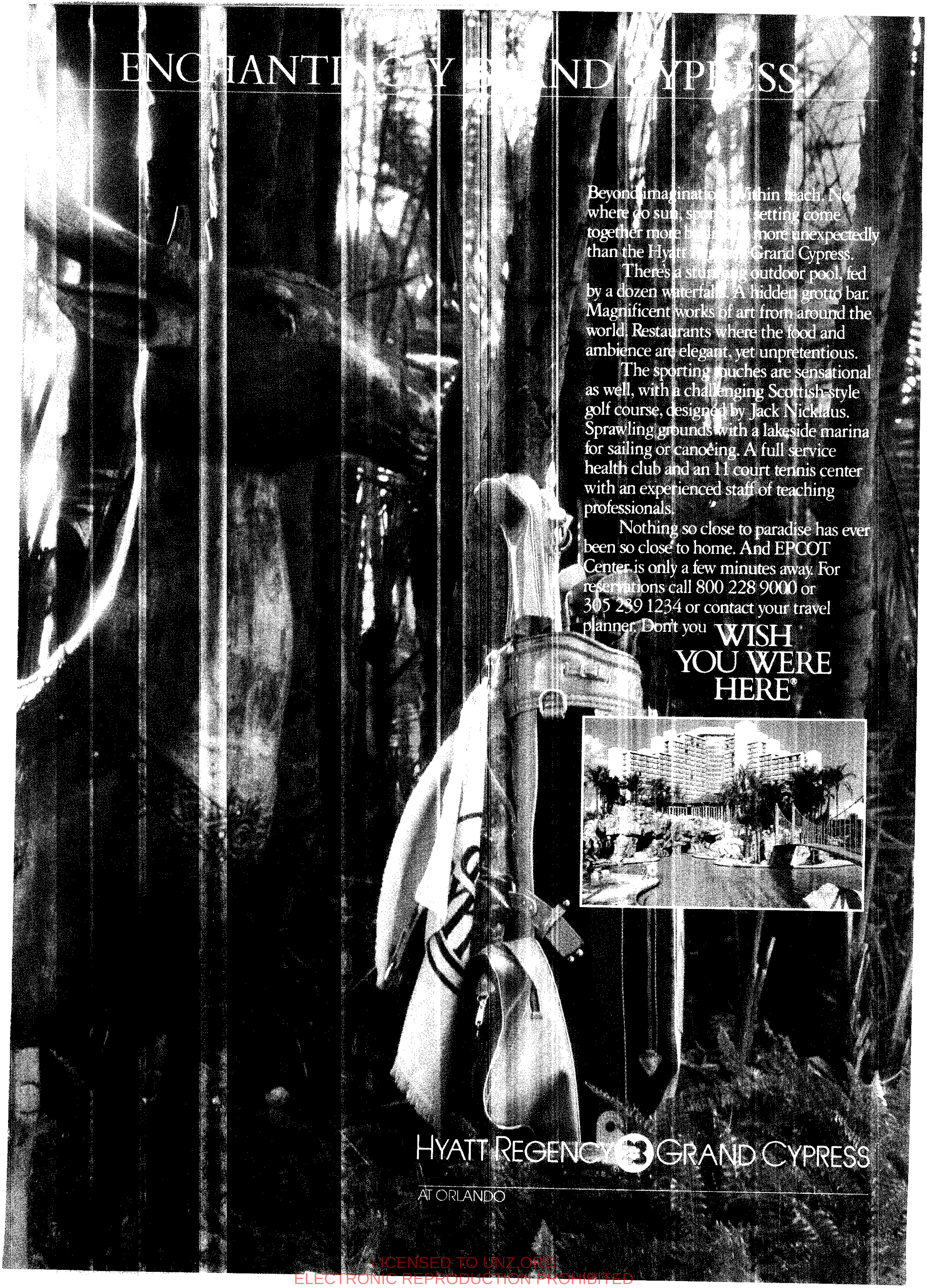
To demonstrate to their stockholders and to the public that STV intended to be a thoroughly professional operation, the company officers brought in as president Sylvester L. (Pat) Weaver, Jr., a former president of NBC, who in the nineteen-fifties had been responsible for initiating such successful programs as "Today" and "Tonight," and who had a reputation as a visionary concerning the course that television might take. Weaver promised that STV programming would be brought to subscribers not on one channel but on three. One channel would be devoted to sports programming and to certain other specialized subjects such as business affairs; the sports programming would include exclusive coverage of the home games of the Dodgers and the Giants, beginning during the coming summer. Another channel would bring to subscribers, live or on film, plays, operas, and ballet and concert performances—all these without advertising. A third channel, designed as the most popular attraction of the service, would have movies and other entertainment programming. Residents of the areas in West Los Angeles and San Francisco that were to be among the first wired for STV were reported to have reacted encouragingly to the idea of the new service; of the hundred thousand houses that were to be passed by STV cables in the two cities, half subscribed in advance. At first, Weaver encountered great difficulty in his efforts to obtain the rights to films produced by the Hollywood studios; except for United Artists, which eventually agreed to future showings of certain films, though on a second-run and strictly "experimental and exploratory" basis, the studios wanted no part of pay TV. In fact, a day before the scheduled opening of the STV service in Los Angeles, a report in the New York *Times* said that "the system's operators have been unable to negotiate purchase of a single Hollywood film for broadcasting," and that "the movie offerings will consist of rather obscure foreign films." Moreover, the STV people had known for some time that California movie-theatre owners were strongly opposed to STV, on the ground that if it was successful it would draw audiences away from their theatres.

KITE SHOP
Mari Sabina

As the STV people stepped up their subscription drive in Los Angeles and San Francisco, the theatre owners became increasingly noisy and increasingly organized in their opposition. Earlier in the year, the theatre owners and their allies had put together a group called the Citizens' Committee for Free TV, headed by Don Belding, the retired president of the big advertising firm of Foote, Cone & Belding. The Citizens' Committee, backed by what Weaver called "a huge war chest" amassed by theatre owners, wanted to make pay TV illegal in California. Claiming that the advent of pay TV would deprive citizens of programs they would otherwise be able to view free, the committee circulated petitions among voters for the revocation of the law that made the operation of cable pay TV possible. With the help of various women's clubs, the committee managed to collect more than a million signatures by April 20, 1964—more than twice the minimum number required by law to bring about a statewide referendum on pay TV in the elections that November. Robert F. MacLeod, a vice-president of Subscription Television, denounced the million-signature figure as "a fraud," and said that an opinion poll had shown the majority of California voters to be against the proposed ban. Even before then, STV had filed in federal district court in Los Angeles a hundred-and-seventeen-million-dollar damage suit against California theatre owners and theatre owners' associations, charging violation of antitrust laws. Weaver, speaking to the press, conceded that the anti-pay-TV campaign had slowed up the preparations for the official opening of the system but said that he expected to open it in July "unless some difficulty arises or a blow is struck." A serious and unforeseen blow was indeed struck when, at the beginning of June, Matthew Fox, the prime mover in the development of STV, died of a heart attack.

When STV officially opened—in July in Los Angeles, and in August in San Francisco—it was on a much more modest scale than had been anticipated, because of a combination of political difficulties and the heavy costs of wiring spread-out communities. By opening day in Los Angeles, the homes of only twenty-five hundred subscribers in that city had actually been connected to STV, and the number was only two thousand in San Francisco. Nonetheless, the campaign of the theatre owners and their allies continued—more heatedly than ever. Besides the activities of the Citizens' Committee for Free TV, the pay-TV cause had to contend with those of an organization called the California Crusade for Free TV. Both organizations went all out to persuade Californians to vote for Proposition 15 in the forthcoming election—a proposition that would declare it "contrary to public policy to permit development of subscription television business" in the state, and would provide that "no charge shall be made to [the] public for television programs transmitted to home television sets." The proposition avoided mention of a form of cable pay TV that many theatre owners had, in fact, been handsomely profiting from for some time—the special showings of prizefights and certain other sporting events, which were brought into theatres by closed-circuit cable.

In pursuing their campaign, the theatre owners had the financial support of a variety of commercial interests, including, according to a report in the *Times*, "restaurants, parking-lot operators, and other businesses dependent on the public leaving home to obtain some types of [non-TV] diversion." The theatre owners also had, at the very least, the moral support of a number of trade associations—among them the Television Accessory Manufacturers Institute, whose president was reported to have stated, "There is no doubt in our industry that pay TV will wipe out free TV as we know it and severely curtail the production of television sets in the United States." He declared that pay TV would "pirate the major



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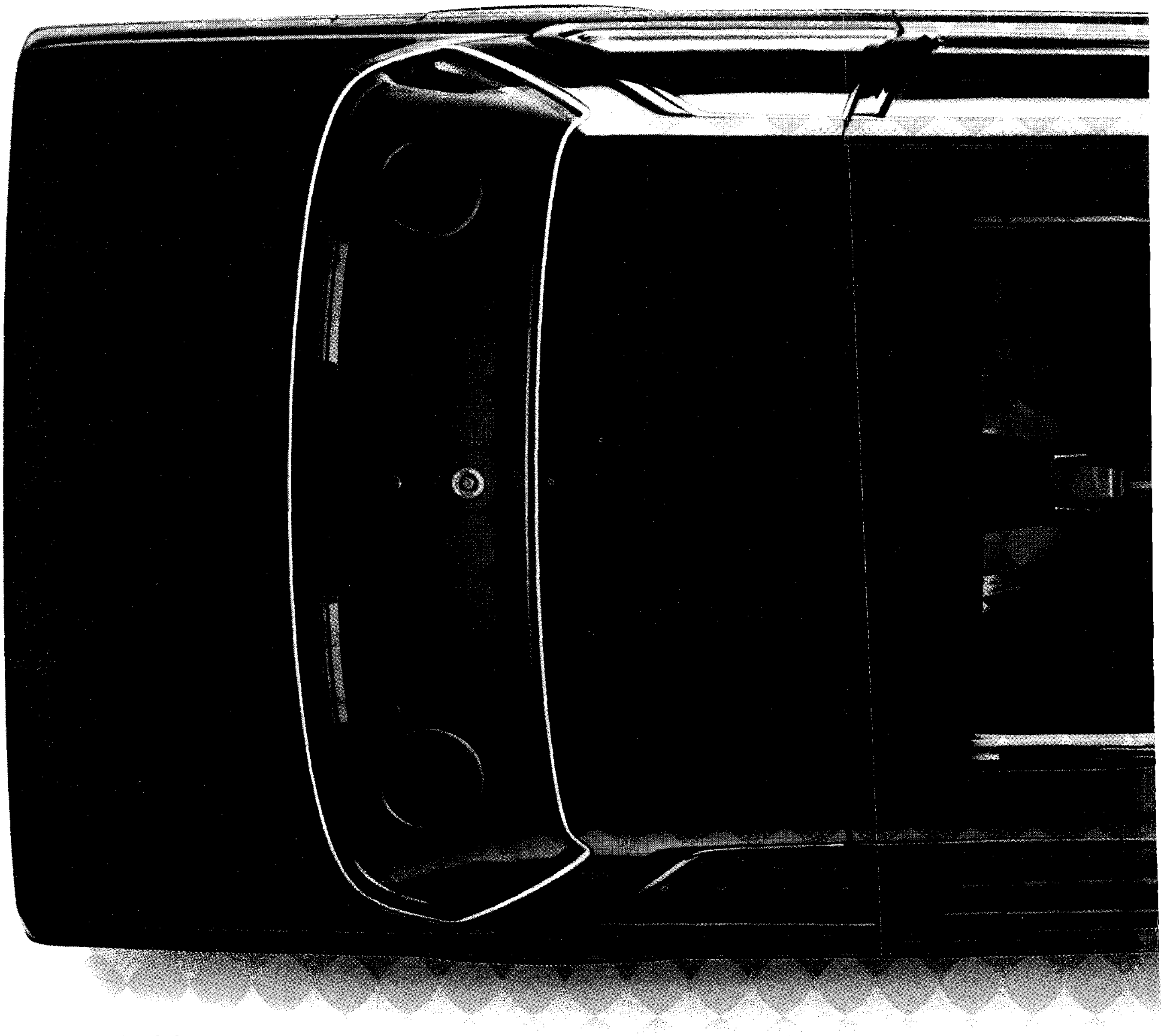

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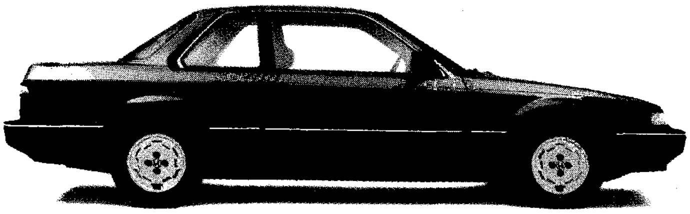

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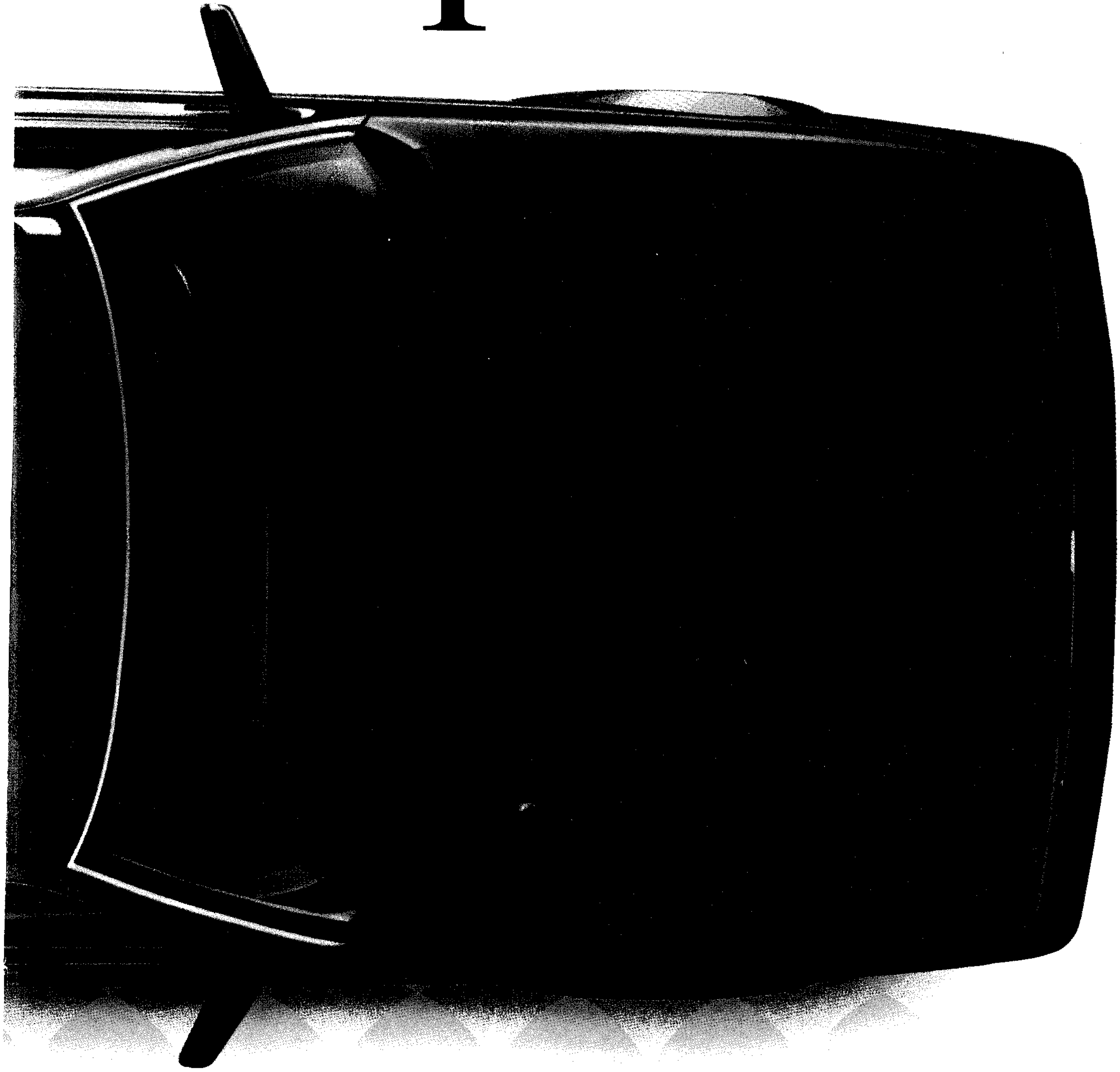

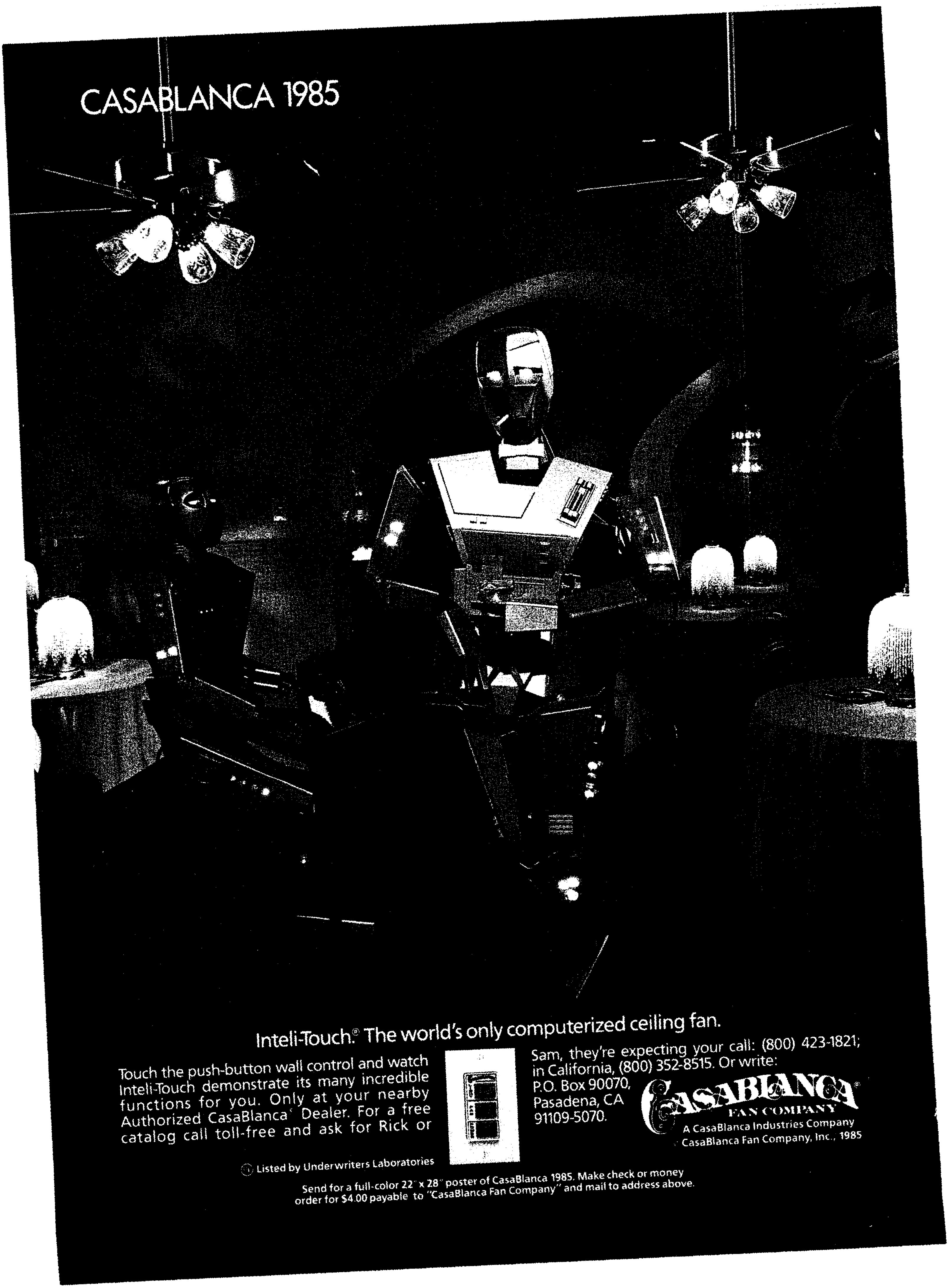

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attractions on free TV and leave millions of viewers without adequate programming"—a situation that, he said, would "only result in a drastic reduction of the number of TV sets in use." According to *Broadcasting*, the National Association of Broadcasters also welcomed the California campaign to outlaw pay TV. Some television-station owners chipped in money to the theatre owners' cause to show their solidarity, and the attitude of other commercial broadcasters was, to say the least, unhelpful to the STV people. In a recent interview, Weaver told me, "The local NBC station in San Francisco editorialized against us vehemently and refused to accept our commercials for the STV service. Also, the *Chronicle* wouldn't accept our ads."

The STV people had to divert a large part of their energy to coping with the effects of the campaign. A pro-STV group called the Fair Trial for Pay TV Committee, which was supported by the Screen Actors Guild and other unions, was formed to help stem the tide, but to little avail. Potential subscribers shied away from signing up with STV, feeling that it might not survive the elections. At World Series time, the Citizens' Committee for Free TV took out ads in the sports pages of newspapers warning, "This could be the last World Series on Free TV."

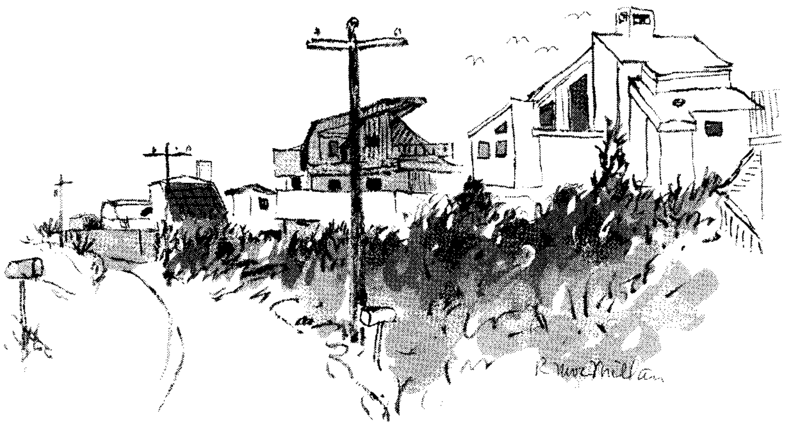
The theatre owners ran a well-organized campaign that had a disruptive effect on the attempts to promote STV and pay cable among Californians. According to Petrie, the campaign raised money not only from theatre owners within the state but from theatre owners throughout the country, for a total of something like eight million dollars, toward the passage of the referendum. Petrie recalled, "Proposition 15 was obviously invalid under the Constitution, but we were in the middle of organizing this service and trying to get credit and raise money. As things moved toward election time, the theatre owners' organization appealed to the golden circle of retired people: they went into retirement communities and asked the people to vote against pay TV, telling them of the threat that free television would disappear. 'Here you are in the golden years of your life, sitting around, abandoned by your children,' they said, 'but at least you have free television as a companion—and you'll lose it unless you vote for our amendment to the state constitution.' And, of course, retired people are a potent force in California. The theatre owners ran a TV commercial about pay television that showed a man with a burglar's mask on tiptoeing into a room and stealing a television set away from a little old lady in a rocking chair. It was a killer."

Such commercials evidently got on the air over commercial TV with none of the difficulties that Weaver had encountered when he tried to get station owners to accept commercials promoting STV. During the election campaign, the STV people did get a few commercials on broadcast TV urging people to vote against Proposition 15, but these, like the efforts of the Fair Trial for Pay TV Committee, were far from adequate to counter the opposition. The theatre owners' efforts on the air were reinforced by the appearance of big highway billboards reading "Keep TV free in your home—vote yes on 15—stop pay TV." According to reports in the trade press, every movie theatre in California ran ads on its screen between shows urging patrons to vote for Proposition 15. Sometimes these ads were run along with trailers urging patrons to turn up in the same theatres (on a paying basis, naturally) for closed-circuit-TV showings of sporting events.

All this pressure was devastating to Weaver's efforts to expand the STV service and obtain further financial backing. In August, the STV people were obliged to suspend their programming work for the service—which now had six thousand subscribers in Los Angeles and San Francisco—and fight a holding action against the Proposition 15 forces. In September, Weaver formally asked the F.C.C. to investigate the alleged refusal of television stations in California to accept advertisements for STV. The NBC station in San Francisco was not the only named offender. According to a report in the *Times*, Weaver "charged that outlets of the three major networks in this state had refused his company's ads." The report added, "Mr. Weaver also complained that leading newspapers in Los Angeles and San Francisco also refused to accept ads, but later changed their minds."

All Weaver's efforts were too late, and the anti-pay-TV forces were too well organized. On Election Day, Proposition 15 passed by a two-to-one margin. Pay TV was then declared illegal in California. Three days after the election, Weaver told his stockholders at a special meeting in Los Angeles that a suit had been filed in the Supreme Court of California in an attempt to enjoin the Secretary of State from certifying the vote, on the ground that it was unconstitutional. The lawsuit came to nothing. Eventually, after another suit in federal court and a series of appellate-court proceedings, the courts found that banning pay TV in California was indeed unconstitutional. But by that time Subscription Television had to apply for permission to reorganize under Chapter 11 of the Federal Bankruptcy Code, and the company was in no position to make a comeback in the cable business. "I spent more money on lawyers than on the STV programming," Weaver recalled.

Reflecting recently on STV's attempt to bring pay TV to California, Petrie remarked to me, "We had known pretty much from the very beginning that the theatre owners were dismayed at what we were doing. And we made a fundamental mistake. We heard all these rumors about theatre owners' organizing to protect themselves against us, and the lesson that we were all experienced enough to have learned, but none of us remembered, was that rich and important people like groups of theatre owners were not going to go down in the gutter and slit their throats for our convenience. But Matty Fox and Pat Weaver, if they had a little weakness, tended to be a little arrogant on the subject. Matty kept saying, 'Don't

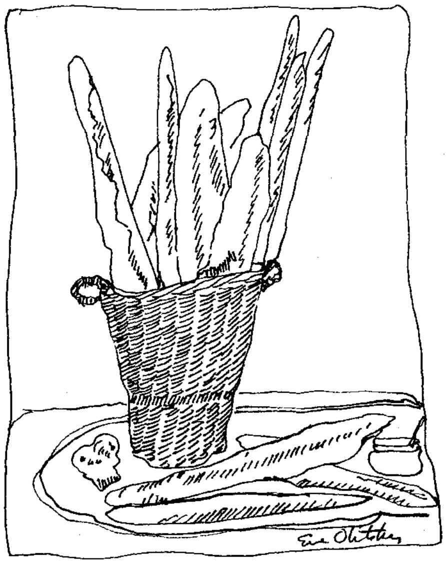


worry about the theatre owners—they're popcorn venders, they don't know anything.' Well, they weren't just popcorn venders. They were rich, well organized, and deeply entrenched, and they were out to destroy us. What did destroy us—and what I should have looked out for—was that you cannot move in on entrenched people who are well organized and have been thinking full time about their business for a generation, and expect to bowl them over in eighteen months. Life's not like that. What we should have done when we realized how the theatre owners were grouping themselves against us was to go to them and say, 'Look here, in order to complete our system across the United States we're going to have to reproduce, in coaxial cable laid down, all the stranded wires that A.T. & T. has into homes, we're going to have to build ourselves every bit of plant that the telephone company has, and it'll take us perhaps thirty-five or forty years to do it. You have *plenty* of time to hang on to your theatres.' We should have given them stock. We should have told them, 'Come into this thing with us, invest with us, participate with us.' But we didn't, and we were flattened as though a steamroller had run over us. And STV was hopelessly insolvent."

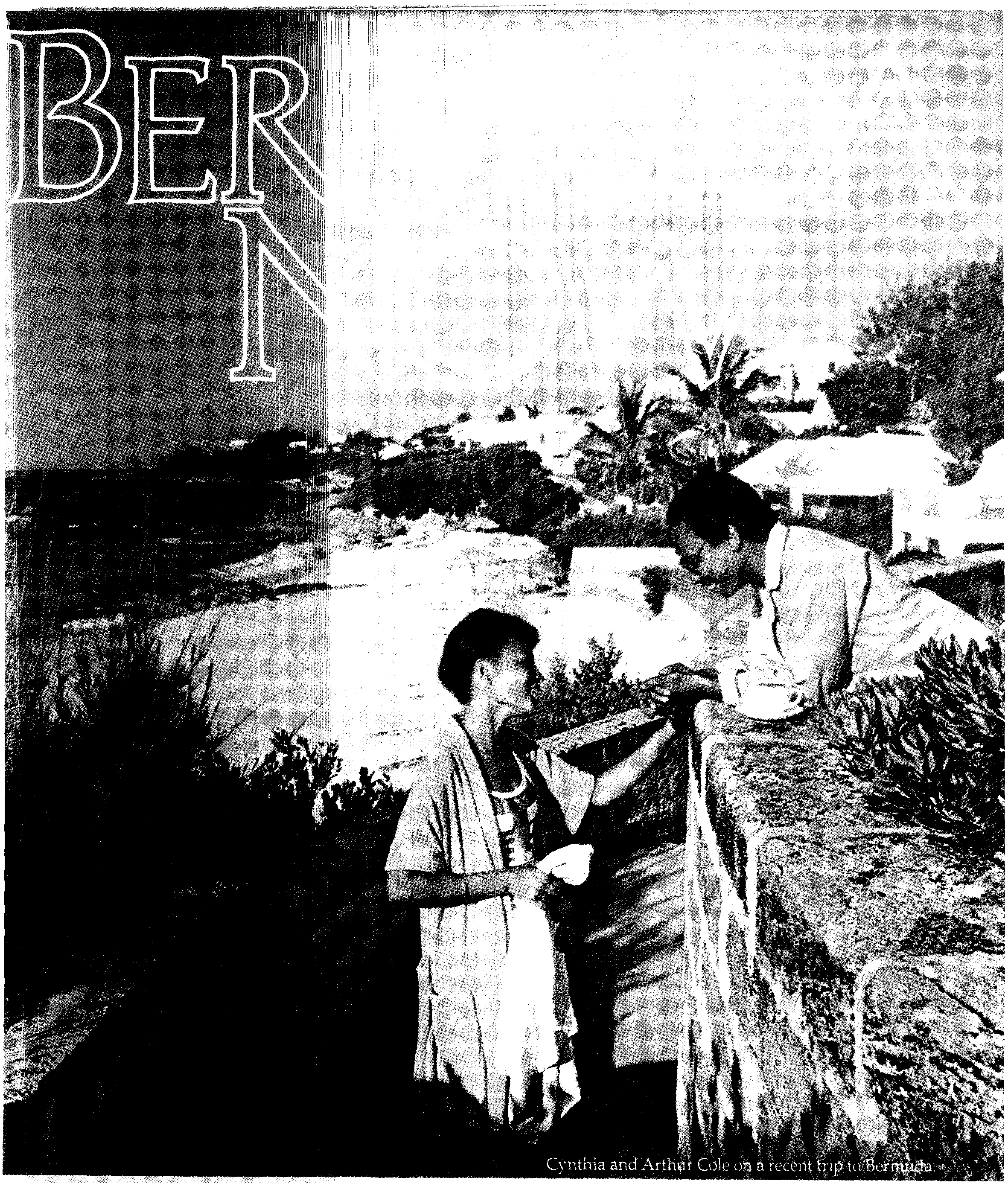
THE theatre owners' rout of STV contributed to a general paralysis in the development of pay-cable programming in this country for the next ten years. It also strengthened the hand of the broadcasters, whose lobbying against cable became increasingly aggressive. In 1966, the F.C.C., responding to representations from the broadcasting industry concerning the competitive threat posed by cable, issued rules that placed a general prohibition on the supply of programs from distant points to cable systems via microwave relay, and in the same year the agency asserted jurisdiction over all cable operations. It also required cable companies to carry all local-broadcast programming—a regulatory step concerning cable that at the time did seem to be in the public interest, since it tended to protect local-broadcast programming from being overwhelmed by cable-relayed network programs. What followed was an ever-increasing tangle of federal regulations concerning what cable could and couldn't carry in the way of relayed programs. One ruling, in 1970, in effect prohibited pay-cable systems from showing movies less than ten years old, and even the old movies couldn't be put on a cable system if they had been shown on commercial TV in the same market during the previous three years. Sporting events could not be shown on pay cable if they had been shown on commercial television during the previous five years.

Further, more complex restrictions continued to be imposed on the cable industry into the early nineteen-seventies. The F.C.C.'s stated purpose was to prevent the draining off of program material from advertiser-supported television into a form of television for which viewers would have to pay a fee; pay TV would presumably discriminate against the poor, who would be unable to afford cable service. However, the effect of all these regulations by the F.C.C.—whose intent in the early days of television had been to base a nationwide system on a strongly localized structure of community stations—was not only to protect from competition those local stations which might not be highly profitable but also to protect the general interests of an entire industry grown so wealthy and so firmly entrenched that many television stations were sometimes earning annual profits in excess of two or three hundred per cent of the worth of their physical assets.

And yet somehow, in spite of all the F.C.C. restrictions, the cable industry continued to expand—in part because color television sets were growing increasingly popular, and cable could convey color images better than regular broadcasting could. The number of cable systems rose from thirteen hundred and twenty-five in 1965 to nearly twenty-five hundred in 1970. But the economic barriers to the really substantial development of cable remained formidable. An article in the *Times* in December of 1975 noted, "The government rules that restrict the [cable-television] industry have frustrated access to the vast capital necessary to link millions of American homes by cable," and it quoted Wilson C. Wearn, then chairman of the board of the National Association of Broadcasters, as stating that to free cable from restrictions "would seriously impair the quality and quantity of broadcast services provided to the public by both commercial and non-commercial broadcasters." The article reported that one tactic in a campaign by broadcasting interests "to prevent the White House from recommending changes in the regulatory structure of television was a drive by the National Association of Broadcasters to generate an outpouring of opposition mail from local broadcasters around the country." It also said that within the previous two years the N.A.B. had budgeted more than half a million dollars for lobbying "against changes in the regulation of cable television."



Still, the federal regulatory tide that had overwhelmed the cable industry was beginning to turn. In part, this was due to the fact that Richard Nixon, who had taken a dislike to the commercial television networks, in his first term of office made it known that he wanted to see the cable-television industry move ahead, to provide what he thought might be a counterweight to the power of the broadcast networks. A man in charge of what is now a large cable company recalled in a talk I had with him, "We were becoming active in lobbying, and doing our best to counter the pressure the broadcasters had been able to bring at the F.C.C. and in Congress. Arthur Taylor, who was then president of CBS, was the man leading the broadcasters' charge against cable. Taylor was trying to kill cable. I remember when I went down to the F.C.C. or into the halls of Congress, and Arthur Taylor would arrive with his entourage in big black limousines, and an army of CBS people would enter the halls. But what all those clever people from CBS didn't realize was that Washington wasn't what it had once been for them. In the early seventies, the structure was beginning to alter from below. You had these young congressional-staff mavericks who were the kids of the sixties, and they wouldn't buy all that broadcaster arm-twisting stuff. Even though the



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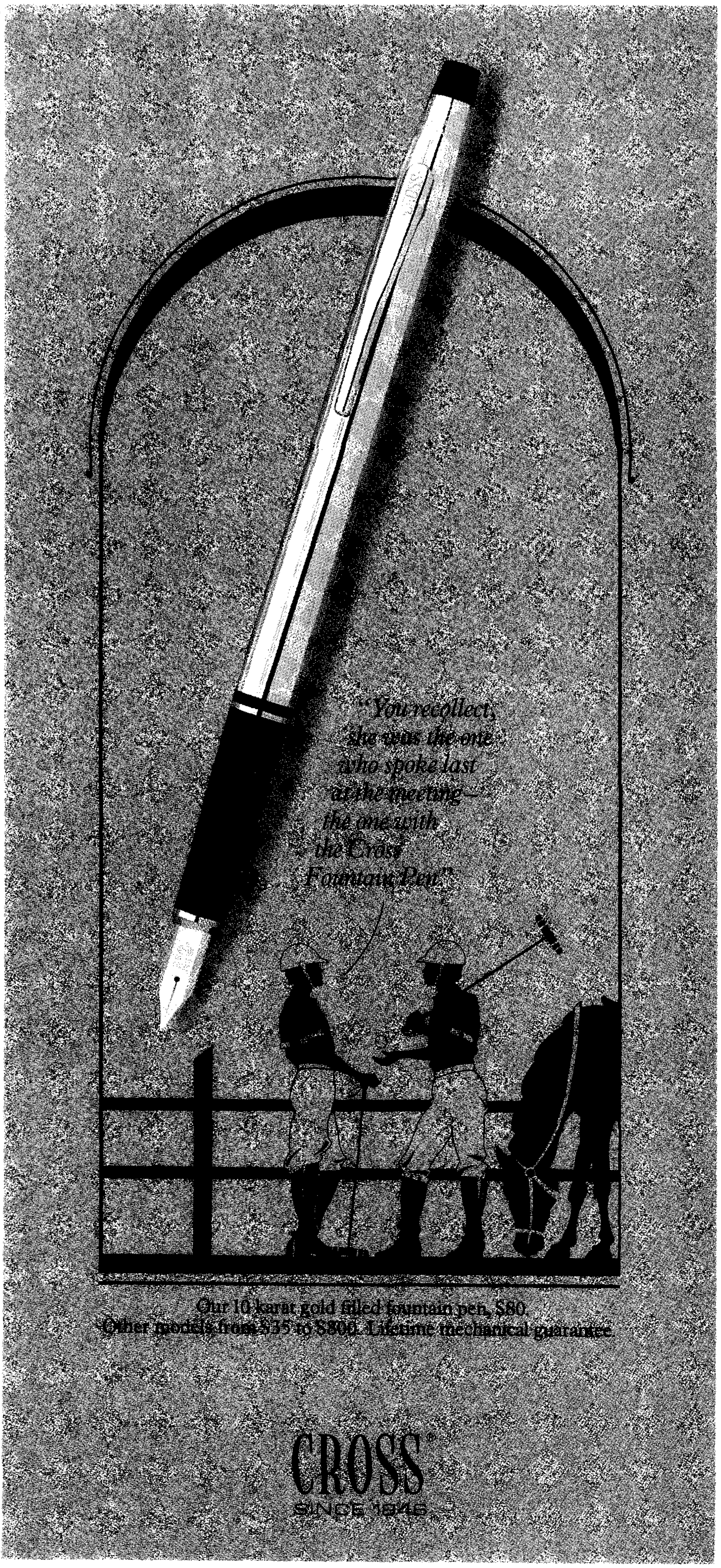
broadcasters and theatre owners were acting berserk on the subject of cable, you had a few staff people at the F.C.C. and in Congress who were saying, 'Let's let this baby loose.' "

At the beginning of 1976, a report prepared by the staff of the House Communications Subcommittee accused the F.C.C. of following a policy of "primary concern for individual broadcasters rather than the needs of the audience being serviced," and charged that the onerous rules that the commission had imposed on the cable industry appeared to "insure that cable television remained an unthreatening adjunct to over-the-air television regardless of the important benefits cable can offer viewers." Moreover, cable interests had gone to the federal courts to challenge the F.C.C.'s authority to restrict the content of pay programs carried on cable television, and the F.C.C. was being forced to defend a policy that increasingly appeared commercially partisan and constitutionally dubious.

What really altered the political balance, however, was a development that grew out of problems encountered by a cable company in New York City. The company was Sterling Manhattan Cable, which in 1965 had obtained from the city a franchise to provide cable service in the lower half of Manhattan and had begun operating in 1967. Sterling Manhattan Cable, which had been founded and was headed by Charles F. Dolan and was part of a holding company called Sterling Communications, ran into financial trouble right away. It had elected to establish a cable system in an area where viewers saw no great need to pay for a cable service that—though it carried a few public-access programs on one of its channels—offered very little more than a clearer image of existing commercial-television programs, especially since most of those were already being transmitted in Manhattan with a strong signal from the powerful transmission complex on top of the Empire State Building. Sterling Manhattan and Sterling Communications were partly owned by Time, Inc., which had itself made various TV ventures, most of them unsuccessful, since the nineteen-fifties. During the nineteen-sixties, commercial television had begun to cut badly into the advertising revenues of *Life*, and partly in response to this situation Time, Inc., had tried to establish a beachhead in commercial television by buying TV stations in Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Denver, San Diego, and a few other cities. But by 1970 the Time, Inc., management had changed its mind about the wisdom of this move, and had decided to sell the television stations off and concentrate on investing in cable. The company bought several cable concerns here and there, but they didn't do particularly well. According to one man at Time, Inc., the management people "came into the cable business and thought they'd impress everybody with the Time, Inc., name in trying to obtain cable franchises in various cities, but between 1969 and 1971 they just got squeezed out in the bidding process and lost a lot of the franchises they'd thought they'd get, and after a while they sold nearly all the systems they had bought up." One system that Time, Inc., had invested in and was reluctantly hanging on to was Sterling Manhattan Cable. Sterling Manhattan's heavy losses were making the Time, Inc., management, which had acquired operating control of the cable system in 1971 in the course of absorbing these losses, very unhappy.

Late in 1971, Dolan came up with an idea to help avert a financial disaster at Sterling Manhattan. The idea was to try to attract more subscribers by adding a program service consisting mostly of live coverage of sporting events, along with some older movies, for an extra fee, on top of the five dollars a month that subscribers were paying for the basic cable service. It was unlikely, however, that such a service could pay for itself from subscribers' fees in lower Manhattan, so Dolan suggested that the service be transmitted by commercial microwave relay to various other cable systems in the Northeast; these cable systems would sell the service to their subscribers, and the revenues would help amortize the cost of the new service in lower Manhattan. To explore this plan, Dolan brought in, among others, a young attorney named Gerald M. Levin, whose former law firm had represented several movie companies, and who himself had professional connections with officials of the Madison Square Garden Corporation and was knowledgeable about the complexities of contractual arrangements for televising sporting events. Levin helped Dolan persuade a reluctant Time, Inc., management to give Dolan's project a chance. The service was called Home Box Office. Dolan was named president of it, and Levin was



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installed as its vice-president in charge of programming.

HBO started operating in November of 1972. It was a small-time business. Its first evening's programs, relayed by a microwave transmitter on top of the Pan Am Building, consisted of coverage of a National Hockey League game at Madison Square Garden and the film "Sometimes a Great Notion." The only out-of-town cable system that accepted the HBO service was a small one in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, which relayed the programs to three hundred and sixty-five of its seventy-five hundred subscribers. (As it happened, the cable company in Wilkes-Barre was Service Electric Cable TV, which was owned, as it still is, by John Walson, who had expanded his cable operations into more than a hundred communities in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.) By the end of 1972, the number of out-of-town HBO subscribers had risen to fourteen hundred, all of them in Wilkes-Barre, and although that number began to decline the following summer, the HBO people managed to compensate by making arrangements to relay the service to three small cable systems in New York State—in Mount Vernon, Babylon, and Ithaca. By the end of 1973, the HBO service was being fed to fourteen out-of-town systems, but the company was far from paying its own way, and it certainly wasn't helping the lower-Manhattan cable operation pay *its* own way; in fact, Sterling Manhattan wasn't even equipped to take the service, and was in worse financial shape than ever. By then, Time, Inc., had become so disenchanted with cable that it had sold off nearly all its systems to a Denver company called the American Television & Communications Corporation, and it would almost certainly have sold off the Manhattan system if a suitable buyer had been found. "We tried desperately to unload Sterling Manhattan," J. Richard Munro, the president and chief executive officer of Time, Inc., told me in an interview. "The thing was a disaster, because it was becoming a major financial drain on Time, Inc.—I think we'd sunk five or ten million dollars in it that far. The ATC people, to whom we'd sold our other cable systems, couldn't take the Manhattan system, because they couldn't have absorbed its losses. We tried to sell it to Warner Cable, but after showing initial enthusiasm Warner came and took a look and saw what a dog it was, and there was nothing we could do except try to dig ourselves out of the hole—to bring in new management and try to make Manhattan work." One consequence of this decision was that in 1973 Dolan left HBO, taking with him, as part of the arrangement, the ownership of two small cable systems on Long Island that had been owned by the Sterling interests. In associated corporate rites, the name Sterling Communications was abandoned by Time, Inc.; Sterling Manhattan Cable became simply Manhattan Cable; and Levin became president of HBO.

The cost of relaying HBO programs by commercial microwave service, especially to cable systems some distance from New York City, was coming to seem prohibitive, and the technical and financial problems involved in attempting to extend the network beyond the Northeast by piecing together a complicated series of interconnected commercial microwave relays seemed almost overwhelming. In early 1975, Levin, looking at these problems, proposed to the Time, Inc., management that HBO, rather than extend its microwave-relay network with existing facilities, should try to make use of the relay potential of a domestic-communications satellite, Satcom I, which RCA was planning to have launched that year. What Levin proposed specifically was that Time, Inc., lease from RCA at least one transponder, or channel, on Satcom I to transmit video signals of HBO programs sent up to it; with this arrangement, HBO would be able to supply cable systems throughout the country. For an enterprise that had financial problems, the investment required for the lease of a Satcom I transponder was a large one. Besides, the lease of the transponder would be just a first step in extending the service, since prospective customers would have to construct receiving-dish antennas, at a cost of about a hundred thousand dollars each, and there was a serious question about how many cable systems would make the necessary investment. What's more, the F.C.C. restrictions concerning the use of first-run Hollywood movies on cable systems, and the attitude of the big studios, made it questionable whether HBO could provide a pay-cable service in which Hollywood movies played a big part.

Nonetheless, Levin persuaded Time, Inc., to go along with his propo-

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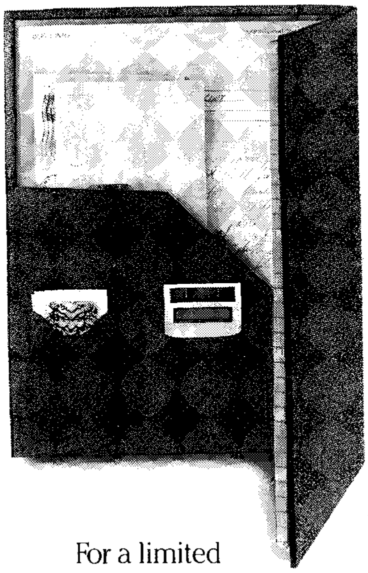

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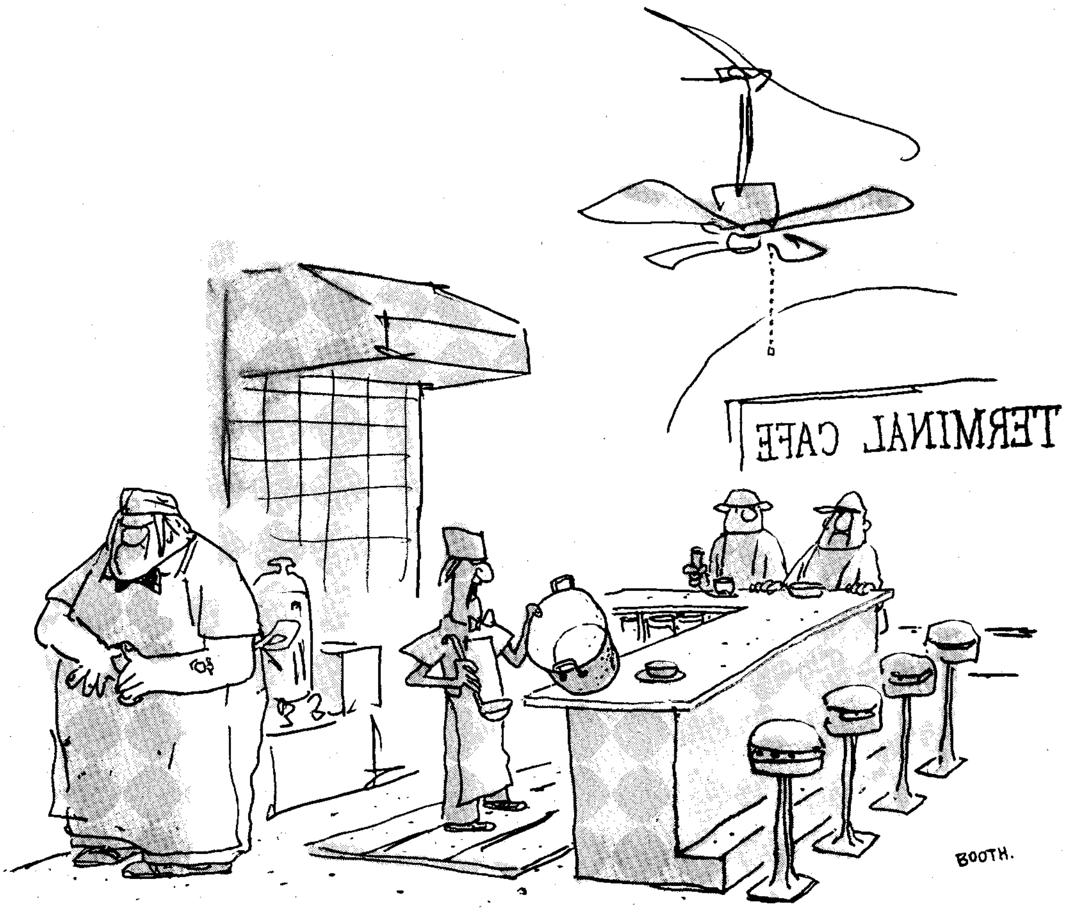
sal. An arrangement was made with RCA for a five-year lease of two transponders for twelve hours a day on Satcom I, at a total cost of six and a half million dollars. Satcom I was placed in orbit late in 1975, and at the start only two of HBO's cable-system customers—in Fort Pierce and Vero Beach, Florida, and Jackson, Mississippi—had the equipment necessary to pick up the programs. But the idea of a satellite service supplying cable systems did catch on, and by early 1977 two hundred and sixty-two systems, including those of the Teleprompter Corporation, the largest owner of cable systems in the country, were taking the HBO service.

That year, the cable industry got very welcome news. In March, a federal court of appeals in Washington, D.C., after hearing arguments in a lawsuit brought by HBO and other cable interests against the F.C.C. concerning the agency's authority to impose limitations on pay-cable programming—especially the limitations affecting the transmission of movies and sports, and an early F.C.C. ruling that prohibited pay-cable systems from accepting advertising—set aside the F.C.C. restrictions as arbitrary, unwarranted, and anti-competitive. In doing so, the court declared that the F.C.C. had "in no way justified its position that cable television must be a supplement to, rather than an equal of, broadcast television."

Once the restrictions had been removed, HBO was able to do business with the Hollywood movie distributors on a more secure footing, and three years after the start of its satellite service HBO was able to feed its pay service of films and sports and some theatrical entertainment to seven hundred and thirty-one cable systems with two million subscribers. And HBO's satellite service galvanized the cable industry as a whole. Initially, few cable systems had been able to afford the necessary dish antennas, but soon smaller versions of the dishes became available for about twenty thousand dollars, and satellite reception was within the means of all but the smallest cable systems. Moreover, the dishes were, of course, capable of picking up other program services from the satellite, and that encouraged the development of other satellite program services. In 1976, Ted Turner's UHF station—WTCG, now called WTBS, in Atlanta—began to relay, via Satcom I, its programs featuring movies, sports, and news to cable systems throughout the country. In 1978, two other movie-and-sports services, Showtime and Spotlight, started up their own satellite relay. In 1979, Warner Communications began the Movie Channel and started up its Nickelodeon service, providing children's programming; the Getty Oil Company started the Entertainment and Sports Programming Network (ESPN); and Turner Broadcasting began satellite distribution of a nationwide news service, the Cable News Network, or CNN.

These services were followed by dozens of others over the next few years, and at present about forty-five services are being offered via satellite, either on a pay basis or without an extra subscriber charge but with ads inserted in the program content. Of all these satellite-fed services, HBO is by far the most commercially successful. Of the pay services, it is also the largest: it is now linked to fourteen and a half million homes—more than three times the number it was reaching five years ago. One of every six American households that have television now receives the HBO channel. The service is carried in every state, over some sixty-nine hundred cable systems, one of which is none other than the American Television & Communications Corporation—the outfit to which Time, Inc., sold most of the systems it owned back in 1973. By 1978, the cable industry generally had so prospered that Time, Inc., acquired ATC, and now ATC is part of the Video Group there. Gerald Levin, after several years as president and then chairman of HBO, is now an executive vice-president of the whole Time, Inc., organization. ATC has become the second-largest owner of cable franchises in the country—it owns over four hundred and fifty franchises in thirty states and serves some two and a half million cable subscribers. (Of these, two million three hundred thousand pay extra to receive various premium services carried



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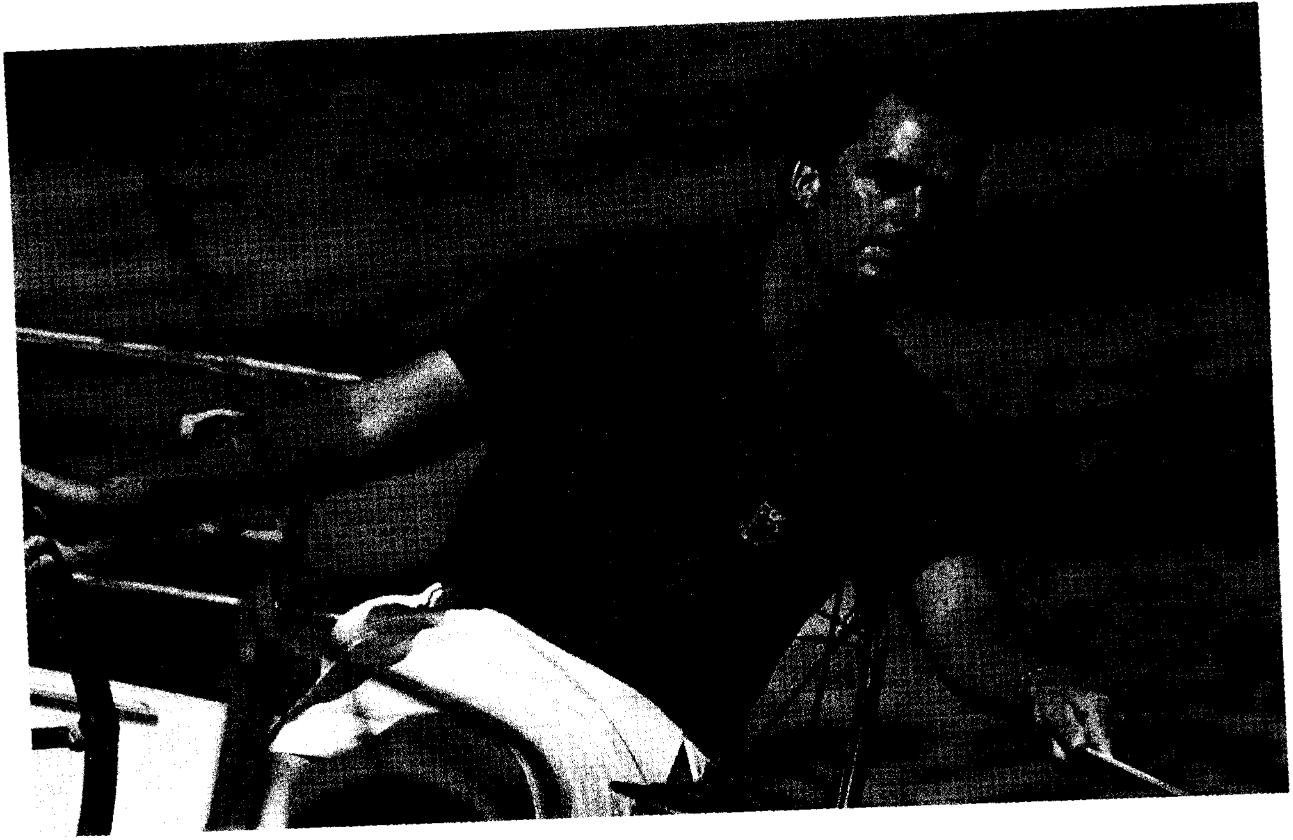

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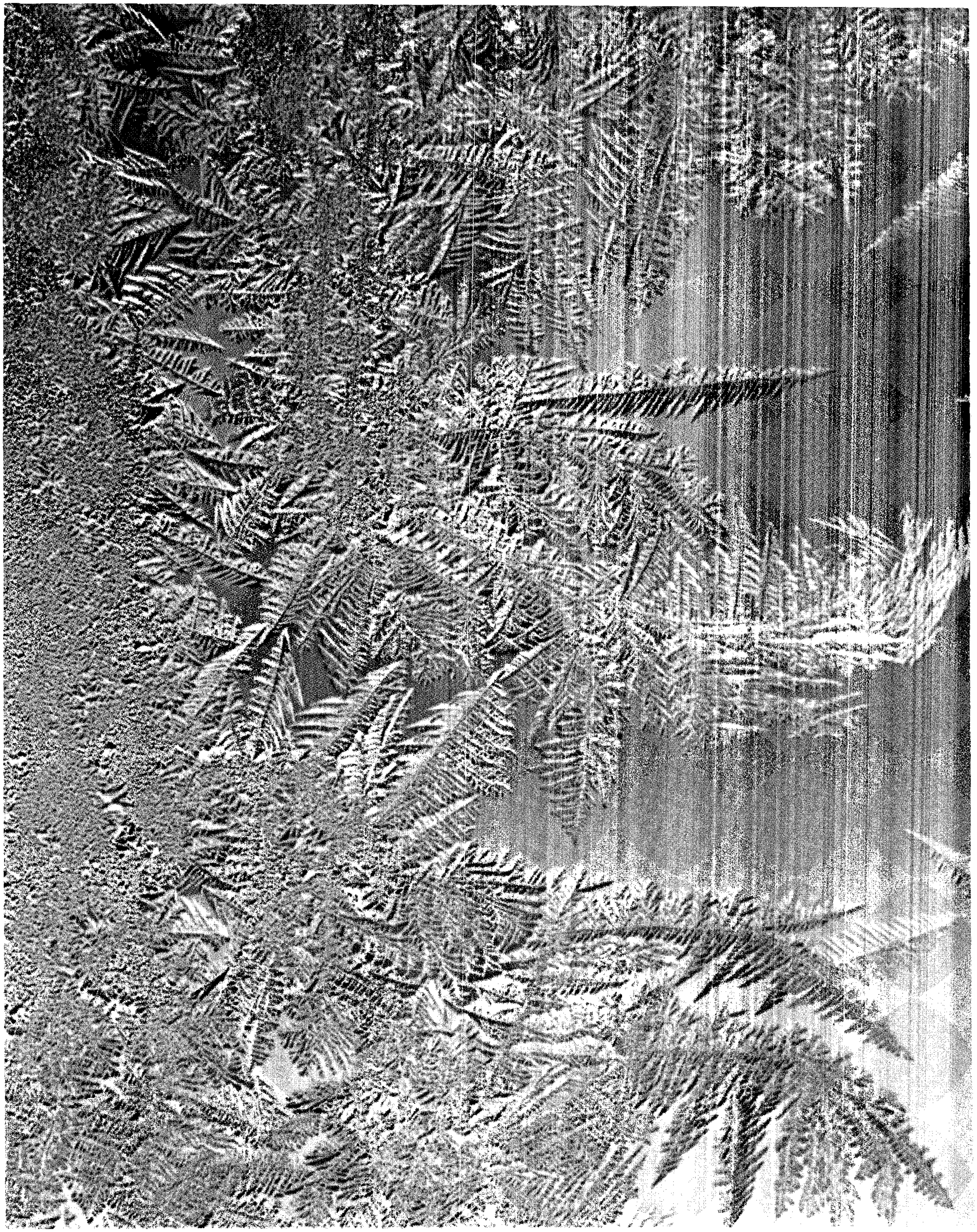

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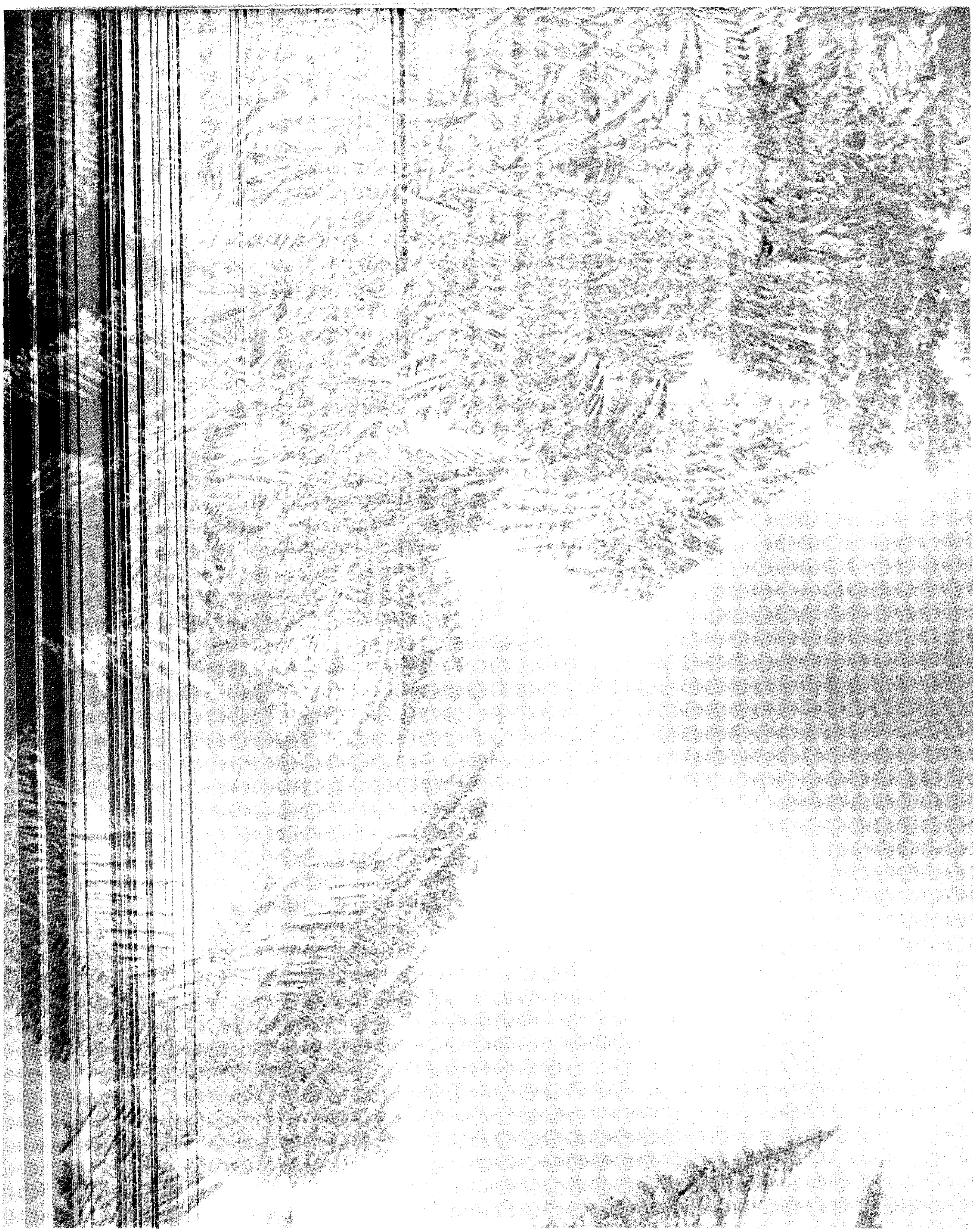

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6. Taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of the prize winner. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. For the name of the prize winner, send a SEPARATE self-addressed stamped envelope to: Dos Equis Uncommon Import Winner, P.O. Box 4235, Blair, NE 68009. No substitution of prize is permitted. Prize winner will be obligated to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility within 10 days of notification. In the event of non-compliance within this time period, an alternate winner will be selected. A prize returned to the D.L. Blair Corporation or to the sponsor as undeliverable will be awarded to an alternate winner.

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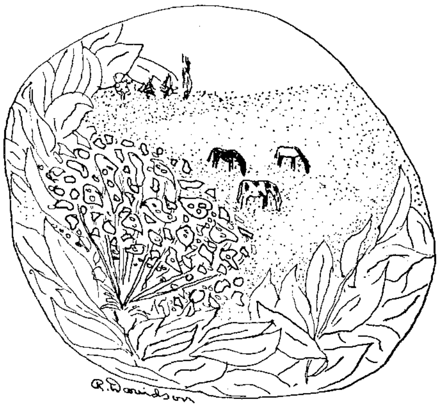
over the ATC system.) In 1983, in New York City, ATC was granted the cable-TV franchise for the western part of Queens, which alone includes a quarter of a million households. As for Manhattan Cable, it is now part of the ATC subsidiary of Time, Inc., and serves a hundred and ninety thousand households in the lower half of Manhattan that subscribe to its basic cable service; eighty thousand of these also subscribe to one or more pay services carried by Manhattan Cable. To complement its HBO service, Time, Inc., in 1980 started up a twenty-four-hour movie channel called Cinemax, which is relayed by satellite and now has three million three hundred thousand subscribers.

Between the beginning of 1979 and the end of 1983, HBO and other video operations at Time, Inc., grew so rapidly that it seemed to many people in the communications business that video might within a few years actually edge out print as the principal business of Time, Inc. In those five years, revenues from the company's publishing activities—including *Time*, *People*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Fortune*, *Money*, *Discover*, and the revived *Life*, as well as those of Time-Life Books, the Book-of-the-Month Club, and Little, Brown—managed to increase by almost a half, but the revenues from the company's cable and video operations quadrupled during the same period. By the end of 1983, they accounted for more than one-third of the annual revenues of Time, Inc. Even more spectacularly, they had come to provide something like two-thirds of the annual operating profits made by Time, Inc., as a whole. As for the production and processing of paper and allied products, which formerly played a large part in the economy of Time, Inc., the company in 1983 sold all its forest-products operations. During 1984, revenues from the Time, Inc., magazine-publishing and video operations were roughly equal. But while profits from the magazine operations showed a very sharp increase over those in 1983, profits from the video operations fell off slightly in the same period.

OF all the forces once ranged against cable, the one now most deeply involved with its activities is the motion-picture business. Just a few years after the movie-theatre owners, with the support of the big movie companies, succeeded in their campaign to crush pay cable in California, most of the major studios came to the realization that they could no longer afford to oppose or ignore the progress of the cable industry—a mistake that they had made with respect to the development of commercial television, in the early fifties, and that had caused them to miss a crucial opportunity to obtain, at a formative stage of the industry, a sizable measure of control and influence over the direction television would take. As a consequence, motion-picture companies that had been known for their opposition to cable began to explore ways of obtaining some leverage in the cable industry while at the same time preserving their relationship with the theatre owners.

Perhaps the most notable early example of the involvement of the movie companies in cable was that of Warner Brothers. The change in attitude at Warner Brothers toward cable came about not as a result of any great foresight on the part of the Warners themselves but, rather, as a result of the entry of conglomerate corporations into the entertainment business during the nineteen-sixties. In 1967, only three years after Sylvester Weaver's pay-cable project collapsed, Warner Brothers was acquired by the American subsidiary of a Canadian distributor of films to television called Seven Arts Productions, and Jack Warner—under whom the fortunes of Warner Brothers had for several years been in serious decline—was relegated to a nominal position of authority in the new setup, called Warner Brothers–Seven Arts. Then, in 1969, Warner Brothers–Seven Arts was merged into a company called Kinney National Service, which was headed by Steven J. Ross. Ross had no background in moviemaking. He had begun his career, in 1954, as an executive trainee at Riverside Memorial Chapel, part of a chain of New York funeral parlors owned by his wife's family. Ross had been on the job only a short time when he noticed that the limousines owned by the company were lying idle in the evening—there being no call for funerals after dark. Ross concluded that as far as the company was concerned the limousines might as well be leased as owned, and he started up a car-and-limousine-leasing business called Abbey Rent-A-Car. Then, as an inducement to prospective customers of the car-leasing service, he arranged to provide them with free parking in New York, by giving an interest in his car-rental company to the Kinney parking-lot chain in return for use of the Kinney facilities. By 1961, Ross had brought about a merger between the car-rental service, the Kinney parking-lot business (which was in essence a real-estate business), and an office-cleaning-and-maintenance company that was run by a relative. The next year, the funeral-parlor business was brought in, and the company went public under the name Kinney Service Corporation.



In 1966, after taking over a cleaning service called National Cleaning Contractors, Kinney Service was renamed Kinney National Service and was ready for further expansion. As president, Ross decided to step into yet other areas, including the entertainment business. The first entertainment enterprise he acquired was the big theatrical-talent and television-and-movie-production agency Ashley Famous, which was headed by Ted Ashley, and whose clientele included the playwrights Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams. That was in 1967. In 1968, Kinney acquired National Periodical Publications, which put out *Mad* magazine and DC Comics, and distributed books and periodicals. Then, in 1969, Kinney, using the movie-trade expertise of Ted Ashley, acquired, for four hundred million dollars, Warner Brothers–Seven Arts. Though the movie end of the Warner Brothers–Seven Arts organization was doing badly, Kinney did get, as part of the deal, two very profitable record companies—Warner Reprise and Atlantic Recording—that the movie company owned. In 1971, Ross went about restructuring his entire organization. Some parts of it—including the funeral business and Ashley Famous—were sold off; others were placed under a new, affiliated public company called the National Kinney Corporation; and the principal part was renamed Warner

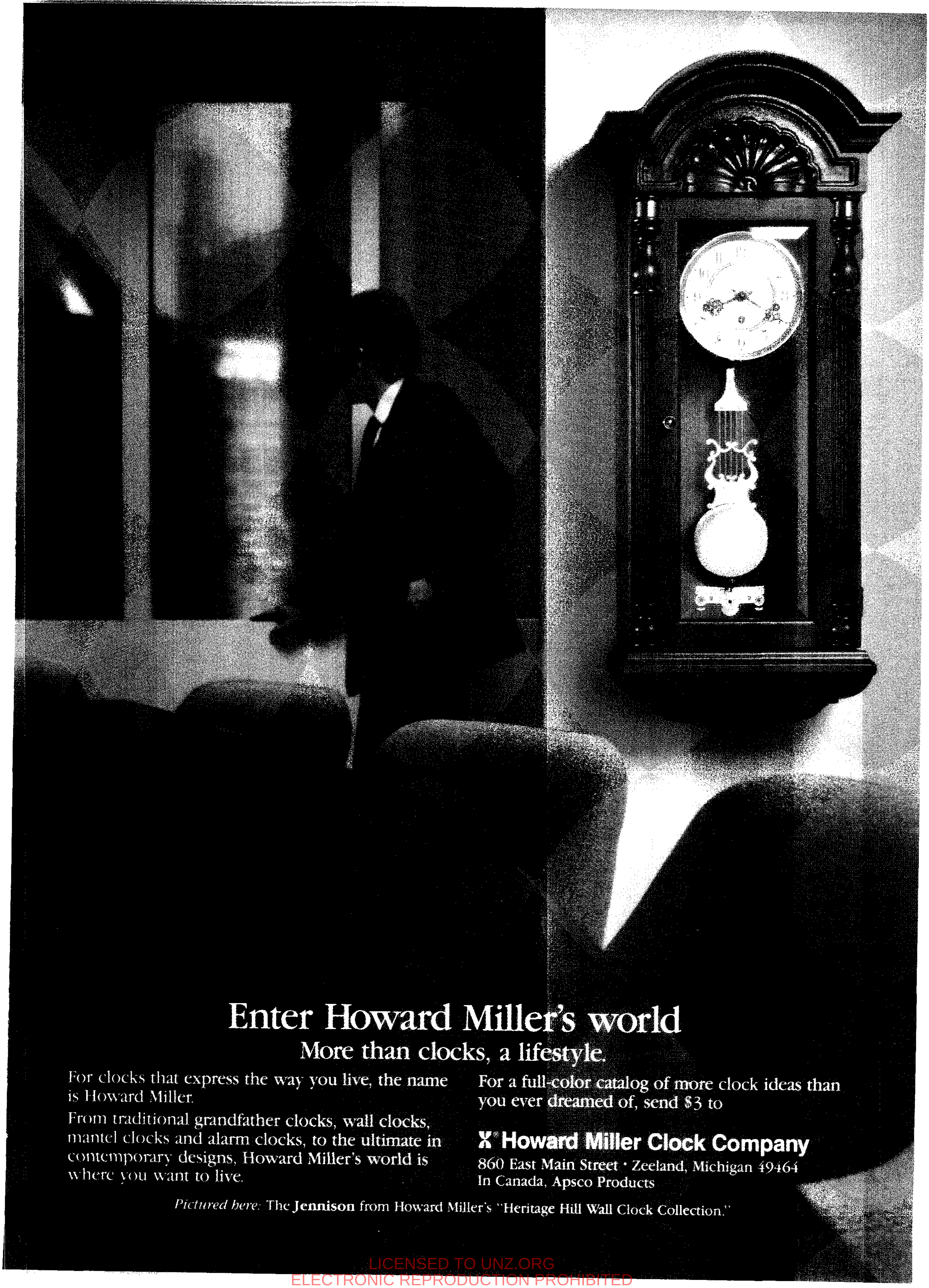
Communications, with Ross serving as chairman beginning in mid-1972. In one of its first moves as a communications company, Warner Communications began to invest in cable television. In 1971, it acquired the cable systems of the TeleVision Communications Corporation and the Continental Telephone Corporation. In 1972, it acquired the Cypress Communications Corporation, and thereby became, among other things, one of the biggest cable-system owners in the country. At this point, Warner Communications paused, mostly because, in the early nineteen-seventies, the cable industry was encountering rough going. Cable wasn't catching on in the big cities on anything like the expected scale; hence the decision at Warner Communications not to purchase Manhattan Cable. However, after Time, Inc., and its Home Box Office achieved their 1975 breakthrough with satellite distribution, Warner Communications made its next major move. In 1979, it worked out a deal with the American Express Company whereby American Express bought, for a hundred and seventy-five million dollars, fifty per cent of Warner Communications' cable subsidiary, the Warner Cable Corporation, and the two companies joined in forming a new company, called Warner Amex Cable Communications.

In 1977, Warner Cable, which had been experimenting with two-way cable communication in the home, started an interactive cable-television system, which the company called QUBE, as an optional part of its cable service in Columbus, Ohio. In addition to receiving basic cable and pay-cable services, subscribers to QUBE, by pushing buttons on hand-held consoles connected to their sets, were able to order from the local cable transmitting point such special services as stock-market reports and, on a pay-per-view basis, certain movies and special events. In 1981, Warner Amex began establishing QUBE interactive services in new cable systems in Houston and in Cincinnati and its suburbs, and the next year started similarly equipped cable systems in Dallas, Pittsburgh, and suburbs of St. Louis. In 1983, Warner Amex—taking an opportunity to make up, at least in part, for its earlier decision not to take over Manhattan Cable—won franchise contests for the right to provide cable service to some five hundred thousand homes in Brooklyn and Queens. Beyond expanding its function as the owner and operator of cable systems, Warner Amex became one of the early leaders in the cable-program business, through the activities of a subsidiary, the Warner Amex Satellite Entertainment Company, which offered three program services to cable systems throughout the country. These initially included the Movie Channel—the third-biggest movie service for the industry after HBO—which in September of 1983 was merged with Showtime, the second-biggest; and Nickelodeon, the channel devoted to children's programs, which cable systems buy directly from Warner Amex. (For several years, the Nickelodeon service was free of commercials, but in 1983 it switched to carrying paid advertising.) Warner Amex, in 1981, also launched Music Television (MTV), the twenty-four-hour, advertiser-supported network that carries, in stereo sound, videos of rock singers and groups and occasional live rock concerts, and that has become one of the biggest popular successes in cable programming. Last year, MTV was reaching twenty-five and a half million cable households, and at the beginning of this year Warner Amex started up another music-video service, called VH-1.

Extensive though Warner Amex's operations had become by the end of the nineteen-seventies, they represented only a minor part of the activities of the entire Warner Communications conglomerate during its period of seemingly unlimited expansion. However, the company ran into a series of big troubles, beginning in 1983, with the collapse of its Atari home-computer and home-video-game division, which for several years had been a runaway success through huge sales of home-computer-game cassettes. Since then, Warner Communications has been forced to sell the Atari division, and it also has sold several other divisions. For all that, the company's operations remain extensive, embracing the production of movies (Warner Brothers), television series (Warner Brothers Television), records (Atlantic Records, Elektra/Asylum/Nonesuch Records, and Warner Brothers Records), and books (Warner Books), and also book-distributing services (Warner Publisher Services, which distributes the books of more than fifty publishers to distributors), and a subsidiary called Warner Theatre Productions, which has put on various successful Broadway shows.

THE involvement of Hollywood motion-picture companies in cable and prerecorded videocassettes has played a part in major changes in their ownership and management and in the development of new corporate alliances. In 1981, for example, Marvin Davis, a Denver oilman, bought the Twentieth Century–Fox Film Corporation, for eight hundred million dollars; the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Film Company bought the United Artists Corporation, for three hundred and eighty million dollars; and A. Jerrold Perenchio and Norman Lear bought the Avco Embassy Pictures Corporation, for twenty-five million dollars. In 1982, the Coca-Cola Company bought Columbia Pictures Industries, for seven hundred and fifty million dollars. In each of these corporate acquisitions, the greater part of the assets being taken over consisted of the studios' film libraries, including films in production; and a major consideration in calculating the worth of these film libraries has been the potential profits to be extracted from the films' being shown on pay television, and also from the sale or rental of the films for home video, on videocassettes and—it was hoped for a while—videodiscs. Thus, in the purchase of United Artists by M-G-M one of the important assets that M-G-M sought and obtained was the United Artists film library, part of which United Artists had bought from Warner Brothers in the late nineteen-fifties, when Warner Brothers was in bad financial shape. But within a year after M-G-M bought United Artists the M-G-M/UA Entertainment Company, as the combined enterprise was called, was having such trouble financially that, in order to raise cash, it sold to Warner Communications a music-publishing business that it owned and the Warner Brothers portion of its film library—amounting to seven hundred and fifty feature films, among them a number of Humphrey Bogart classics—for ninety-five million dollars, thereby greatly increasing Warner's available supply of movies for pay cable.

To obtain a place in the expanding cable and home-video market, nearly all the major motion-picture companies soon began entering into alliances and joint ventures with cable-system owners and cable networks for the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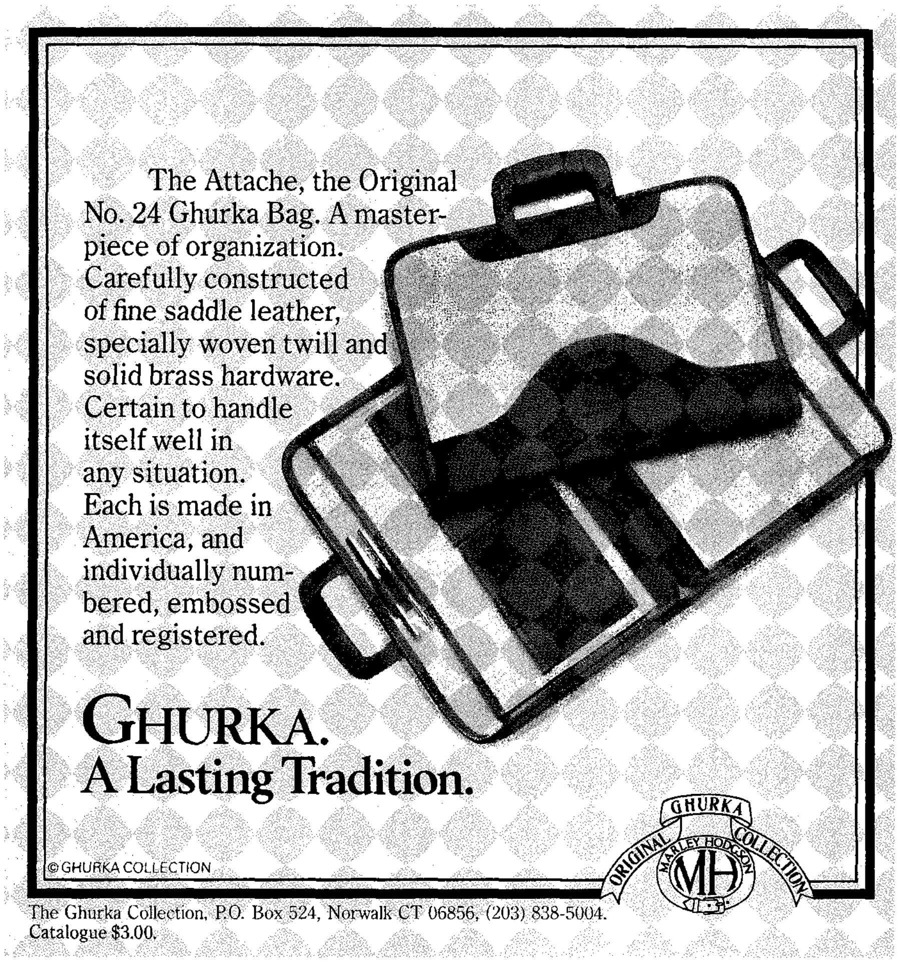
purpose of marketing the contents of their film libraries. Some of these schemes, however, have fallen afoul of the federal anti-trust laws. To cite one example, in 1980 Columbia Pictures, Paramount, MCA, and Twentieth Century–Fox, irked by what they considered the unsatisfactory prices they were getting from Home Box Office for the use of their films, joined forces, and in partnership with the Getty Oil Company (which already owned ESPN) formed a pay-TV movie network of their own. The new service, called Premiere, had exclusive rights to the films of the participating companies for nine months, thus relegating HBO and Showtime to second place in showing the films. The people at HBO reacted to this with vigorous lobbying in Washington; they charged that the Premiere arrangement was anti-competitive and monopolistic. The Justice Department filed an anti-trust suit against Premiere and its backers, and when, in January of 1981, a federal judge ruled against Premiere the company collapsed. But such are the shifting sands of Hollywood that a little more than a year after this defeat by the HBO forces two of the movie companies that had participated in the Premiere venture, Paramount and MCA, formed a joint venture with their former adversaries at Time, Inc., to operate an advertiser-supported sports-and-entertainment cable network called the USA Network, whose programs were to be marketed by HBO, and a third, Columbia Pictures, entered into an agreement with HBO under which, among other things, HBO would obtain the exclusive pay-TV rights to a number of Columbia films to be produced through 1984. In fact, since the collapse of the Premiere project every one of the major Hollywood studios has become deeply involved—or, in some cases, entangled—in joint ventures of one kind or another aimed at capturing part of the pay-TV program business. The formation—and sometimes swift dissolution—of these joint ventures and corporate alliances has been going on at such a dizzying rate that it is difficult to keep track of it all. For the most part, the alliances appear to be concocted of a mixture of ardent hopes for large profits and nagging anxieties about being left behind in the competitive rush to seize the largest possible part of the new market. The failure of most of the major studios to jump into cable television at an early stage of its development—or, once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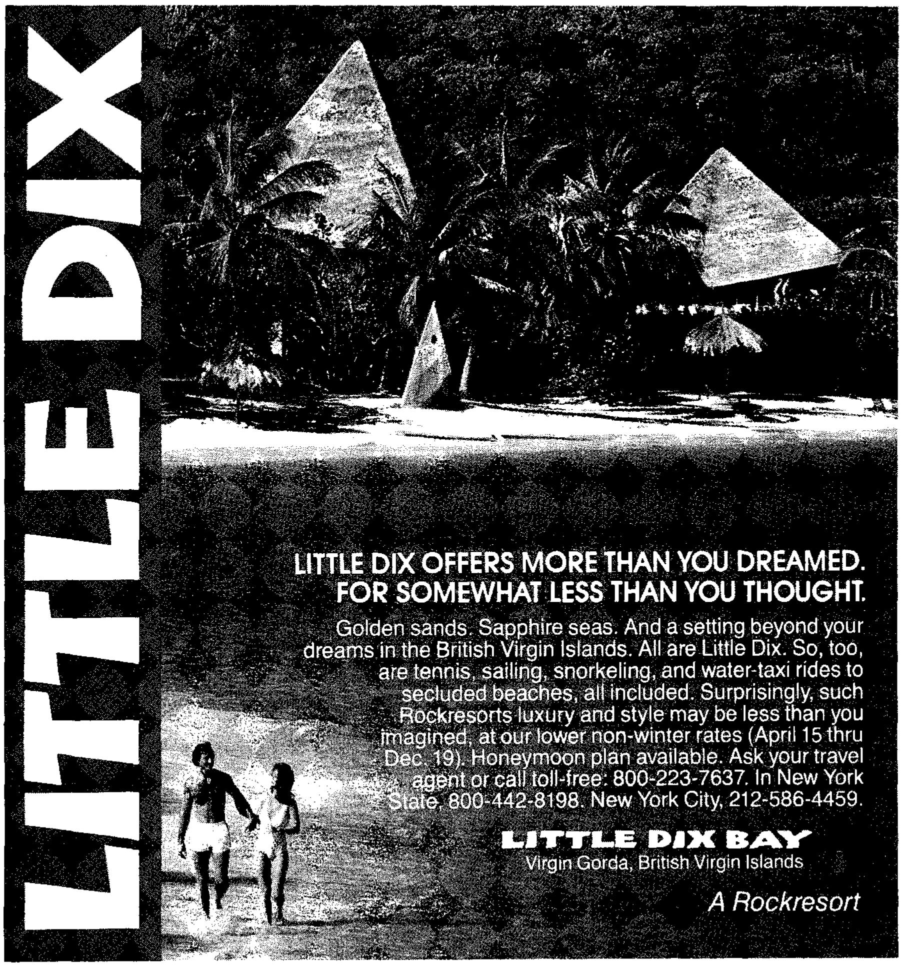
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having made tentative moves to get into the business, to stay in it—has sharply increased the pangs of regret among their executives.

For example, at Paramount Pictures the sense of missed opportunity goes back to the early days of radio network broadcasting. Early in 1929, William Paley, the president of the relatively new Columbia Broadcasting System, sold half of CBS to Paramount Pictures, which wanted to get into radio in a big way, but after the stock-market crash that fall Paramount allowed Paley to gain majority control of the network, and by 1931 Paramount had given up its interest in CBS and abandoned any connection with radio broadcasting as a whole. Again, in 1939 Paramount started up W6XYZ, in Los Angeles, then the only television station west of Chicago. In 1947, Paramount turned the station into a commercial operation and renamed it KTLA. (The first program on that station featured a Paramount star, Bob Hope.) In 1938, Paramount acquired a considerable share in the ownership of the Allen B. DuMont Laboratories, which in 1946 began nationwide broadcasting on its pioneering TV network. With proper financing, the DuMont operation could possibly have been built up into a national network of some substance. Paramount might well have been in a position to supply such financing in 1948, after a Supreme Court order forced the major Hollywood motion-picture companies, including Paramount, to divest their film-distribution arms of the theatre chains to which they were supplying films. But when the DuMont network got into financial difficulties in the early fifties, Paramount let it die, in 1955, and then went out of the television-network business. As for KTLA, Paramount sold the station in 1964, thereby relinquishing its ownership role in the commercial-television-broadcasting business. However, there was another part of the television pie that Paramount kept a finger in, and that was pay television. In 1949, Paramount had created a subsidiary called the International Telemeter Corporation, which was to start up an experimental over-the-air pay-TV service, in order to get a head start in a technology that the leadership at Paramount, principally Adolph Zukor and Barney Balaban, suspected might eventually succeed in keeping movie audiences at home in front of their television screens. Telemeter's first experiment,

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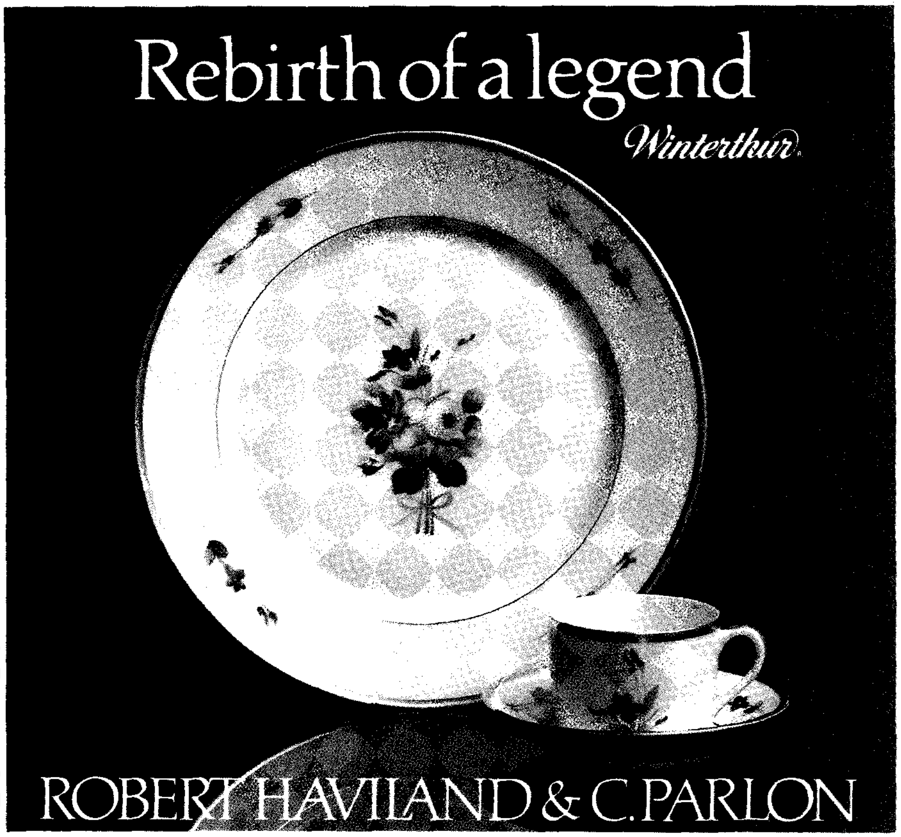

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which began in Palm Springs, California, in 1952, used coin-operated boxes attached to the sets of subscribers to bring old Paramount movies to the screen. After a couple of years with very little success, Paramount closed the Palm Springs system. In 1960, Paramount made another attempt to get into pay TV, this time in Etobicoke, a suburb of Toronto. That operation lasted five years, ending just a few months after the movie-theatre interests put Sylvester Weaver's pay-TV system out of business. According to Michael Eisner, who until recently was the president of Paramount (he is now the chairman and chief executive officer of Walt Disney Productions), the Telemeter project was abandoned "because of a lack of software;" that is, movies. "The other studios would not allow their pictures to be shown on the system," he explained. The next effort by Paramount was its alliance with MCA, Columbia, and Twentieth Century-Fox in creating the Premiere network.

Later, Paramount succeeded in getting a foothold in the cable pay-TV industry through its one-third ownership of the USA Network, and it probably obtained that foothold because in 1966 Paramount Pictures became part of what is known as the Entertainment and Communications Group of Gulf & Western Industries—a huge conglomerate with revenues that in 1984 totalled four billion two hundred million dollars. The Entertainment and Communications Group of Gulf & Western, besides owning Paramount Pictures, owns Paramount Television, which produces and distributes television series ("Cheers," "Family Ties") and also produces and distributes videocassettes and videodiscs for the home-video market; the Madison Square Garden Corporation, which, in turn, owns the New York Rangers hockey club, the New York Knickerbockers basketball club, and Madison Square Garden itself; Simon & Schuster and Pocket Books, the book-publishing houses; the Famous Music Corporation, which owns the rights to songs and music that, for example, are featured in Broadway shows; Famous Players, Ltd., which operates some two hundred movie theatres in Canada; and (in partnership with MCA and M-G-M/UA) United International Pictures, which distributes, outside the United States and Canada, the movies of Paramount, Universal, M-G-M/UA, and several other studios; and the Cinema International Corporation, which, operating outside the United States and Canada, distributes Paramount and Universal videocassettes and runs forty-seven movie theatres.

Within the Gulf & Western complex, nearly all these activities are considered software. "Cheers" is software. Paramount-made home videocassettes of Paramount movies are software. Richard Snyder, the chairman and chief executive officer of Simon & Schuster, was quoted a few years ago as saying, "In a certain sense, we [books] are the software of the television and movie media." The Madison Square Garden Network, a subsidiary of the Madison Square Garden Corporation, last year fed televised coverage of a hundred and twenty-five sporting events to nearly two million basic subscribers in the New York area and about a hundred to nearly twenty million cable viewers nationally. All that was software; and not only such transmitted images but the Knicks and Rangers players themselves, in action, are a form of software. Songs owned by Famous Music and sung by the Broadway cast of "Ain't Misbehavin' " are software, too. And all these activities are made to work together by, and on behalf of, vast amounts of corporate money, which has perhaps come to be the ultimate in software.

WITH the Hollywood studios more and more involved with cable television and its associated developments, what's going to happen? That was the first question I asked in an interview with Barry Diller, at the time the chairman of the board of Paramount, and now chairman and chief executive officer of Twentieth Century–Fox. Diller's ready answer was "Confusion." He then went into the background of the major Hollywood studios as distributors of movies, and spoke of how they had failed to react to developments that threatened that role. When commercial television came along on a national scale, in the early nineteen-fifties, the major studios, he said, "put their heads under deep layers of sand while trying to ridicule and kill the business." He went on, "They let other people develop not only the television industry but also the distribution end of the business, and in my end of the motion-picture business distribution is the key, since if you don't have distribution you don't have any business being in motion pictures, because you have no leverage. One of the reasons for the confusion facing the motion-picture business now is that with the development of cable and the new technologies the motion-picture companies are *driven* not to lose control over distribution all over again. That's why you've seen all these alliances"—between studios to invest in pay-TV services. "Or, in many cases, misalliances. And, for all this commotion, nobody really knows what to do. Because no one can see for sure where all this technology is going to take us. There's just so *much* out there—videocassettes, direct broadcasting transmission, pay cable, including cable on a pay-per-view basis. Nobody can make sound predictions about where it's all going, and nobody wants to be left behind. You see all these combinations and all this mad scramble to set a course in which the motion-picture companies hope they'll be protected. They realize that after their mind-boggling mistake of the fifties with television they made another mistake in the seventies by not establishing a subscription pay-television service and controlling it. They let Time, Inc., step into that vacuum and build Home Box Office, and they helped Time, Inc., do it by giving HBO their movies. And then they suddenly woke up and said, 'Look at the monster we've created!' The Time people put a large amount of capital into HBO, and they deserve the benefits from that investment, but, apart from that, they had no particular reason to be in the cable-program business. They served no other purpose than that of middleman—a distributor. But they did it. And the movie companies, with the exception of Warner, woke up in the late seventies and said, 'Look at the leverage that's been created against us.' Now they're absolutely driven and committed to seeing that all these further possibilities offered by the new technologies are not going to be exploited without their being able to exercise their historical leverage. Because otherwise what you could see is a kind of fragmentation in the business that could literally end the historical domination of the six major motion-picture companies, which previously you couldn't kill with a stick no matter what happened to them in terms of their product performance. You could easily see the traditional system of financing and distributing films collapse."

The big movie companies' nurturing of what many Hollywood executives now regard as a monster was

THE DUSE ENCHANTMENT

*(or, how her heart caught fire over a Sambuca Romana.)*

When they met, she was at the height of her powers, an actress adored, even worshiped, by all Italy. He, rising poet, novelist, journalist, was the pampered son of a wealthy landowner. Together, Eleonora Duse and Gabriele D'Annunzio were a memorable conflagration.

Both, it is said, were habitués of a certain Roman cafe. There D'Annunzio was introduced to the potent seduction of Sambuca Romana, Rome's remarkable liqueur distilled from berries of the wild elderbush. Its suavity and elegance appealed to his poet's sense of form; his ardent nature responded to the fire at its center.

It was on a warm evening in June that Duse and her coterie arrived at the cafe just as D'Annunzio's liqueur had been served. One of his friends insisted that he meet the great actress, taking him to her table. The full force of her beauty was overwhelming. Impetuously, he drew up a chair and fell deep into conversation.

As they talked, he toyed with his glass, dropping roasted coffee beans into it one by one until three floated there. Pausing to light a cigarette, he held the match for a moment close to the liqueur. A blue flame danced over its surface, matching the flame born at that instant in the hearts of poet and actress.

Thus began a relationship that for six years inspired them both: him to write plays for her to perform; her to performances of incandescent radiance.

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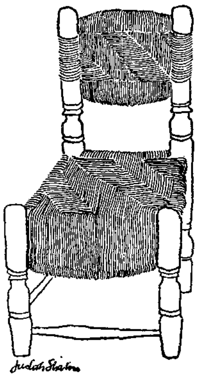
hardly carried out in innocence. As HBO *became more and more success*ful with its satellite-based cable service, independent movie producers found that by selling in advance the commercial over-the-air network and syndicated television rights and the pay-TV rights for their movies they could largely cover their basic production costs before their movies were finished, let alone released for showing in movie theatres. And since the rise of HBO an increasing proportion of the advance payments has come from pay-cable television rather than from the commercial-TV industry. HBO (along with Cinemax, the other cable movie service that Time, Inc., owns) soon came to dominate about sixty per cent of the pay-television market, and this situation tended to put HBO in an even stronger position in negotiating the terms of pay-TV rights to movies. By selling pay-TV rights in advance, independent film producers were able to make their movies at minimum risk, but the big studios—with which they had to deal for over-all financing, for studio space, for the actual shooting, and for the eventual distribution of their movies in theatres—viewed the advance sale of pay-TV rights with aversion, much as editors in a publishing house might react in negotiating with an author who had already sold the paperback rights to a book he wanted them to publish in hardcover. However, the studios were in no position to object strongly to such arrangements, because they had been forced to sell the pay-TV rights to their own films for flat sums. While the practice of selling pay-TV rights in advance might take a lot of the risk out of moviemaking for the producers, it limited the long-term profits of a big movie company when one of its productions turned out to be a hit at the box office, since the television and cable rights would be worth far more if they were negotiated after, rather than before, the theatrical release of the movie. And if a movie didn't do well at the box office it became particularly important to the studio management to have control of secondary rights to the film, so it could exploit these secondary rights vigorously. In general, the pay-TV interests' practice of "pre-buying" rights to Hollywood movies tended to undermine the control that the big studios had traditionally exercised over the whole chain of *film distribution.* The *practice also* tended to upset the relations between the studios and the movie-theatre owners, who were already much disturbed by the competition from pay TV.



Also, in the early nineteen-eighties Home Box Office started to participate in the direct financing of films, in return for exclusive rights to these films in the pay-TV market. Thus, the agreement that HBO entered into with Columbia Pictures in 1981 was reported to have called for HBO to finance about twenty-five per cent of the cost of all Columbia movies through 1984, in exchange for which HBO was to receive the rights to some of these films for pay-TV distribution, and to get at least three of them on an exclusive basis for their initial pay-TV runs. Early in 1982, HBO further consolidated its position in the movie industry by arranging to buy an interest in Filmways, a sizable movie-production-and-distribution company that had been having financial difficulties. At the same time, HBO obtained exclusive pay-TV rights to certain movies to be released by Filmways (which changed its name to Orion Pictures Corporation). Then, in November of 1982, HBO joined with Columbia Pictures and CBS to form a prospective seventh major studio, called Tri-Star Pictures. Tri-Star would produce or acquire at least twelve films a year, and after these films had been given their first theatre runs HBO would have the exclusive rights to show them on pay TV, while CBS would have the network-TV rights to them. Before long, HBO was committed to investing as much as fifty million dollars in films produced by Tri-Star.

Such moves served to increase the strength and influence of HBO to the point where the company was not only the dominating force in the cable-television program-services business but, in the view of many, the biggest single force bearing on the movie business itself. The pay-TV people were well aware of the trend represented by HBO. According to Gustave M. Hauser, the former chairman and chief executive officer of Warner Amex Cable Communications, who now heads his own organization, Hauser Communications, "The motion-picture in-

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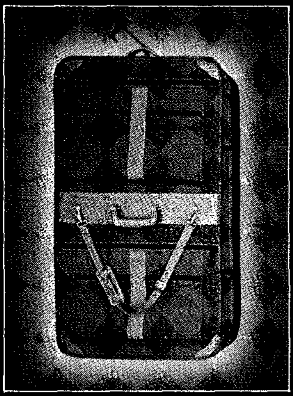

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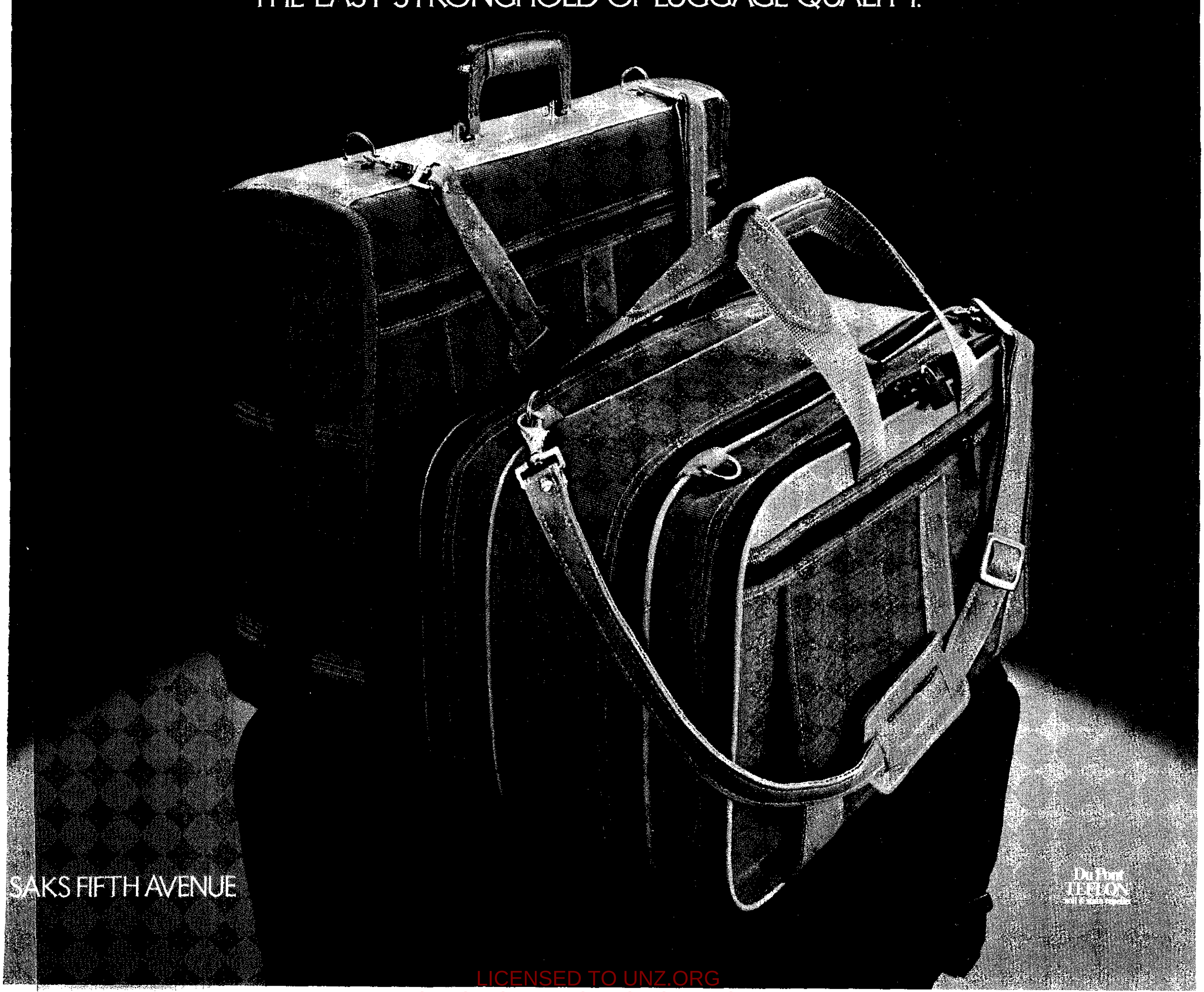
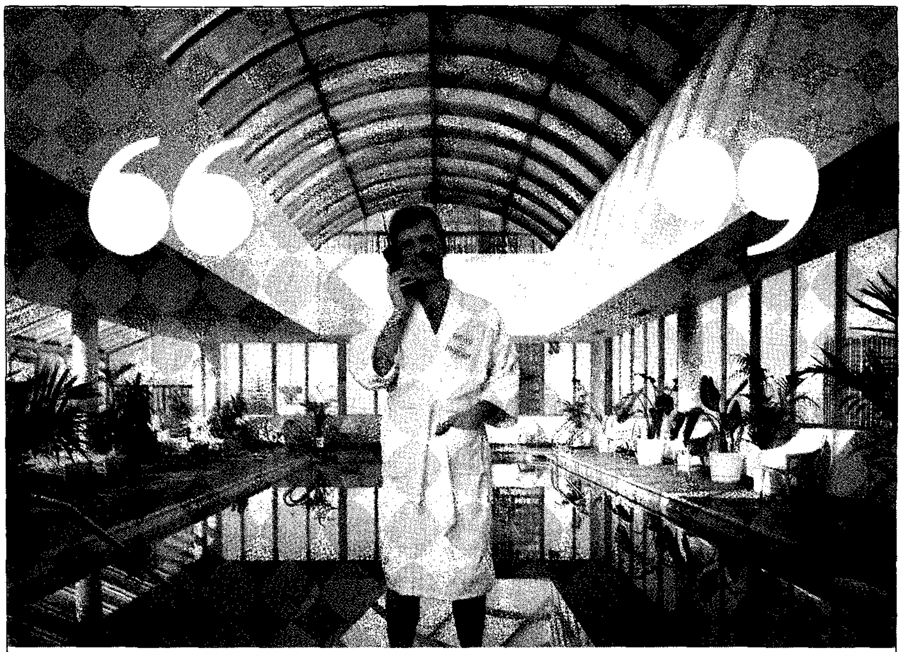


dustry is relying so heavily now on pay television that it's become an absolute crutch, without which I'm not sure where the industry would be."

Discussing the extent of this shift of power, Gerald Levin told me some time ago, "First, as the pay-television business grew, it was able to reach a point where the motion-picture distributors began to get more money from pay television than from the syndication of their films to commercial television stations. As opposed to the rapidly ascending pay-TV growth curve, revenues from the theatres to the distributors, while they are going up slightly, have basically become stabilized. Taken together, the pay-television business and the videocassette business are growing on a curve so steep that you have to ask the question whether at some point that curve has got to cross the line of theatrical revenues to the film distributors. If it does, you've got a revolution."

The changes in the power structure of the film industry have been accompanied by further alliances or attempted alliances of Hollywood studio interests to put together or acquire pay-TV services capable of offering some sort of challenge to the power of HBO. And in the early nineteen-eighties the complaints heard from the Hollywood studios about the power of HBO became increasingly vehement and were increasingly publicized in the trade and general press. Most of the charges featured allegations of high-handed behavior on the part of HBO in negotiating for the rights to films. For example, at one point Sidney Sheinberg, the president and chief operating officer of MCA, which owns Universal City Studios, was quoted as saying that HBO's business tactics inspired "a mixture of hostility and fear" in Hollywood. Sheinberg also said that HBO had "become so powerful that it determines whether or not a film will be made." Over at Paramount, Barry Diller said substantially the same thing.

One of several attempts to offset the power of HBO in Hollywood was a plan to have Paramount (Gulf & Western), Universal City Studios (MCA), and Warner Brothers (Warner Communications) buy a controlling interest in the Movie Channel—the third-largest pay-TV service, with two million subscribers, which was jointly owned by Warner Communications and American Express. But that triple alliance didn't work out. Next, Columbia, Twentieth



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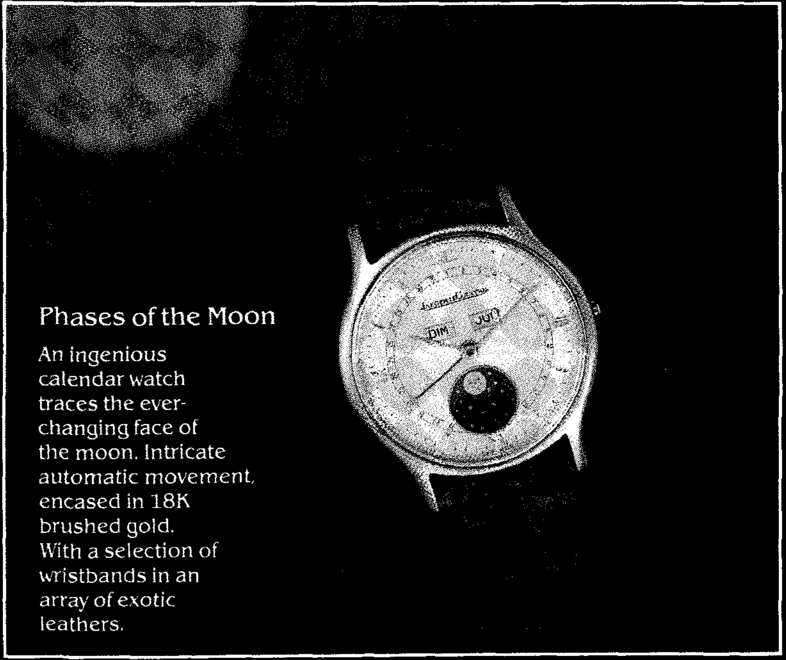

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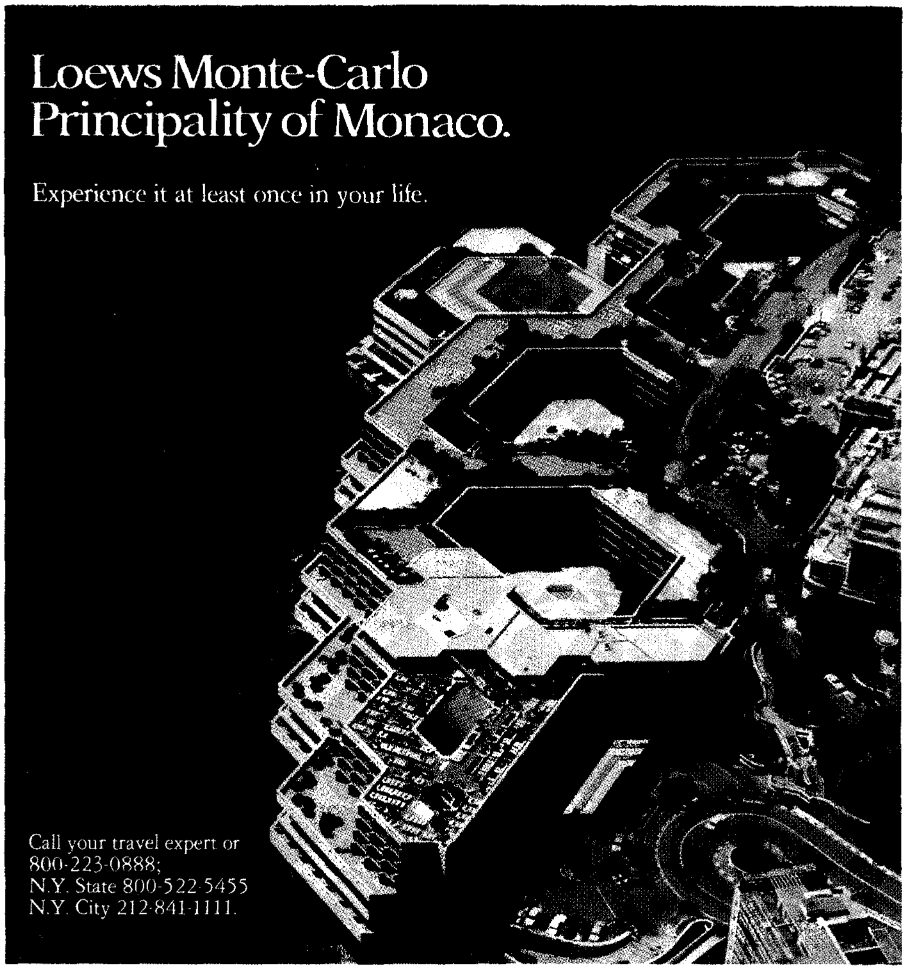
Century-Fox, and ABC, under the leadership of Frank Price, who was then chairman of Columbia—Price is now a vice-president of MCA and chairman of its Motion Picture Group—tried to put together a joint venture to buy a majority interest in Showtime, the second-largest pay-TV service, with four million subscribers, which was owned by Viacom International. But that combination fell apart in November of 1982, when Columbia pulled out of the negotiations, having secretly come to an agreement with HBO itself and CBS to help finance the new Tri-Star Pictures studio. (The about-face by Columbia was apparently not taken at the initiative of Frank Price, who was reported to have still been in favor of the arrangement to buy control of Showtime. According to his supporters at Columbia, the change came about because of pressure on the Columbia management from the Coca-Cola Company to make an accommodation with HBO.)

While the unsuccessful efforts of Columbia, Twentieth Century-Fox, and ABC to slow the HBO juggernaut were taking their course, Paramount, Warner Brothers, and Universal City Studios were piecing together a second joint venture, with the aim of purchasing and merging Showtime and the Movie Channel. In June of 1983, the Department of Justice, acting on a recommendation by its anti-trust division, announced that it would file suit to block the proposed merger, on the ground that it would increase concentration in the pay-TV program business and tend to stifle competition. Rather than fight such a suit, the members of the joint venture reshuffled the combination in the corporate round of musical chairs. This time, Paramount Pictures and Universal City Studios dropped out, and, in the light of these changes and others, the Department of Justice withdrew its opposition. According to a report in the *Wall Street Journal*, William Baxter, the chief of the anti-trust division, "conceded that the merger will increase concentration in the sale of movies to pay TV," but he maintained that market conditions and the absence of exclusive licensing (exclusive licensing had been the fatal flaw in the Premiere scheme) "would permit other firms to start new pay-television services if existing pay-television services engage in anticompetitive conduct." The merger then went through, with the new company, named Showtime/the Movie Channel, Inc., be-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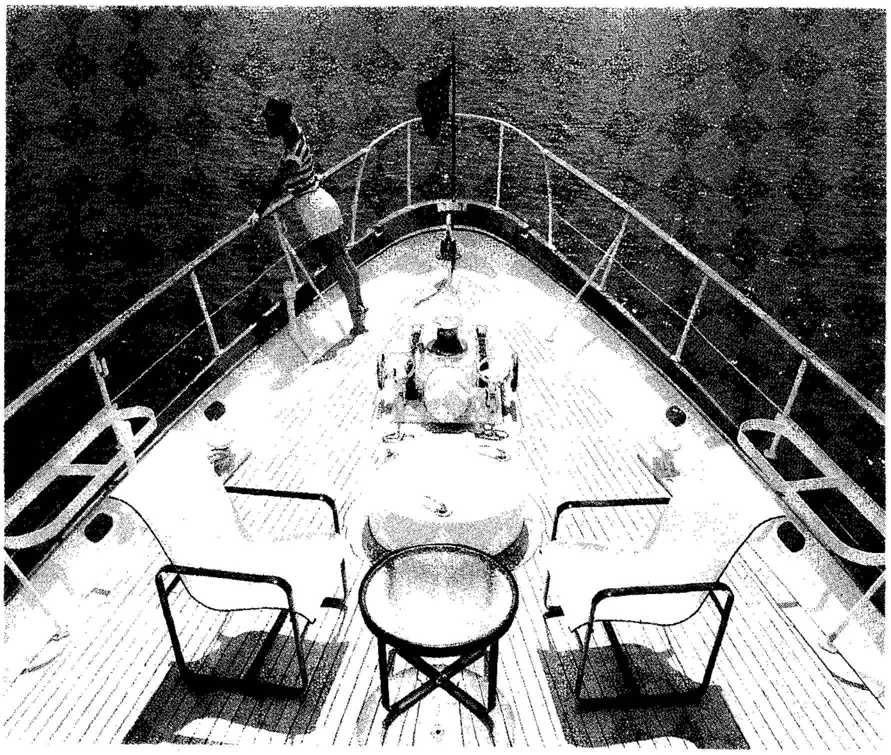
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ing put under the joint ownership of Warner Brothers, American Express, and Viacom International. The new services combined have six and a half million subscribers, compared with HBO's fourteen and a half million. Thus, the consolidation of the two competing services has left HBO still in a dominant position in the cable-program business.

IN September of 1981, the Sugar Ray Leonard–Thomas Hearns welterweight-championship fight was seen on TV by subscribers to over-the-air pay-TV systems and by subscribers to some cable systems whose sets were equipped with "positive traps"—mechanical devices that, when attached to cable lines, allow the transmission of specified programs. (Positive traps have now largely been replaced by electronic addressable converter boxes, which enable a cable company by remote control to add or subtract particular programs to or from those being received by particular subscribers.) The charge was fifteen dollars, and the pay-TV gate came to nearly eight and a half million. Because most such events were thought to be capable of producing huge instant income, the prospect of having subscribers on what is known as a pay-per-view basis became, at least for a year or so following the Leonard-Hearns fight, a particularly enticing one to many movie-company executives, and the prospect of being able to distribute movies on a pay-per-view basis appeared to be a significant element in the formation of at least some of the alliances that the major studios made in their efforts to get into cable television. In 1982, an article in the *Wall Street Journal*, which reported that pay-per-view television was possibly one of the prime reasons behind the takeover of Columbia Pictures by the Coca-Cola Company, quoted Frank Price as predicting, among other things, that "within the next ten years the revenues we get from pay-per-view will dwarf anything else." And in an interview in the summer of 1982 Gustave Hauser declared, "We could see as many as twenty million cable homes equipped for pay-per-view by 1986." Despite such optimistic predictions, according to statistics compiled by Paul Kagan Associates—a cable and broadcasting consulting firm—by the end of this year only about half that number of homes will be equipped with addressable converter boxes to receive pay-per-view services.

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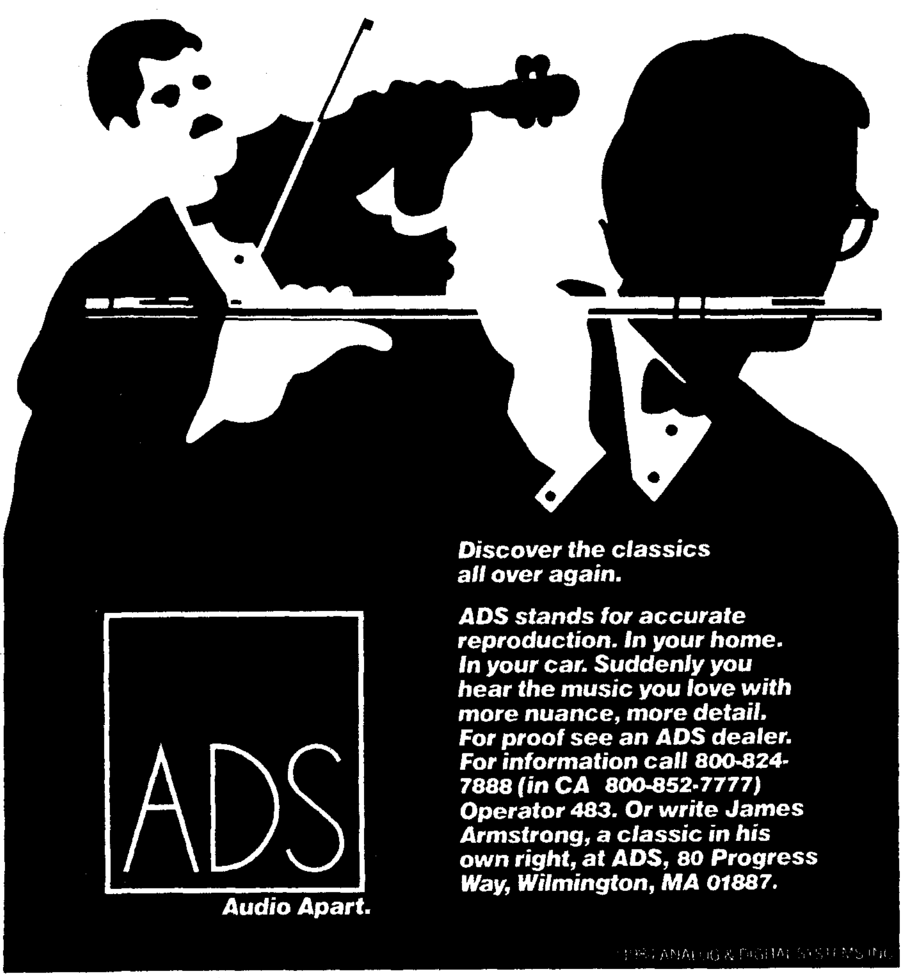

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One reason for the excitement about pay-per-view among Hollywood executives was the very high and ever-increasing cost of advertising and distributing films for showing in theatres. At present, the cost of advertising a major movie usually ranges between six and eight million dollars, and that money is spent in the so-called distribution rollout—a week-by-week and month-by-month schedule of theatre releases. The notion of being able to distribute a film through a system involving a single print, with the film conveyed electronically by satellite to cable-television systems and viewed simultaneously on a pay-per-view basis by perhaps tens of millions of people, was, needless to say, a highly attractive one to film distributors, who saw such a system as extremely efficient and, moreover, as one that could provide an instant and accurate accounting of revenues. At one point in all the Hollywood talk about pay-per-view, Norman Levy, then the vice-chairman of Twentieth Century–Fox and president of the company's distribution arm, was quoted in the Los Angeles press as saying that because of the current costs of marketing films "the studios can no longer exist with the limited number of seats in good theatres," and suggesting that distributing films by television on a pay-per-view basis might offer a way out of this dilemma.

Such predictions proved to be upsetting to the theatre owners, some of whom expressed fears that the studios were getting ready to pull the rug out from under the long-standing arrangements with them, in favor of encouraging pay television as a competitive channel of distribution. An article in the Los Angeles *Times* quoted one unnamed theatre owner as saying of the possibility that pay-per-view might become generally accepted by the big studios, "It's the only issue in our industry. It's scaring the exhibitors to death. We gross between two and a half billion and three billion dollars a year, and we're being written off as if we don't exist." The pay-TV services felt encouraged by the new, humbled attitude suddenly apparent among the formerly triumphant enemies of cable in Hollywood. An executive of one of the biggest pay-TV services told me, around the time Frank Price was saying that revenues from pay-per-view television might come to dwarf everything else in the movie business, "The dream has been that the movie would be provided in

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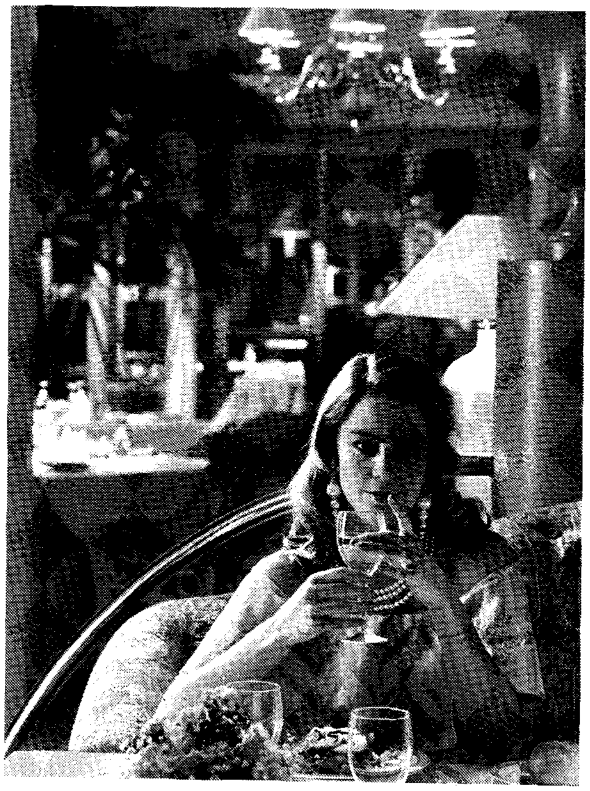

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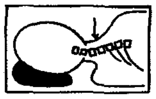

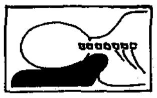

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the home at approximately the same time that it would be released in the theatres. If this came to pass, we would be catering to an entire audience in the home that doesn't want to go out to see movies. The motion-picture industry has realized that the home itself is becoming a theatre." According to statements made by the National Association of Theatre Owners, Universal Pictures—in an attempt to see how far it could go in scheduling new movies on pay-per-view television—in the spring of 1982 solicited offers from theatre owners throughout the country to show the movie version of "The Pirates of Penzance" just after Christmas while at the same time making plans for showing the film on television in at least eight major marketing areas on a pay-per-view basis not after but a day *before* its première in theatres. The theatre owners were highly aggrieved about this scheme. Richard H. Orear, the president of the association, declared that it "deplores such pre-theatrical exhibition, which reduces theatres in certain markets to second-run status and threatens the continued viability of theatres as the primary market for motion pictures by subverting traditional time-tested and highly successful distribution methods." Orear also said, "This procedure not only damages exhibition, but impairs the entire industry."

In any event, all the speculation in Hollywood about the bright future of pay-per-view television, which was quick to spread to the financial community and to be reflected in many publicized reports of brokerage-house analysts, caused relations between the theatre owners and the major studios to become distinctly touchy for a time. And, despite the talk, the release of "The Pirates of Penzance" (which actually occurred in February of 1983) simultaneously on pay-per-view television and in the theatres turned out to be a failure. That experience, along with other, similar ones, tended to discourage many Hollywood executives about the supposed wonders of pay-per-view television as a film-distribution system. And since the technology of this electronic distribution was not very advanced, talk about the potential bonanzas to be struck through distributing movies via pay-per-view pretty much subsided by the summer of 1983. In recent months, however, interest among Hollywood and cable-company executives in pay-per-view seems to have revived.

While the publicity appearing in the trade press concerning some sort of imminent pay-per-view revolution in the movie business was at its height, three years ago, the notion that the major studios could seriously be considering distributing their films to homes on a pay-per-view basis had the effect of adding one more layer of uncertainty to the situation of the movie-theatre owners. The owners were concerned not only about the inroads into their audience threatened by cable television but about the possible consequences of another and very rapidly developing form of video service that might keep people at home; namely, the sale by the big movie companies of prerecorded videocassettes of films for home viewing. Since the early nineteen-eighties, all the big movie companies have become heavily involved in the videocassette market, either directly or through corporate alliances. Thus, Paramount, M-G-M/UA, and MCA have all made a large and successful business of selling videocassettes of their movies to independent distributors through their own video-distribution divisions. The distributors, in turn, sell them to stores that rent videocassettes.

In the last few years, the sales of videocassette recorders, which may be priced anywhere from three hundred dollars to well over a thousand, have grown at an extraordinary rate. Since 1982, when the number of VCR owners in this country was about five million, sales of VCRs have risen so fast that by the end of this year the number of owners is expected to reach twenty-four million, which means that by then nearly one in three TV households will be equipped with a VCR. (Outside the United States, the number of VCR owners is expected to reach sixty million by the end of this year.) Last year in this country, the movie companies sold about twenty million videocassettes of their films to distributors, who in turn have been selling them, for resale or rental to VCR-equipped householders, through some fourteen thousand video stores.

NOT surprisingly, the theatre owners reacted with dismay to the notion that the movie companies were providing pay-cable services and videocassette distributors with films of fairly recent release. These efforts, the theatre owners complained, represented not only a harmful intrusion into their traditional commercial preserve but also poor business

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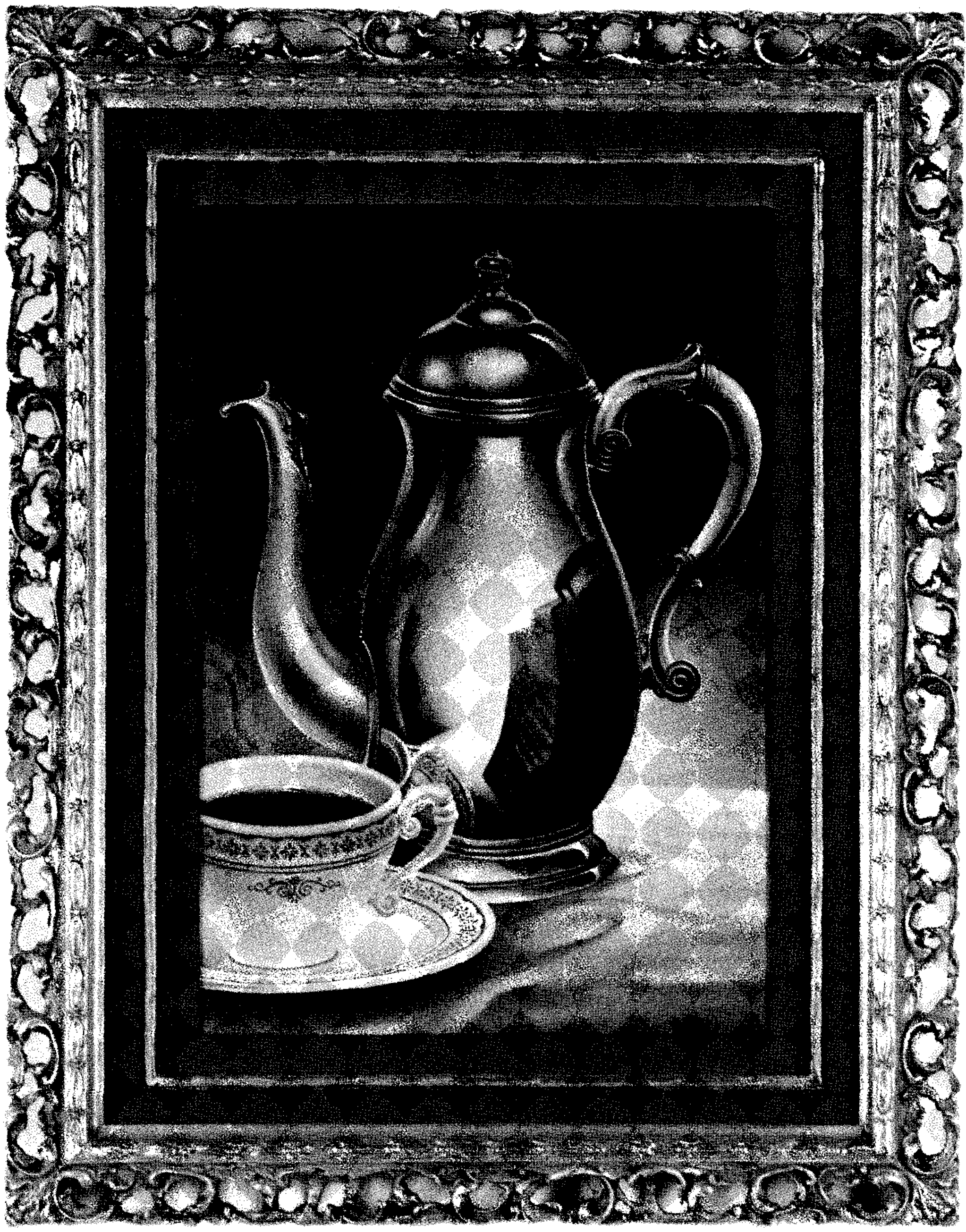

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The shifting balance of forces between the movie companies, the commercial-television industry, the pay-cable industry, and the movie-videocassette industry has been reflected in changes in the principal sequence of distribution used in the domestic marketing of motion pictures. Until the late nineteen-forties, the sequence employed by movie companies was simply from first-run exhibitions to second-run. Then commercial television started up, and the Hollywood studios, after their initial boycott of the new medium, began to supply television stations with older films on a syndication basis. By 1960, the supplying of films to the television networks was added as a third, and particularly profitable, stage in the distribution process. A decade later, showing films on pay cable was added as a fourth stage, although with the restriction that the movies shown had to be either less than two or more than ten years old, measured from the time of their first general theatrical release. In the mid-nineteen-seventies, with the advent of nationwide satellite distribution of programming for cable, this restriction was dropped. And now the sequence has been modified further. Theatrical distribution comes first, as it always has; second, the films go into distribution through sale or rental to individual VCR owners in the form of videocassettes; third, the films go to pay-television services; fourth, they go into distribution among the TV networks; and, fifth, they are let out to individual TV stations on a syndication basis. Thus, since the mid-seventies pay television has been a position ahead of the TV broadcast networks in the distribution order, while the delay between initial theatrical release and a showing on pay television has been reduced to a year or less. The shift in the pattern of film distribution has been the cause of several confrontations between the theatre owners and the studios. In 1980, the theatre owners got angry when Twentieth Century–Fox announced that it would release videocassettes of the movie "9 to 5" only three months after its release to theatres. The theatre owners brought so much pressure on the studio to rescind what they considered an unwarranted trespass upon their heavily advertised exhibition run that the Fox executives, fearing a boycott, delayed the release of the videocassette. In the five years since, the videocassette business has advanced so far that the release of a

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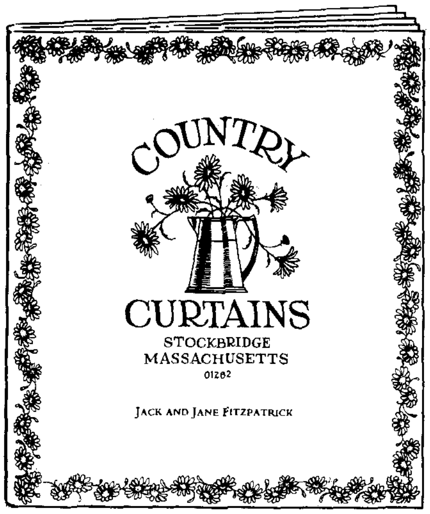

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videocassette version of a movie within four and a half to six months of its initial release to theatres has become standard practice.

One of the principal reasons that movie companies started releasing their films in videocassette form before releasing them for pay television was the realization that if their films were put on pay TV first, VCR owners could set their machines to record the movies when they were scheduled to be shown on their local cable systems—thus cutting into the movie companies' market for videocassettes. As selling points, the studio people emphasize that seeing a film in videocassette form at home has two clear advantages over seeing it on cable: The visual and sound quality of the videocassette version is clearly superior to that of the cable version; and videocassettes make it possible for VCR owners to see films not on fixed schedules devised by pay-cable companies but when they want.

A fact that the movie companies haven't made much of publicly is that distributing their films on videocassette offers them a bigger profit margin than they get from licensing their films to a pay-TV service such as HBO. When a movie company licenses a film to a pay-TV service, the local cable systems involved pay HBO about half of whatever portion of their monthly subscriber fees is assigned to the reception of the service; HBO then pays the movie company a good deal less than half of *its* half of the take. The movie company winds up making fifteen or twenty per cent of the calculated take from the showings on pay TV, whereas it gets roughly fifty per cent of the box-office take at movie houses. This relatively low return from pay cable helps explain the resentment that the movie companies have felt about the power acquired by the big pay-TV services, and the resentment has played a big part in the efforts of the studios to develop the videocassette market, over which they have felt they might exercise more direct control—even though the copyright law does not allow them to collect royalties on the rental of videocassettes by video stores but only on the outright "first sale" of the videocassettes to distributors. The movie people's dissatisfaction over their relations with the big pay-TV companies became so extreme early last year that there was some ominous talk among studio executives about withholding their films from HBO and other pay-TV services for such a long time after

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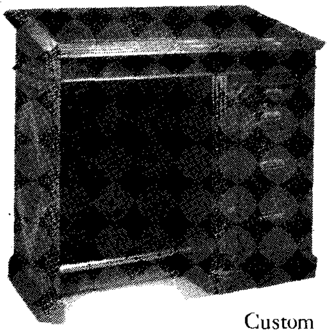

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the theatrical runs that pay-TV viewers who wanted to see them would almost be forced to buy or rent them in videocassette form. But, probably because that course might have provoked HBO and other pay-TV services into invoking the protection of federal anti-trust laws governing anti-competitive trade practices, nothing much came of this talk. In the meantime, the movie companies have been pursuing their sales of videocassettes—well ahead of distribution to pay cable—so vigorously that HBO decided to get into the act itself: with a partner, it is distributing videocassettes of HBO-produced theatrical films as well as those of other companies.

The contributions of movie theatres to the total domestic film revenues of the movie companies sank from eighty per cent in 1978 to sixty-one per cent in 1983, while the contributions of pay TV and videocassettes to the total revenues grew in the same period from a negligible portion to twenty-four per cent. The TV networks have been hit so hard by competition from the combination of pay TV and the videocassette market that, as James Bouras, the vice-president in charge of home video for the Motion Picture Association of America, says, the exhibition of theatrical films on network television "has almost stopped." It has been estimated that by 1988 the share that theatre revenues contribute to the motion-picture companies will have shrunk to fifty-five per cent or less, while those from pay TV and the sale of movies on videocassettes together will represent more than forty per cent of Hollywood's total domestic revenues from theatrical films. —THOMAS WHITESIDE

*(This is the first part of a three-part article.)*

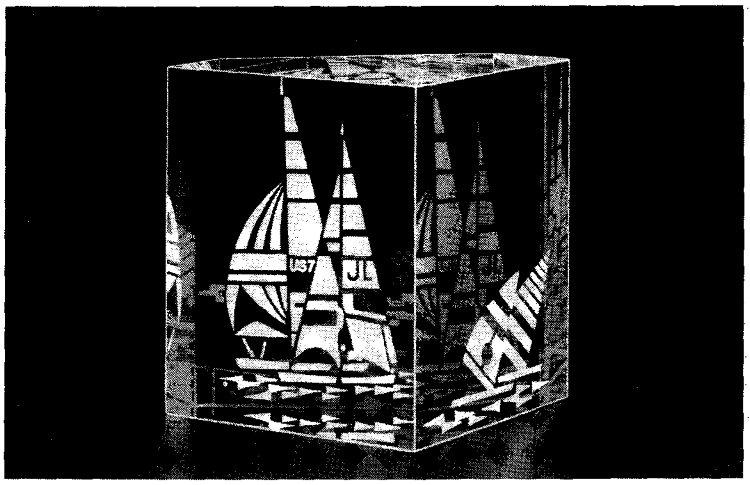
◆

### OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

Shaw interrupted, leaving his desk and waving a few pages of foolscap.

"Yes, she did," he said gleefully. "Fifty years later! Now, Patrick, here is what I want to have you tell your lecture audiences about me. I have written it all down so that you can memorize it word for word. And after I have gone hence, you can sell these pages for fifty pounds." (There he was wrong; I got only ten for it!)—*"Barbed Wit & Malicious Humor," by Patrick Mahony, 1956.*

In what seemed a trice, Shaw was back, walking the full length of the room waving a couple of sheets of paper. "Here is what I want you to tell my American friends about me. After I am dead you'll be able to sell this little manuscript for ten pounds." (There he was wrong; I only got five!) —*"It's Better in America," by Patrick Mahony, 1964.*



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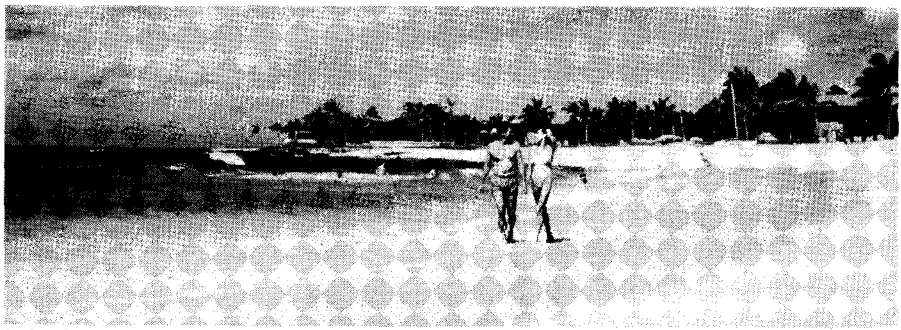

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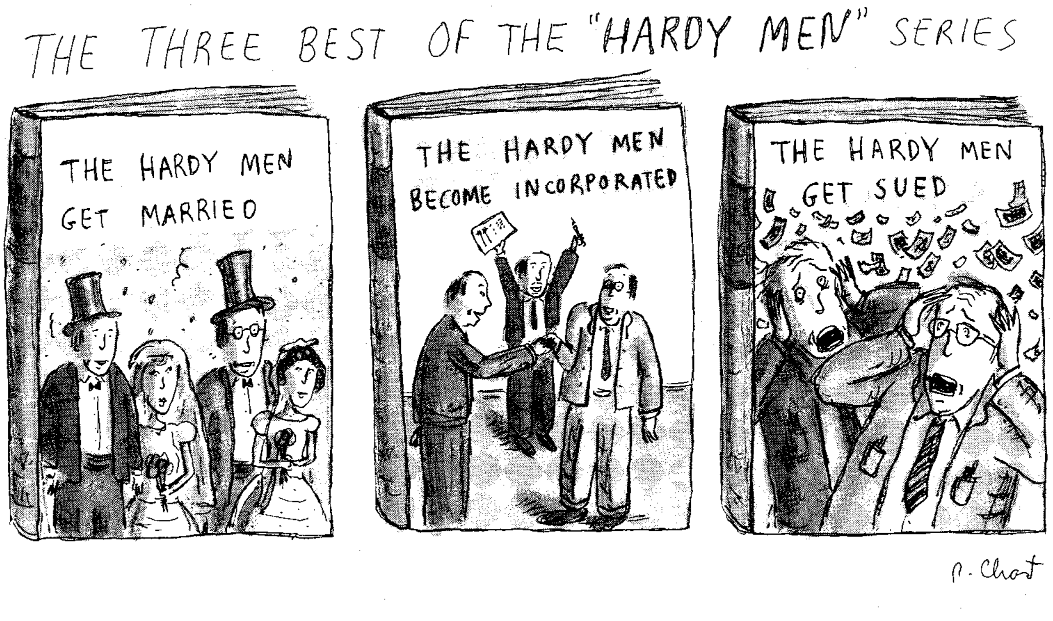
# JAZZ

## *Survivors*

SINGERS seemed to be everywhere in New York in the seventies. Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short were enthroned at the St. Regis and at the Carlyle, and Hugh Shannon was at Soerabaja and David K's. Anita Ellis had her famous six-week stint at the Bird Cage. Sylvia Syms turned up fairly regularly, along with Blossom Dearie and Jackie and Roy. Johnny Hartman and David Allyn and Mark Murphy were at Michael's Pub. Matt Dennis, Mel Tormé, Anita O'Day, Peggy Lee, Margaret Whiting, and Johnny Mercer came in from the Coast. Excellent but little-known singers like Barbara Lea and Teddi King and Mary Mayo and Carol Sloane reappeared, and there were new singers like Marlene VerPlanck and Nancy Harrow. Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughan became fixtures at the Newport Jazz Festival–New York, and Lee Wiley came out of retirement for her final public appearance, at the 1972 festival—with indelible effect. Old Masters like Helen Humes and Alberta Hunter and Joe Turner had long engagements at the Cookery. Tony Bennett and Lena Horne gave a show on Broadway, and so did Bing Crosby. Frank Sinatra started playing Carnegie Hall. Alec Wilder published his great, marshalling survey of American popular songs and conducted a long series of radio shows built around American singers. Then a lot of these irreplaceable figures died (Johnny Mercer, Wilder, Shannon, Hartman, King, Humes, Hunter, Wiley, Crosby, and Mabel Mercer), and, what with economic pressures and aging voices, the renaissance flickered and went out. (The odd, synthetic presence of Linda Ronstadt during the past couple of years has not been of much consequence.) So American singers have gone back underground. One is Barbara Lea, who, singing better than she did ten years ago, has no superior among popular singers. For the past year and a half, she has been working three or four times a month at Jan Wallman's Restaurant, a tiny, cheerful room on Cornelia Street, in the Village. Accompanied by the excellent pianist Wes McAfee, she sings the songs she wants to sing in the way she wants to sing them, and the results are often electric. Her voice, always a precise, resounding contralto, has grown. It once had a dryness and rigidity that were particularly noticeable when she was tired or was singing under difficult conditions. She now moves effortlessly from delicate passages to fortes. She croons. She growls. She uses a feather vibrato and a bravura one. She acts, as all good singers should. She even whistles well. For all this, she remains the servant of her songs. She keeps her vowels hollow and her consonants solid, and she brings the lyrics up into the face of the melody. And she has a flawless sense of melody, of how to make a series of disconnected notes come together and move as if they were one magic note. Although she has learned from such singers as Billie Holiday and Lee Wiley and Ethel Waters, she is not a stylist. Stylists, she is well aware, generally get between their songs and their listeners. (Singers like Sarah Vaughan and Carmen McRae sometimes unintentionally caricature their materials.) She is passionate about pure singing and about singing itself, as she pointed out in the introduction to her instructional book "How to Sing Jazz," published by Chappell in 1980: "So here again is that prime rule: SING. Sing all the time. Sing with the radio, with records, with the canned music in grocery stores and elevators. Sing with the piano. . . . Sing without accompaniment. Sing all the time. If singing is not first nature to you, sing and sing until it is second nature."

Here is how one of Barbara Lea's sets went recently at Jan Wallman's. She warmed up with Alec Wilder's "It's a Fine Day for Walkin' Country Style," decorating it with a passage of handsome whistling. Cole Porter's "Dream Dancing," brought out of obscurity during the past ten years by jazz musicians, followed in a medium tempo. Then she did a *slow* "Limehouse Blues," converting it into a sad ballad and linking it to an equally slow version of the beautiful "Poor Butterfly." She did some growling and shouting on "Harlem on My Mind," written by Irving Berlin for Ethel Waters, and passed easily through Annie Dinerman's busy "Valentine." She sang Rodgers and Hart's "I Must Love You," and Kurt Weill's "This Is New," ad lib. She swung Rodgers and Hammerstein's waltz "Hello, Young Lovers," and Rodgers and Hart's "My Funny Valentine," which she did with the verse and partly a cappella. And she put great resonance into Jerome Kern's "Make Believe." She sang two Dave Frishbergs—a blues and the almost heavy "The Green Hills of Earth." She did a puzzling, very fast rendition of Billie Holiday's "What a Little Moonlight Can Do," forcing that silly song past its limits. She sang all hundred and eight measures of Porter's "Begin the Beguine," doing it a cappella and ad lib and in medium-slow time; the song, usually cardboard and paste, became an elegant, even sinuous, ballad. She closed with a dramatic reading of John Clifton and Ben Tarver's "Come to the Masquer-


THE THREE BEST OF THE "HARDY MEN" SERIES
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ade." It was an almost flawless set—full of first-rate songs, sung with imagination and great care by a singer who sings as easily as she breathes.

Blossom Dearie, as much an iconoclast as Barbara Lea, is again holding her simon-pure late-afternoon concerts at the Ballroom: Wednesdays through Saturdays, six-thirty to eight, no smoking, talking, or ordering of drinks. Barbara Lea crowds each song with its appropriate emotions, but Blossom Dearie makes each song fit her. She has a small, quiet voice, somewhat like Mildred Bailey's but with even less heft. It suggests teacups and sunny floors and freesia. She has about two octaves, and a tiny vibrato. Her dynamics are sparing, and her songs tend to close on the same emotional level they start on. Her diction is miraculous. She was born in a part of upstate New York noted for its accent-free speech, and you can see through each of her words to its meaning. She sings her songs as written, and she rarely changes her arrangements. Nor, for a long time, did she change her repertory, which generally included "I'm Shadowing You," "Hey, John," "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Hip," "My Celebrity Is You," and "Pro Musica Antiqua." She sang some of these one evening not long ago, but she also did Dave Frishberg's "Sweet Kentucky Ham," which deals with the rigors of being on the road and includes the lines "You sit there with a bowl of navy bean And you turn the pages of your magazine And you feel you want to quit while you're behind." And she did Rodgers and Hart's "Ev'rything I've Got" and Harry Richman's "Moonlight Saving Time." She did her own "Bye-Bye Country Boy," "You Have Lived in Autumn," and the lovely "After Me." She did John Wallowitch's very funny "Bruce." When she was finished, she sat down at a table in the rear of the room and sold autographed copies of her records, which she produces and markets herself, and of which there are now eight "volumes," as she calls them.

Zoot Sims, who died late last winter, at the age of fifty-nine, was often considered the best of the many descendants of Lester Young. But he was much more than that. He listened to Young, and he also listened to Ben Webster and Don Byas, and, never a copier, he built his style out of their great lyrical bents. Until the end, you could hear, like distant weather, overtones of Webster and Young and Byas in his playing, even though his tone and attack and emotional content were his own. Sims was never celebrated in the way that his compeer Stan Getz was. Yet he grew steadily in stature, and he came to be regarded in his last ten or fifteen years with feelings close to reverence. You knew when you went to hear him that he would, one way or another, move you. He worked on a lyrical plane that few jazz musicians reach; even when he was out of sorts, he never faltered. He was born in Inglewood, California, the youngest of seven children of the vaudeville team of Pete and Kate, and his mother, who raised him, was always one jump ahead of the bill collector. He learned his art in those priceless academies the big bands, and he worked for Bobby Sherwood, Sonny Dunham, Teddy Powell, Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, and Stan Kenton. He then passed through Gerry Mulligan's sextet, and for much of the rest of his life he had his own small groups. He worked constantly, and he had a way of being in the right place at the right time. Sid Catlett hired Sims to replace Ben Webster in his quartet in 1944, when he was only nineteen, and three years later he was a member of the famous Four Brothers saxophone section in Woody Herman's band. In 1955, he was part of a stunning pickup group that appeared at the second Newport Jazz Festival and that helped launch Miles Davis. (Also present were Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay.) And that winter he joined Mulligan's unique sextet. In the late sixties, at one of Dick Gibson's September jazz parties, he was teamed with Joe Venuti and a rhythm section and they played a fast "I Found a New Baby" that has become, in the minds of those present, one of the miracles of jazz. Gap-toothed and slightly stooped, with streamlined hair and eyes in narrowed readiness, he wore tweed jackets and drove an ancient red Volvo that seemed to have taken on his general contours. He was an unassuming and witty man who made an excellent meat sauce, and who loved to garden, drink, play Ping-Pong, and laugh. He once said that Stan Getz, a complex man, was a "nice bunch of guys," and after a set down at the old Half Note he estimated that its impossible piano was a tone and three-eighths out of tune.

—Whitney Balliett

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# THE THEATRE

## *Tennis in Connecticut*

THE setting of "Doubles," a new comedy by David Wiltse (at the Ritz), is the men's locker room of a tennis club in Connecticut. Four men, Jewish, married, and reluctantly approaching middle age, have been meeting at the club one night a week to play doubles and to carry out those ancient rituals of male bonding which are said to be characteristic of men's locker rooms everywhere, and which include adolescent horseplay in the showers and smutty banter about their sex lives. As the play opens, three of the four regulars drift into the locker room, showing scant courtesy to a stranger who has preceded them there; it soon turns out that this stranger has been sent to the club as a sort of deputy for the fourth regular, who has been unexpectedly called out of town. The burden of the play is to show how the stranger is slowly and grudgingly permitted to become a part of the group in spite of a number of objectionable characteristics: he isn't Jewish, he isn't fiercely competitive (though he is a better player than any of the others), and instead of talking dirty he is given to making portentous statements about tennis as a model for real life. The only physical action in the play consists of the doubles players opening and closing doors and changing their clothes; everything else takes place offstage. Mr. Wiltse has manufactured a handful of funny one-liners and a couple of effective sight gags, but they do not suffice to fill an evening. The four tennis players are enacted by John Cullum, Ron Leibman, Tony Roberts, and Austin Pendleton, and the last's occasional fugitive nakedness cannot be accused of striking an erotic note. The set and costumes are by Robert Fletcher, the lighting is by Craig Miller, the direction is by Morton Da Costa, the tennis racquets are by Head, and the towels are by Dundee Mills.

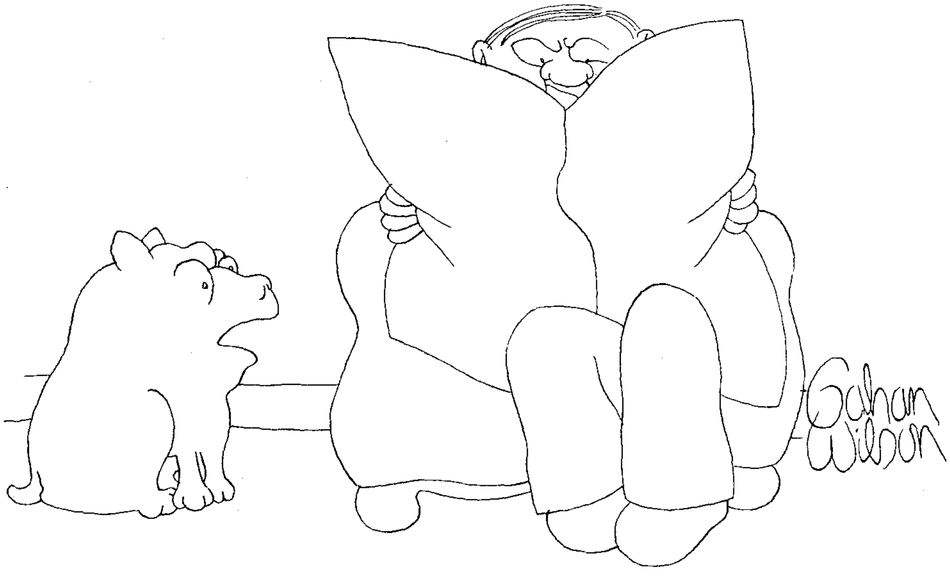
—BRENDAN GILL

# OFF BROADWAY

## *O Rare Bill Irwin!*

THE incomparable Bill Irwin—mime, dancer, humorist, clown, juggler, jackdaw of traditional burlesque and comic routines, and inspired artist of the theatre—will be at St. Clements only through May 18th (why not forever?) in a show of his own devising called "The Courtroom," with, of course, his invaluable partner, Doug Skinner, at the piano and, this time, a company of jugglers, acrobats, and other dancers and clowns, all of them expert. The setting is a courtroom, with the bench high above the floor, where an assortment of judges (including, briefly, Mr. I.) preside, large hammer in hand for socking purposes, and with many doors, one of them below the bench, that open and shut on cue. There is a full complement of lawyers, a life-size puppet jury that rises and sinks, witnesses—most of these characters interchangeable—and a quiet clerk (Mr. Skinner), seated at a table that conceals his piano. Mr. Irwin appears first—in outsize burlesque pants and jacket, and with shapeless hat on head, spectacles on nose, slip of paper in hand, and a questing expression on his face. He asks directions of Skinner and of a cop, and responds to their pantomime with increasing wonder. He wanders off, to reappear in a number of guises and a number of numbers. The setup affords opportunities for every kind of routine, and the show moves like quicksilver from one to the next. Surprise and laughter and beauty go hand in hand: the thrilling break dance of Rory Mitchell, aged eighteen; the delightful tap dance of Brenda Bufalino, as a court stenographer encased in a tight tailored suit (circa 1940) with a padded bosom and butt, which seems to enhance her agility; and the extraordinary juggling, with white bouncing balls, of Michael Moschen. Each of these performers acts as a kind of instructor for Mr. Irwin, who watches with great respect and care, and then is off and away when he joins in. Most members of the company, one notes in the program, are soloists in their own right, and they and Mr. Irwin give one another loving support. The show becomes a celebration of comedy itself, and he is the Spirit of Comedy. The pure comedy of Penn and Teller, and now of Mr. Irwin, may be an encouraging sign that the pesky, wornout days of camp—local and transatlantic—are numbered. "The Courtroom," a production of the distinguished Lenox Arts Center, is billed as "a work in progress." Progress to where, for heaven's sake!

LYLE KESSLER is the dramatist of "Orphans," at the Westside Arts, but the play's auteur is its director, Gary Sinise, who performed the same function for the stunning production of Sam Shepard's "True West" that recently closed Off Broadway. Like "True West," "Orphans" is an imported production of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company, of Chicago, of which Mr. Sinise is an artistic director. Mr. Kessler is no Sam Shepard, but his script, which echoes Shepard and Pinter (among other playwrights), serves as a point of departure for what could be called Chicago-style performance, in which eruptive movement is as expressive as words. The story is of two young brothers—Treat, a pickpocket and thief, and Phillip, an apparent mental defec-



*"I know what you're wishing. You're wishing I'd never learned to talk, that's what you're wishing."*

tive—who have remained together in an old house in Philadelphia since their parents' death. Phillip is confined indoors, and we first see him whirling and leaping up and down the stairs and in and out of a closet, like a caged animal, as he waits for Treat to return with the usual assortment of gold chains and wristwatches and anecdotes from the streets outside. Phillip's contribution to the conversation, as he dodges his brother's more or less fraternal roughhousing, is lists of brand names from television commercials and of characters' names from television movies. At two o'clock one morning, Treat brings home a drunk, a much older man, named Harold, whom he has picked up in a bar and rolled. Treat ties Harold to a chair and gags him, and when he goes out the next day tells Phillip to keep an eye on the prisoner but not to touch him. Harold wakes up and releases himself, talking non-stop about his childhood in an orphanage, and we soon realize that he is there by his own design. He is, we learn, a powerful mobster from Chicago, and he has seen in Treat a potential employee. Before long, Harold has become master of the house and the employer of both brothers—his Dead End Kids—and he has started to rehabilitate Phillip, teaching him to read and to eat with a spoon, and eventually setting him free. Treat, meanwhile, seethes with jealousy as he waits for a criminal assignment. When he gets one, he almost fails, because of his lack of control—he teeters always on the verge of madness. The first act commands unwavering attention, and although the second act, full of hokum and sentimentality and predictability, may be trash, it is certainly theatrical trash.

The performances are so strong, so filled with passion and surprises (and, incidentally, so acrobatic), that they all but mask the weaknesses in the script. No chance for humor is overlooked, either, or for subtlety, of which there is not much. Kevin Anderson as Phillip, Terry Kinney as Treat, and John Mahoney as Harold are very good. But it is Mr. Sinise who is the master of the occasion. The setting inside the old house, designed and lighted by Kevin Rigdon, couldn't be better.

—Edith Oliver

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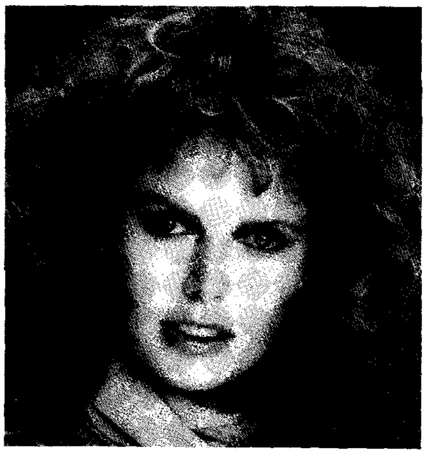

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

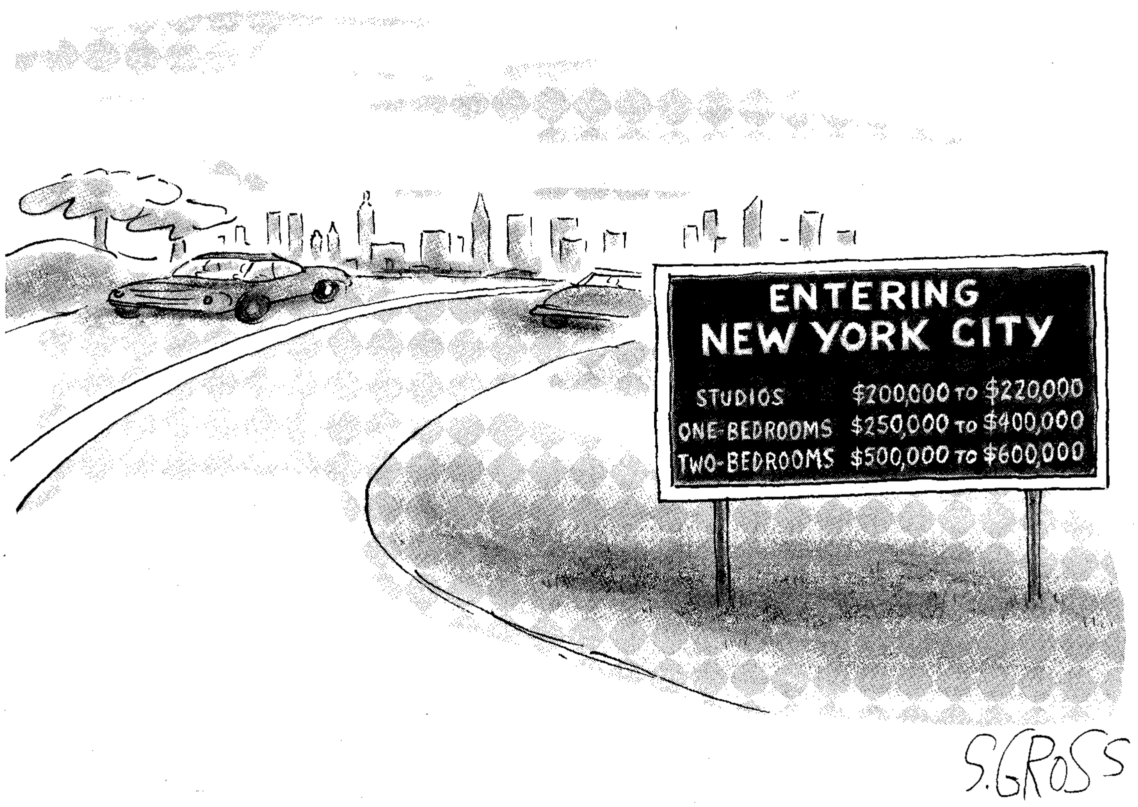
## *Gentleness and Chivalries*

Witold Lutoslawski began his Third Symphony in 1972 and completed it early in 1983. That September, the Chicago Symphony, which had commissioned the piece, gave the first performance, conducted by Sir Georg Solti. (It was broadcast across the country and in Britain, Canada, Sweden, and Germany.) Since then, the symphony has been widely played, in a dozen countries, and has been widely admired and enjoyed. It has been done in Milwaukee, Aspen, Los Angeles, St. Louis. The first live performance in New York was given in Carnegie Hall this month by the Chicago Symphony, conducted by Solti. In November, the Philharmonic plays it.

Each of Lutoslawski's symphonies (the First appeared in 1947, the Second in 1967) has summed up a period both in his own career and in the history of contemporary music: each is at once a firm, surely fashioned statement based on the new ideas and inventions and, as it were, a completed, fully civilized staging post to linger in and explore before setting out on new adventures. He has been in both senses of the word an admirably reflective composer: open, as anyone of sense must be, to the exciting thoughts, techniques, and discoveries of others; and critical, personal in his observance, testing, acceptance, and development of them. Between the inception and the completion of the Third Symphony he composed "Les Espaces du Sommeil," "Mi-Parti," "Novelette," the Double Concerto. Each is a finished, elegantly turned, progressive score. Each evidently played a part in determining the form of the Third Symphony.

In a program note, the composer owns that, much as he loves Brahms' big works, he finds them exhausting. (One recalls the anecdote of the young man who at the first London performance of a Brahms symphony turned to his companion and said, "What a beautiful melody! Do let's leave now, before he starts *developing* it.") Lutoslawski's "model of a perfectly balanced large-scale form" is provided, he says, by Haydn. The Third Symphony lasts about half an hour. (The composer's performance with the BBC Symphony, last year, lasted a minute more, Solti's in Carnegie about five minutes less.) The music is continuous, but within it can be discerned an introduction (a variety of ideas proposed by winds over a soft, octaves-deep pedal E on the strings); a first movement of three episodes, each followed by a rondo refrain of long, twined melodies on woodwinds; a main movement, which carries the burden of the symphonic argument; an epilogue, or perhaps third movement, of high emotional content, in which the strings are prominent; and a brief, muscular coda. A motto-like figure of repeated E's articulates the structure. The scoring, in concerto-for-orchestra fashion, keeps the instrumental families distinct; each has its own kind of material, and all is lucid except when a deliberately dense climax is built. Any overt programmatic intent is disavowed, but the symphony is potently moving, and the remark of a London colleague, reviewing the broadcast of the Chicago première—"music for a possible unwritten tragedy"—seems apt.

The Chicago Symphony's performance was strong and sure. The BBC Symphony's performance conducted by the composer, which I know on tape, seems to me more poetic, thoughtful, and colorful. The Chicago orchestra played the work at the third of the five concerts it gave in Carnegie in six days. These were not all happy events. The crowd conditioned to respond to musicians' reputations rather than to what they achieve on a particular occasion rose to its feet as usual at the end of each concert and cheered; but the orchestral sound at the three concerts Solti conducted was hard and unlovely. Last week, I wrote about the first concert, a performance of Verdi's "Falstaff." The second consisted of two ninth symphonies, Shostakovich's and Bruckner's. The Shostakovich is a strange, unsettling piece when beneath the brittle gaiety, the fluent rhetorical lamentation, and the banalities a conductor finds pain, bitterness, and poignant lyrical feeling (as Bernard Haitink does on a London recording of the work). Solti stayed on the surface; his reading was undercharacterized, unmoving. In the Bruckner one missed warmth, breadth, fullness, and what might be called a sense of spiritual elation. On the technical side, one heard string tone with too unyielding a surface and strident, aggressive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brass. The Lutoslawski symphony was preceded by Brahms' Variations on a Theme of Haydn and followed by Beethoven's Fifth. Both of them were joyless, driven performances, without grace, without charm. Max Kalbeck, Brahms' biographer, once described the Variations as a mystical depiction of St. Anthony's wrestling with terrible temptations of the flesh: "It was to no avail that he flagellated himself bloody in order to mortify the desire of his senses, because the blood dripping from his whip was transformed into fragrant roses." It's a bizarre interpretation of a work so freshly and healthily abundant, but even as an illustration of some such daemonic program Solti's tense performance wouldn't do, for it lacked sensual allure. There are many ways of molding the *dolce* second subject of the Beethoven symphony; here it was unshaped. Tovey's famous sentence about the second movement—"Shakespeare's women have the same courage, the same beauty of goodness, and the same humour"—was irrelevant to this performance.

The fourth and fifth concerts were conducted by Claudio Abbado. The fourth was devoted to Mahler's Seventh Symphony, which Abbado has also recorded with the orchestra. The Chicago players regained color and character—that sense of making individual contributions to a musical discourse, not pushing forward like highly disciplined, all-conquering attack troops. There were mysterious, radiant, transfigured moments in the inner movements. The finale—Mahler's "riotously robust revelling," Neville Cardus called it—was unconvincing, as it nearly always is, but at any rate it was rendered in well-balanced sound, brave without being brazen. String portamento was avoided: not simply the regular portamento that Mahler would have taken for granted but the emphatic portamento specially asked for in, for example, the main theme of the fourth movement. The last concert began with a lustrous account of Berg's Three Orchestra Pieces, followed by a very beautiful account of his Violin Concerto. Salvatore Accardo was the soloist. This was exquisite almost—not quite—to the point of being sentimental. It was emotional, as the concerto should be. The fine string lines for the orchestra were played with a refinement to match the soloist's. Then Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, in a warm, graceful perfor-

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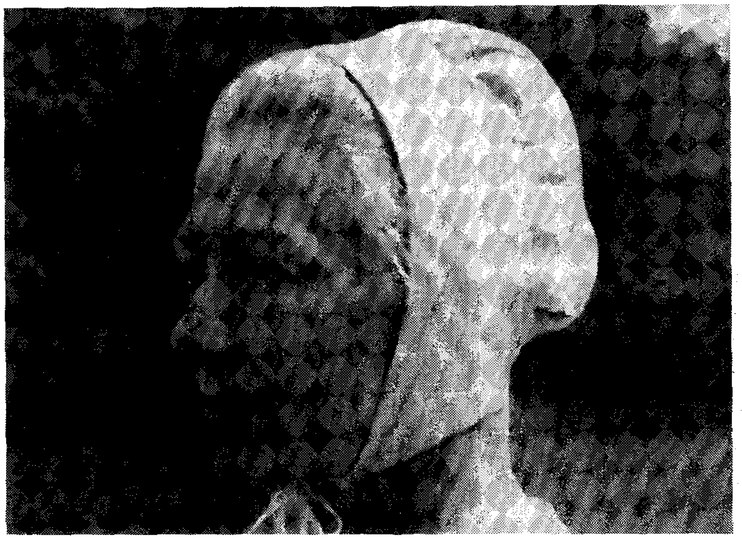

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mance, with a slightly heftier finale than that of Abbado's 1972 recording. Again there was no portamento, such as Tchaikovsky would have expected and such as can be heard in Willem Mengelberg's 1928 recording of the symphony (now reissued, in surprisingly good sound, on the In Sync cassette 4138, along with the Fourth Symphony). How would a modern audience respond to a performance as turbulent and personal as Mengelberg's?

Lutoslawski's next work after the Third Symphony, "Chain I," had its New York première in March at a Music Today concert in Merkin Hall, conducted by Gerard Schwarz. A nine-minute divertimento for fourteen players, it was written as a surprise present for the London Sinfonietta and its artistic director, Michael Vyner—"as a souvenir of our common music-making"—and had its première in London five days after the Third Symphony was first played in Chicago. "Chain" refers to a structure of lapped "links" of music, each link traced in a different instrumental color, until toward the end a tutti of cantabile melodies is sounded. The close is a shower of pizzicato sparks that explode, twinkle, and fade. It's a delightful piece, and Mr. Schwarz's ensemble evidently enjoyed playing it.

It was altogether a good and interesting concert. Nicholas Thorne's Double Quintet (woodwind quintet and string quintet), in its New York première, proved to be a buoyant, polished, unlabored composition. Gerald Levinson's "Light Dances, Stones Sing" (1978), a tone poem for eighteen players, is Monet-inspired and makes attractive neo-Debussyan sounds. Miriam Gideon's "Songs of Youth and Madness" (1977), Hölderlin settings for high voice and thirteen players, is sensitively and carefully worked. (There is a CRI recording.) Finally, "Michael's Greeting"—Stockhausen's bright, elaborate, extended fanfares for brass octet, piano, and three percussionists which salute the audience gathering for a performance of his opera "Thursday"—had its American première.

Tadeusz Kaczyński's "Conversations with Witold Lutoslawski," published in Polish in 1972, has appeared now in English translation (Chester). Lutoslawski's compositions up to "Mi-Parti" are discussed; so are many other topics that make the volume an excellent introduction to the thoughts and personality of the cultivated, finely tuned creator. Lutoslawski even has a good word to say for music criticism: "It is eagerly read, it allows a listener to compare his impressions and opinions with those of a professional, and as such it becomes a noble intermediary between a work and its hearers."

Last week, in Carnegie Hall, the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Riccardo Muti, played Bruckner's First Symphony with a warmth of string tone, a breadth of full, unviolent brass tone, and a wonderful deep blend of strings, woodwinds, and brasses such as the Chicago Symphony had not found in its account of Bruckner's Ninth. The concert began unpromisingly with a hoked-up "flute concerto" by Handel (four arias from his opera "Flavio" arranged for flute and strings), played by a small band, with harpsichord continuo, in a style appropriate to the arrangement but not at all to Handel. There was the New York première of Raymond Premru's Music for Three Trombones, Tuba, and Orchestra—a drab composition. (Premru, an American-born, London-based musician, has for twenty-seven years been the bass trombone of the Philharmonia Orchestra; Muti was its principal conductor for nine years.) Then the Bruckner. There was both tenderness and grandeur in the performance. The orchestra seemed to be finding joy in the music, and it played with unaffected, unforced beauty of sound.

—Andrew Porter

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# THE ART WORLD

## *"Tilted Arc"*

THE climate of acceptance in which new art flourishes today is deceptive. Although the accepting public is much larger than it used to be, it is still, in relative terms, infinitesimal. Most people have never really accepted modern art, much less its contemporary ("postmodern") manifestation. They acknowledge its existence, but in general they seem to feel that it has nothing to do with them and can therefore be ignored. When a work of contemporary art proves impossible to ignore, the result is sometimes big trouble.

The recent brouhaha over Richard Serra's "Tilted Arc" is a case in point. "Tilted Arc" is a Minimalist sculpture in the form of an enormous steel wall, a hundred and twenty feet long and twelve feet high, that bisects the plaza in front of the Jacob K. Javits Federal Building, in lower Manhattan. Viewed from above—from the height, say, of a tenth-floor office window—it makes a graceful, curving line across the space and sets up a contrapuntal relationship with the plaza's only other feature, a circular fountain that never seems to have water in it. Seen from ground level, the "Arc" is an overwhelming, intimidating mass. The wall's height shuts off the view of Foley Square and its architectural monuments—McKim, Mead & White's soaring Municipal Building, Cass Gilbert's neoclassic United States Courthouse, and other souvenirs of a bygone era. The sculpture is made of Cor-Ten steel, a "weathering" metal that is supposed to acquire a rich dark-brown patina of rust; in this case, however, the constant battle against graffiti has left the surface mottled and scuffed. The wall is set into the paving stones of the plaza at a slight angle, so that it leans toward the Federal Building. Pedestrians on that side sometimes have the disorienting sensation that it is about to fall on them.

The sculpture was commissioned by the General Services Administration, the federal agency responsible for the construction of all new government office buildings throughout the United States. The G.S.A.'s Art-in-Architecture Program authorizes the spending of one-half of one per cent of a building's construction budget for a work (or works) of art, and Serra's "Arc" was the work chosen for the Federal Building. Following well-established procedures, in 1979 the G.S.A. invited Serra to make a proposal for the plaza. The agency approved his plan for "Tilted Arc," reaffirmed its approval at all stages of the design-review process, and executed a contract awarding the artist a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for the finished work, which was installed in the spring of 1981. Ever since, irate citizens have been trying to get rid of it. Petitions, letters, and other forms of protest have made it clear that a great many people *hate* "Tilted Arc." Last December, after nearly four years of agitation, the G.S.A.'s regional administrator for the New York area, William Diamond, decided on his own to schedule public hearings on the issue of the sculpture's "relocation." Thus the stage was set for one of those infrequent battles between the minority that accepts modern art and the majority that does not.

The three days of public hearings, on March 6th, 7th, and 8th, generated more heat than light. Fifty-six people spoke against the sculpture, voicing complaints that by this time were well known: that it was ugly; that it spoiled the view; that it prevented the plaza from being used for concerts, performances, or social gatherings; that it attracted graffiti; that it made access to the building difficult. One woman, a G.S.A. employee whose job involved the building's security, testified that the "Arc" would make a terrorist bomb attack more destructive: "The sculpture could vent an explosion inward and in an angle toward the buildings," she said. Although Mr. Diamond had reiterated that the G.S.A.'s decision would reflect no "aesthetic judgment"

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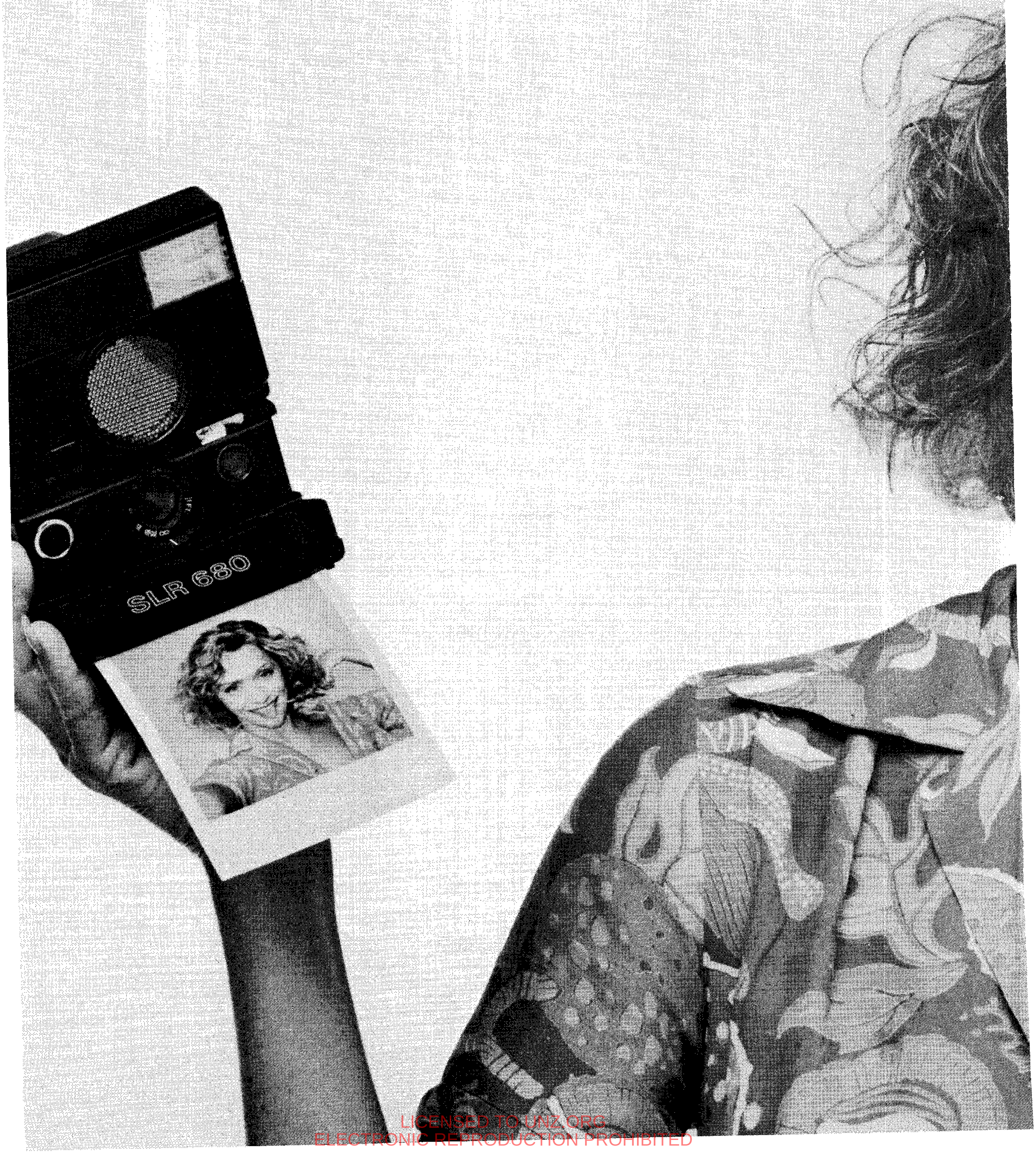

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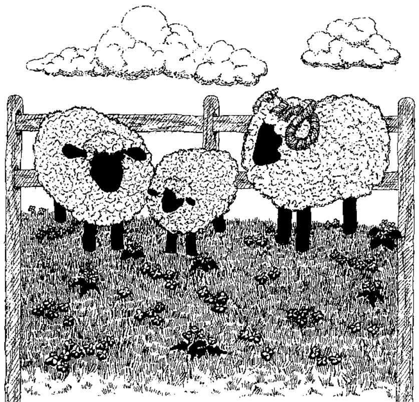

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but only "the most effective use of the plaza," the subtext of a great many anti-"Arc" statements was that "Tilted Arc" was not art—it was "that rusted steel wall," that barrier, that piece of junk.

Richard Serra, one of the country's most highly regarded sculptors, had mobilized the international art world to resist the philistines. A hundred and eighteen people rose to defend his sculpture—fellow-artists, writers, musicians, filmmakers, museum curators, and public figures, including Joan Mondale, Senator Howard Metzenbaum, and Mrs. Jacob Javits, the Senator's wife, who read a statement by her husband about art and political freedom. The pro-"Arc" statements were more complicated than the anti-"Arc" ones but no less predictable: Serra was a major artist; he had a legal contract with the G.S.A., which the G.S.A. had no right to renege on; a public hearing was an improper forum, and Mr. Diamond had prejudged the case by making public statements in favor of relocating the sculpture; since "Tilted Arc" was a "site-specific" work, having been designed for that particular space, to relocate it would be to destroy it; important new art was often disturbing at first, and anyway, as the artist Robert Murray put it, "we cannot have public art by plebiscite." Any number of speakers argued that if the G.S.A. gave in to public pressure and removed the work the entire Art-in-Architecture Program would be placed in jeopardy: other communities would demand the removal of government-sponsored artworks, and self-respecting artists would refuse to undertake G.S.A. commissions.

Relatively few pro-"Arc" speakers defended the sculpture on aesthetic grounds. Some of Serra's most fervent supporters actually dislike the piece, and feel considerable sympathy for the office workers who have to look at it every day. They argued as they did because of the larger issues that seemed to be involved—issues of artistic freedom and the government's role in support of the arts. Serra, who dressed for the hearings in a heavy wool shirt and workmen's pants, emphasized those issues in his own rostrum-thumping statement at the hearings. As he phrased it, freedom of creative expression implies that once an artist has been selected and commissioned by the government "the artist's work must be uncensored, respected, and tolerated, although

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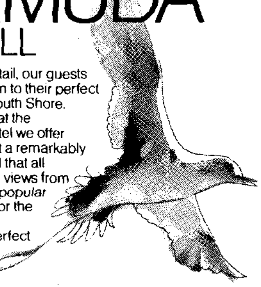

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deemed abhorrent, or perceived as challenging, or experienced as threatening." The G.S.A. has commissioned more than two hundred works of art during the last twenty years, at a cost of seven million dollars. Some of these works have generated vehement opposition among local groups, but the G.S.A., until now, has stood firmly behind its commissioned artists, and the Art-in-Architecture Program has been widely praised by the professional art establishment for its enlightened and respectful attitude toward contemporary art. One rumor going around at the hearings was that the entire Art-in-Architecture Program was in trouble, a potential victim of the Reagan Administration's reactionary tilt.

Some of the points, both pro and con, that were raised at the hearings might have been hard to sustain. Had the plaza, a meagre and ungainly space in a noisy, crowded section of town, really been deprived of festive social gatherings by the sombre presence of the "Arc"? Would relocating the sculpture in another setting really destroy it as a work of art? (A great many Renaissance altarpieces now in American museums were originally "site-specific.") In all the verbiage, however, one statement stood out like a beacon. It was by Alvin S. Lane, a lawyer active in a number of arts organizations, and in it he asked several searching questions. "Is the purpose of the Art-in-Architecture Program to benefit the artist or the community?" was one of them. "Should an artist have the right to impose his values and taste on a public that now rejects his taste and values?" was another. "In the selection of art, even the greatest experts will make mistakes from time to time," Lane went on to say. "If it is a private matter, the mistake can be rectified by not showing the work of art. Where it is a public matter, should there be a different standard?" Speaking personally, Lane said that he did not like "Tilted Arc" and would welcome its removal. But Mr. Diamond and the four men he had appointed to preside at the hearings were not, he felt, the right people to rule on that. Instead, he recommended that they use the hearings "for the purpose of formulating recommendations for legislation that would establish a fair procedure for reëvaluating all public works of living artists."

Mr. Lane's questions went unanswered at the hearings, but they bear thinking about. To my knowledge, he

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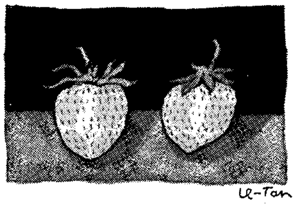
was the only speaker to suggest that a work of art in a public space ought not to be judged by the same criteria that are applied to works of art in museums or in private collections. A great many people have to look at "Tilted Arc" every day, whether they want to or not, and a significant number of them seem to feel that it is an unwelcome imposition on their values and taste. They don't think it's art, and they don't see why they have to put up with it. If asked, they would almost certainly say that in this case the G.S.A. acted for the benefit of the artist, not the community.



It is not enough simply to dismiss this as a philistine attitude. The problem is that today there is no general agreement or understanding about art's social function. During the Renaissance, people might disagree about the relative merits of a new altarpiece or an equestrian statue but they did not question the tradition that placed such works in public places. It is the absence of any such tradition that causes trouble when modern art (which has been largely a private matter) attempts to go public, as it increasingly tends to do these days. More and more artists are being commissioned to provide works for public spaces. Quite a few of them have made serious efforts to think about the social implications of public art, and their thinking has led them, often enough, to jettison the idea of sculpture, monumental or otherwise, in favor of a process of collaboration with architects, designers, landscape architects, engineers, and local community groups of all kinds, with a view to making the public space itself a work of art. The G.S.A.'s Art-in-Architecture Program began, about three years ago, to move in a similar direction. Before an artist is even approached for a commission now, the G.S.A. tries to establish contact with a broad cross-section of people in the community where the new government building is going up. The mayor's office, local civic and arts organizations, and neighborhood groups are all consulted about the possibility of commissioning a work of art, and recommendations are solicited for people to serve on the design-review panel. Artists who live in the area receive special attention in the selection process, and once an artist has been commissioned the G.S.A. encourages him or her to meet with the local groups, answer their questions, and let them in on the aesthetic thinking behind the work. According to Donald Thalacker, the highly respected director of the Art-in-Architecture Program, this has slowed the whole process down considerably but it has also helped to convince a lot of people that the program is working for the community, not just for the artist.

The community-minded approach to public art is shared by artists with widely divergent interests and methods, among them Siah Armajani, Scott Burton, Nancy Holt, Mary Miss, Elyn Zimmerman, and Richard Fleischner. It is not shared by Richard Serra. In a 1980 interview, Serra stated his position with customary bluntness. "Placing pieces in an urban context is not synonymous with an interest in a large audience even though the work will be seen by many people who wouldn't otherwise look at art," he said. "The work I make does not allow for experience outside the conventions of sculpture as sculpture. My audience is necessarily very limited."

Nobody with a serious interest in contemporary art questions Serra's reputation as a major artist. His work has consistently advanced the concept of sculpture in powerful and provocative ways, as his forthcoming retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art will demonstrate. (It is scheduled to open early in 1986.) Serra was one of the first artists to explore the contemporary notion of "site-specific" sculpture. His main interest now is in making outdoor urban sculptures that relate in terms of size, scale, placement, and structure to their surroundings. His work is usually so dynamic and so aggressive in its use of heavyweight industrial materials that it significantly alters the way those surroundings look to others, and that is part of the plan. One of Serra's primary goals is to force people to see their surroundings in a new way—to make them experience sculpture as place, and place as sculpture. In another 1980 interview, soon after he had been commissioned to do the piece for the Federal Building, Serra announced that he had "found a way to dislocate or alter the decorative function of the plaza and actively bring people into the sculpture's context." The sculpture, he said, would change the space of the plaza. "After the piece is created, the

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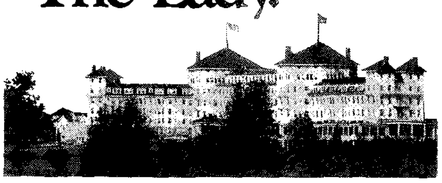

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space will be understood primarily as a function of the sculpture.”

On Serra’s terms, “Tilted Arc” is a huge success. It certainly changed the plaza, making it wholly subservient to the sculptural context. The trouble is that not many office workers want a sculptural experience twice a day (four times if they go out for lunch). Not this particular sculptural experience, at any rate. As Serra said, his audience is a limited one. And I think it is perfectly legitimate to question whether public spaces and public funds are the right context for work that appeals to so few people—no matter how far it advances the concept of sculpture.

What should be done, then, about “Tilted Arc”? What *has* been done is clearly lamentable—public hearings called by an administrator who had said in advance that he favored the sculpture’s removal. Mr. Diamond’s panel decided, after deliberating, that the sculpture should be removed, and this recommendation was duly forwarded to Dwight Ink, the G.S.A.’s acting administrator in Washington (the previous acting administrator, Ray Kline, had retired from office the day before the hearings began). Mr. Ink, whom nobody seems to know much about, will shortly decide on the sculpture’s fate. Serra has let it be known that if the G.S.A. decides for removal he will seek an injunction claiming breach of contract. A lot of his time would then be spent in litigation, and a lot of money would be made by lawyers. This sorry state of affairs seems to cry out for redress—something along the lines, perhaps, of Alvin Lane’s suggestion that the G.S.A. set up a fair procedure for reëvaluating its controversial commissions.

Even if you feel, though, that the G.S.A. made a mistake in commissioning “Tilted Arc” (as I think it did), there is something to be said for the hated monster. In its rough, confrontational way, it has pushed the whole notion of public art—what it is, what it could or should be—into clearer focus for a great many people. It is already a landmark, and it will continue to be one for years to come, even if it goes away.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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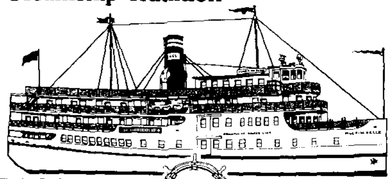

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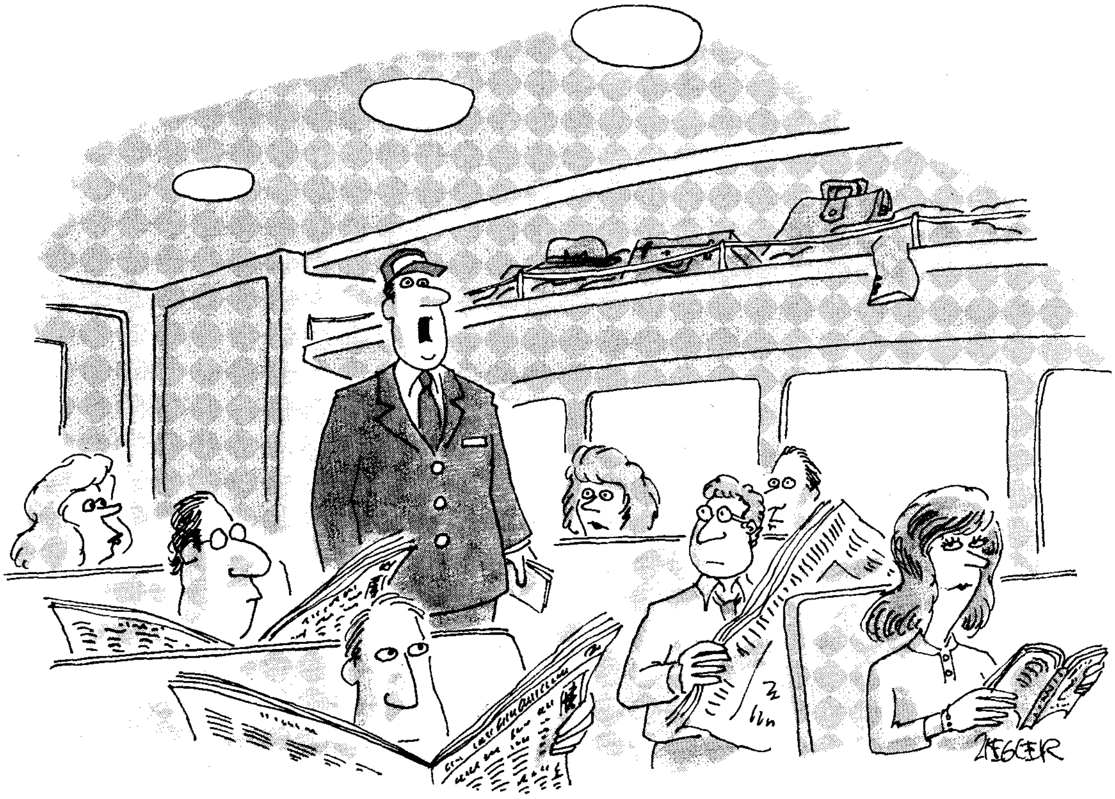
# LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, MAY 9

IT is about a half-hour walk from my street to the cemetery in Montparnasse, and it is a walk that people in the neighborhood make often, because so many interesting characters are buried there. Abbé Grégoire, the radical priest of the Revolution, is in the cemetery, along with his old adversary Claude François Chauveau-Lagarde, the lawyer who defended Marie Antoinette and Charlotte Corday. The painters Gérard and Girodet are there, and the historian Augustin Thierry, the explorer Jules Dumont d'Urville, and the astonishing doctor Matthieu Orfila, whose essays on the properties of arsenic inspired a generation of poisoners. Like Père-Lachaise and the cemetery in Montmartre, the cemetery in Montparnasse is a kind of tombstone history of the last hundred and fifty years of the capital. Jean-Paul Sartre's ashes were buried there in 1980. Thousands of students marched in his funeral cortège through Montparnasse, and got to know the place, and a lot of them come back now to visit. They come when the weather is good, to read and walk around with a *pain au chocolat* and enter into a kind of custodial communion with their hero. There is always a flower on Sartre's grave; Simone de Beauvoir left a rose on the day of the funeral, and afterward the students took over.

The neighbor I call Véronique Lavali, who rents a *chambre de bonne* on the sixth floor and is getting her doctorate in Japanese, had an odd experience at Sartre's grave. One day, she stopped by with a potted geranium, and was just walking off to the Métro when an old man in overalls tapped her on the shoulder. His manners were correct, Véronique says. He asked if she would mind stepping behind one of the big mausoleums across the road and removing her stockings. He needed her stockings, he said, but he would give her a nice new pair in exchange. Véronique says that she looked down at the stockings she had on, which were snagged from boots and had a run starting, and—being a warmhearted Niçoise anyway, and not prudish, like the Parisians in her class—she obliged him. The old man put her stockings in his pocket, presented Véronique with a little shopping bag from the Prisunic, and hurried off down a path between a row of tombs. A few days later, Véronique was back in the cemetery studying and the same old man appeared; she took off her stockings again and got another new pair. After that, their meetings were, as Véronique puts it, "established." The old man was solicitous. He would ask occasionally if the stockings fit, and once he wanted to know if she preferred a change of shade. Véronique says that she used to imagine him alone with her stockings—alone in a shabby room, somewhere on the edge of Montparnasse, with Véronique Lavali's big, round Niçoise legs on his mind and her stockings for company and stimulation. The thought pleased her, in a way. It made her feel sophisticated and tolerant, and she may never really forgive the old man for telling her, at last, that what he used those stockings of hers for was cleaning tombstones. Cleaning tombstones was his job. People hired him to keep their crypts and their mausoleums polished, because, according to cemetery rules, a family that neglects its graves for more than five years is presumed dead, as it were, and its "concession"—its space in the ground—is sold. He uses lime to do it. As he said to Véronique, everyone in the cemetery business knows that nylon stockings are the best lime filters you can find. He buys a batch of stockings every couple of months, and adds the price to his bills, and, inasmuch as for *his* purpose old stockings do just as well as new ones, he has taken to trading. He may have decided that exchanging stockings with pretty young students who come to the cemetery to lay flowers on the graves of geniuses was a way of contributing to the culture. Véronique admits that it is a gallant gesture, though a strange one, maybe a little inappropriate, a little blunt in its innocence. She calls it "*un geste Emmanuel Bove.*"



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EMMANUEL BOVE was a French novelist who died in 1945, when he was forty-seven years old and had written twenty-eight books about the sort of *paumé* characters who usually end up in potter's fields. He himself, however, is buried in the cemetery in Montparnasse, over

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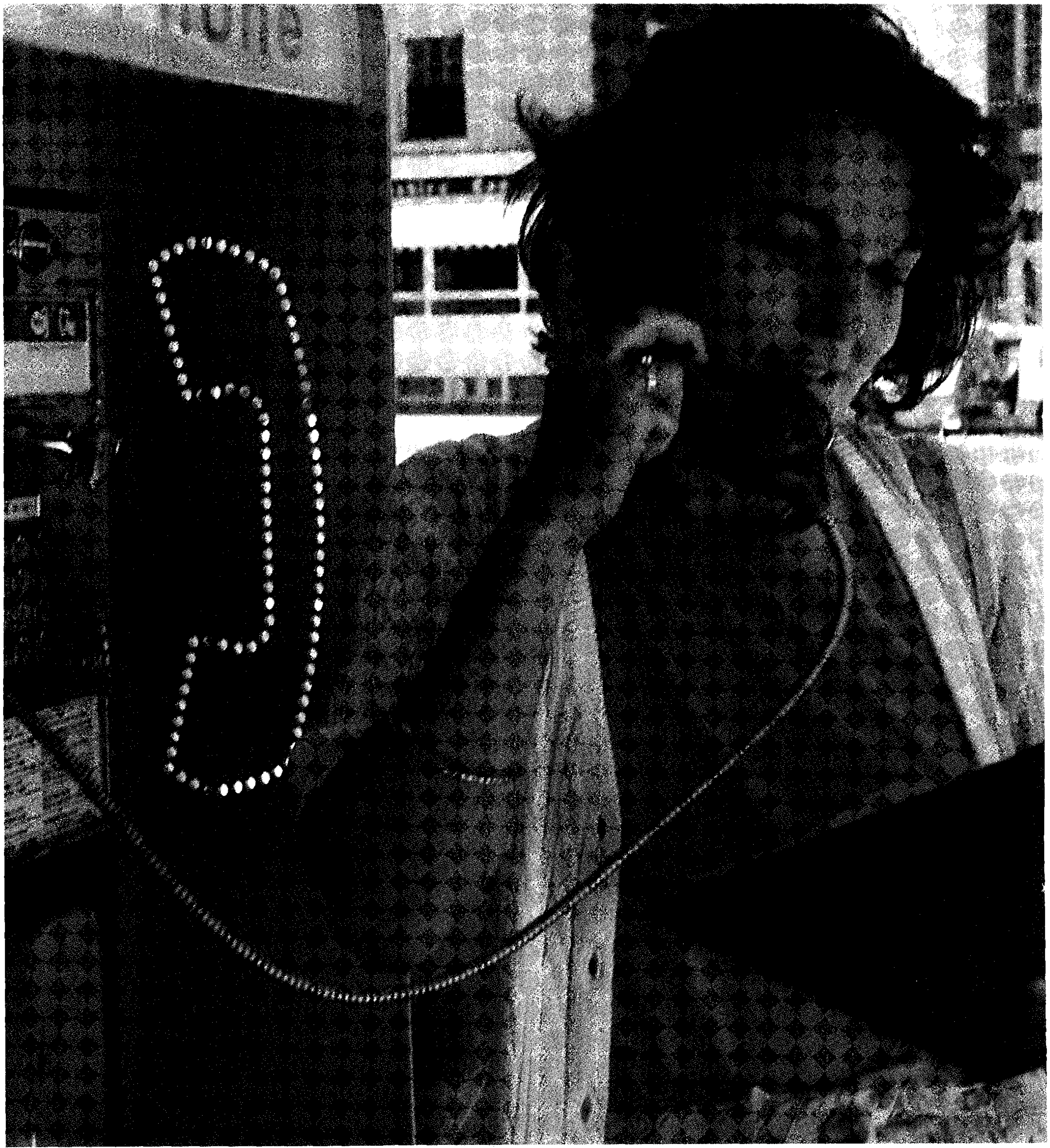

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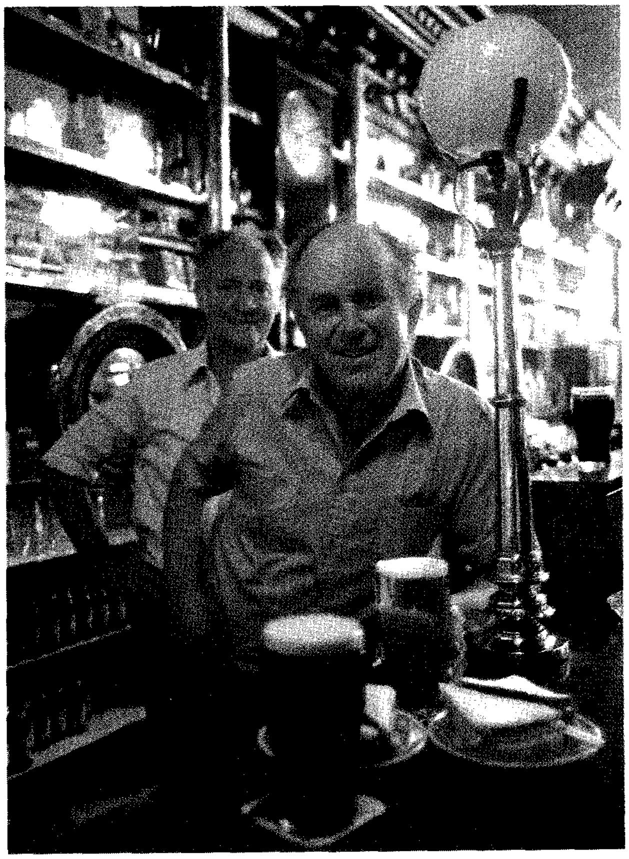

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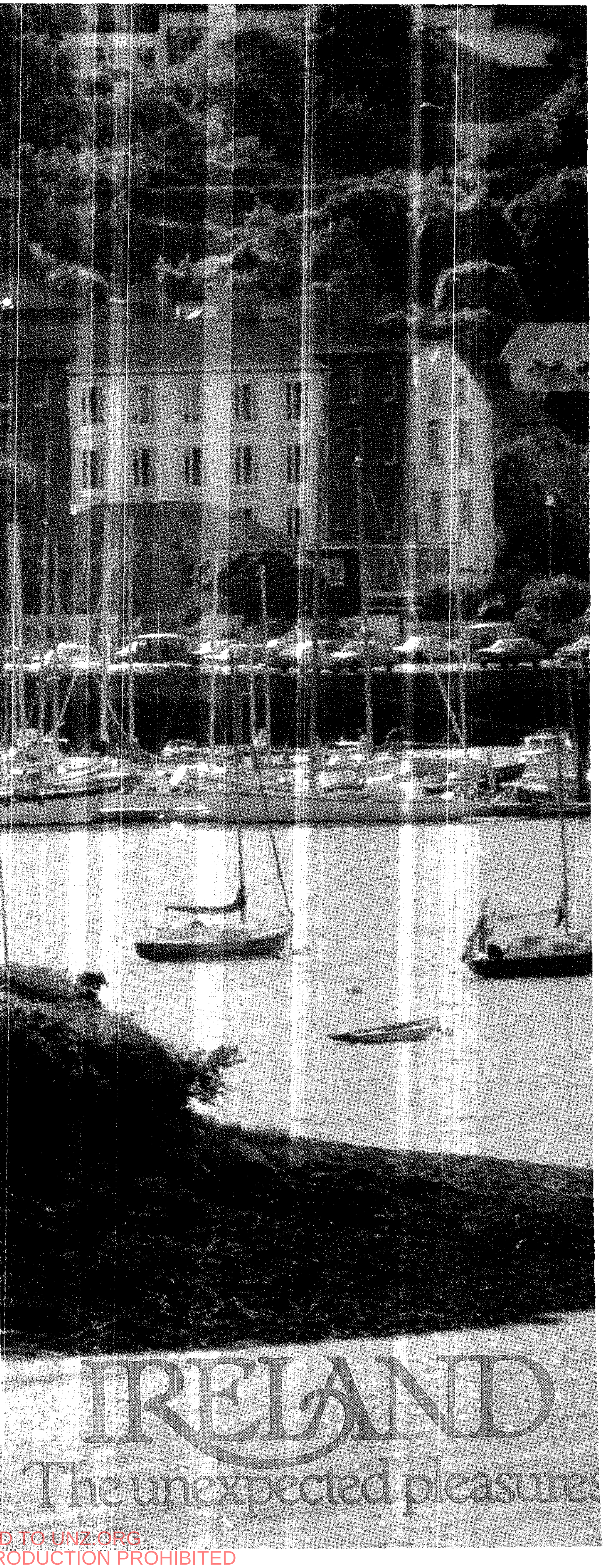
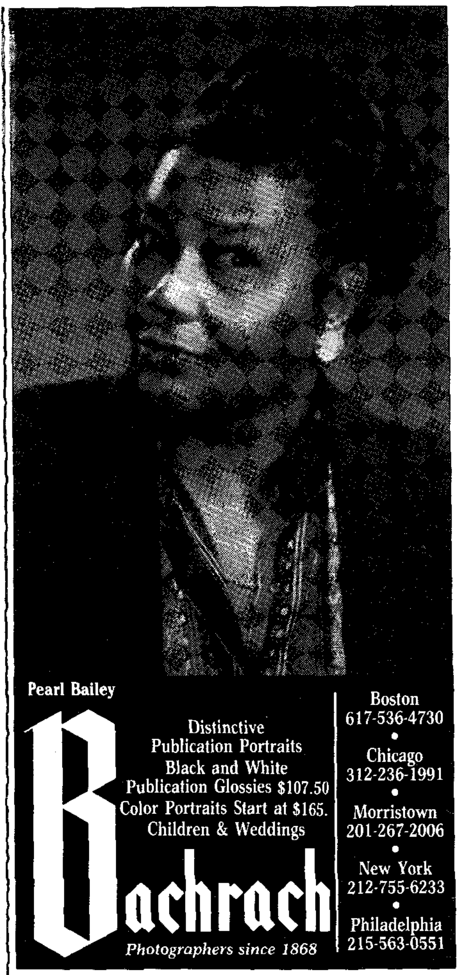


in what is called "the Jewish Section," in the family vault of Louise Ottensooser Bove, his second wife. The vault is one of those proper French mausoleums with a grillwork door, a stained-glass window, and a kind of altar for flowerpots and watering cans, but there are never any flowers. It has a desultory look to it, a look of being without a family. Last fall's leaves are scattered over the stone floor, and there are cobwebs in the corners—not much to suggest that an important French literary personage is buried there. Some of the people who admire Bove—people who began to read him in the seventies, when he was "discovered" and republished and written about in *Libération* and *Le Monde* under headlines like "Have *You* Read Emmanuel Bove?"—have made pilgrimages to the cemetery. They stop at the grave-registry building near the main gate, wait while a couple of clerks leaf through old ledgers and yellowed dossiers, and eventually make their way to the mausoleum, but apparently they find the gloom and the cobwebs and the leaves rather *Bovien*, and hesitate to interfere.

Bove wrote his first novel, "Mes Amis," at twenty-four and introduced the French to what could be called the genre of impoverished solitude. "Mes Amis" was about being lonely with no moral or emotional resources, about encounters that failed because the people who wanted them had no capacity for honor or clarity or compassion. It was a ruthless, almost a clinical, description of failure, and it was startling in a country where being lonely was ordinarily either an occasion for phenomenological discourse or a highly stylized practice—being lonely in a café, say, or being lonely with a flower in the cemetery in Montparnasse. There was not much of a tradition for incapacity in French literature. The Russians could turn their failed encounters into rueful, humorous, illuminating stories, and the Germans understood those encounters as harsh paradigms of modern man, but there was nothing illuminating or paradigmatic about "Mes Amis"—and this is why the book was a sensation. Bove was mildly famous for a while. He won the Prix Figuière, and some of the best publishers in the country—Emile-Paul, Fayard, Calmann-Lévy, Gallimard—began to court him. He kept on writing, and publishing, for the rest of his life. When he died, he was forgotten. Yves Rivière, who publishes art books here and who inaugurated the "discovery" of Emmanuel Bove eleven years ago with an edition of three Bove stories illustrated by Jean Messagier, Bram van Velde, and Roland Topor, says that he simply died at the wrong time—that in 1945, with all the other French writers looking to their reputations after years of war, Bove's reputation was "unattended." Bove's old friend the writer Emmanuel Roblès says that Bove suffered "a betrayal of destiny." Philippe Soupault, the Dadaist, who knew Bove, too, says that he was "too discreet to be remembered."

The people who did remember Bove in those days, after the war, made a kind of group. They liked the mystery of the man. The fact that most of them knew nothing about him was part of his attraction. Bove was said to have been shy and silent and reclusive—Soupault says "too discreet," but other people say "pathologically discreet"—and his admirers saw him as the original novelist-cum-antihero. For them, he was as *Bovien* as the condition of his tomb is now. They liked to think of him among the drifters and hangers-on and hustlers in the old novels of his they passed around, and they considered him father to writers like Samuel Beckett (who was only eight years younger) and Jean Genet. Beckett in fact read Bove and liked what he read enough to praise it, but they were not friends. Bove's friends were not at all *Bovien*. They were lively and engaged: Roblès; Soupault; Jean Cassou, who wrote about art and ran the Paris Museum of Modern Art for a time and was a Resistance hero; the writer Marcel Aymé. Aymé died in 1967, but the others are still around. Some are very old, and, being old *and* distinguished, they expect the visits they get to be a kind of homage; they do not much want to spend them reminiscing about anybody but themselves.

Soupault is eighty-seven. He shares a room in an old-age home out near the Porte d'Auteuil with an enormous tinfoil ball, which he started putting together years ago from cigarette-package liners and pieces of aluminum foil and got attached to, and sometimes, talking about his friend, he shakes his head and says that Emman-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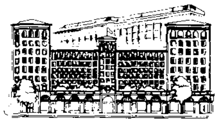
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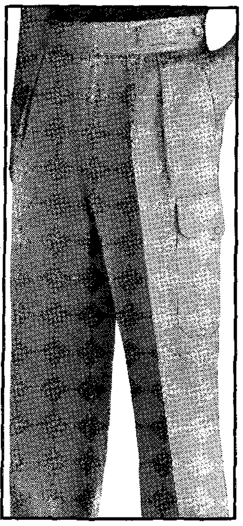

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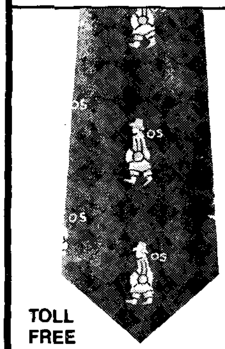

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uel Bove was not the only one who was forgotten. Cassou is eighty-eight. He lives with his books and his paintings in the big old flat near the Sorbonne where he raised his family, and always wears the black-and-green silk bar—black for mourning, green for hope—of the Compagnons de la Libération. Being a Compagnon carries great honor. It was de Gaulle's personal decoration, and meant that the General himself had commended you for loyalty to France and great bravery against the Germans. There were only a thousand Compagnons. Cassou talks about how, even now, meeting on the street or at a café, they will greet each other with a "*Bonjour, Compagnon*." He would really rather talk about things like that than about Emmanuel Bove, but he wrote a fine preface to "Mes Amis" when Flammarion republished the book eight years ago, and in that he talks about the incredible "naïveté" of the unhappiness in a Bove novel and about Bove's own taste for "modest despair." There is a snapshot of Rilke, taken in the garden at Valmont just before he died, framed and hung on Cassou's living-room wall, and Cassou says it did not surprise him at all that his friend Rilke admired "Mes Amis." It may be that the desultory appreciations of Paris in the book reminded Rilke of Malte Laurids Brigge's Paris, or even of his own.

THIS is the way "Mes Amis" begins: "When I wake up, my mouth is open. My teeth are greasy; it would be better if I brushed them at night, but I never have the courage for it." Victor Bâton, *mutilé de guerre*, is getting up. He starts the day with meticulous anomie. He is cold and rheumy. His eyelids are stuck. His nose is running. The ceiling of his attic room is leaking on his beard. Victor likes to scrutinize himself. His "friends" are really a catalogue—or a litany—of his misencounters, and Victor records them the way he records waking up, with an almost lewd self-absorption. But the idea of having a friend pleases him. He says he is looking for one. He sleeps with Lucie, who runs a bar on the Rue de Seine. He hopes that afterward she will make him a cup of coffee in her bar, and feels sorry for himself when she doesn't. He meets a rich man, who offers him a job. He starts bothering the man's daughter on her way home from school, and when the man gets mad and fires him he wonders again

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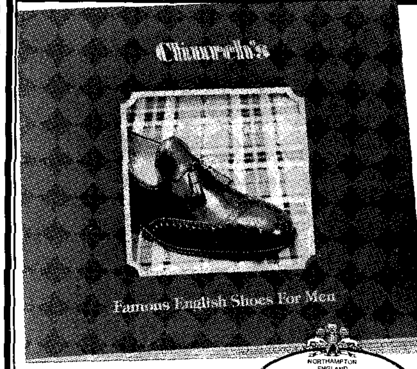

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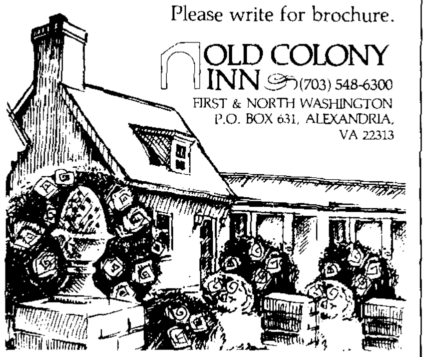

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why people always hurt his feelings. He tries out three or four other "friends" before the neighbors start to complain about him and the landlady gives him notice and the book ends, with Victor climbing back into his damp bed in the attic, complaining. He says that he does not see how he will ever find the friends he wants. By then, it is hard not to agree with him.

"Mes Amis" is considered Bove's best novel. There is a cautious formality, an etiquette, to Victor Bâton's misencounters which makes them (Samuel Beckett's word) "touching." It is easy to see why Rilke liked the book. The sensibility is more German than French or—Bove's father was Russian—Russian. Peter Handke, the Austrian writer, and Wim Wenders, the German filmmaker, talk about Bove now with the same sense of familiarity Rilke felt, talking to Cassou, sixty years ago. In France, it is more often the artists like Topor and Messagier who feel this familiarity reading Bove. For them, the very concrete and very precise language in a story by Emmanuel Bove is a language that addresses the eye, a language that the eye can read as images. Topor started to read Bove because a writer he knew—with a "taste for agony," Topor says—described him as "a master of morose images," and Topor, who is an acknowledged master of morose images himself, was curious. He bought his first Bove in 1963 for a few francs, and his second for not much more. A first-edition Bove—if you can find one—costs six or seven hundred francs nowadays, and there are standing orders with every *bouquiniste* in town.

At about the same time that Topor was illustrating one Bove and Handke (who got *his* first Bove from his French translator, Georges-Arthur Goldschmidt) was turning another into German, a writer from Brittany by the name of Raymond Cousse took up the cause of Emmanuel Bove. Raymond Cousse is an insistent, ebullient character, and he is known here for his causes. One of them is critics. (A couple of years ago, he published a book of his letters to all the critics in France he did not admire.) Another is the comic monologues he likes to write. (Every few years, he shepherds a one-man play called "Stratégie pour Deux Jambons" around the world, performing it himself.) When Cousse discovered that he and Emmanuel Bove shared a birthday—it is April 20th—he became a passionate and protective advocate. He started track-

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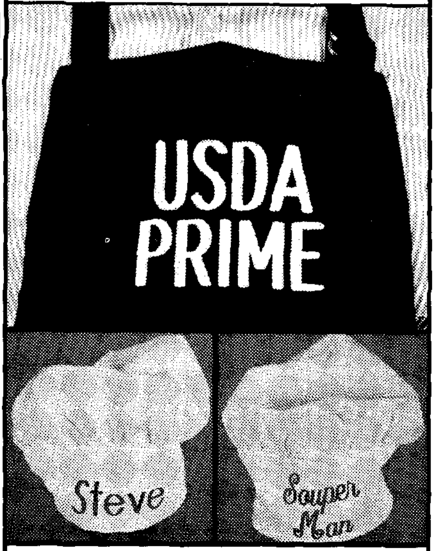

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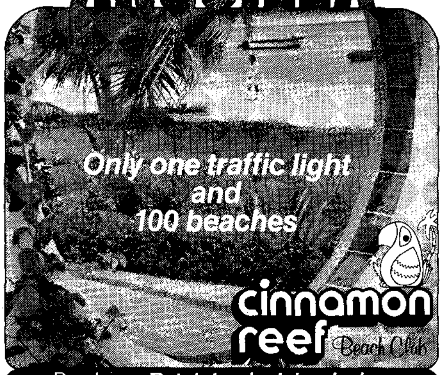

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ing down the Bove family. He put together a bibliography and then a working chronology of Bove's life. He talked the people at Flammarion, his publisher, into putting out a Bove book every year or two, with himself as editor of the series. He said that when he started working on his bibliography not even the Bibliothèque Nationale had all the Bove novels. He told them that Emmanuel Bove was a missing piece of the patrimony, and that it was their duty to retrieve it. People in Paris were asking "Who is Emmanuel Bove?" but the fact is that no one really knew until this inquisitive and exhausting Breton told them. It turned out that Bove was indeed discreet. He worried all the time about money, and in general felt sorry for himself. He had no particular politics and no particular enthusiasms, like Catholicism or Marx. He was not part of *le discours*. He was, as Topor likes to say, *un caractère pâle*.

BOVE was born in 1898 on the Boulevard de Port-Royal. His real name was Bobovnikoff, and his father, Emmanuel, was a Jewish émigré from Kiev who, family wisdom had it, was an important nihilist in exile. His mother was the chambermaid who cleaned his father's hotel room. She was a hefty girl from Luxembourg, and Bobovnikoff must have been fond of her, because she produced a second son, Léon, in 1902, four years before her lover settled down with a young Englishwoman named Emily Overweg and had a son by *her*. Emily had money—her father was the British consul in Shanghai, and she herself was a painter—and she also had charm and a lot of tolerance. Her son, Victor, still lives in Paris. He is a courtly lawyer of seventy-eight who rides, mornings, in the Bois de Boulogne, and goes on *randonnées* in Switzerland. A couple of years ago, when he was riding in the Valais, he galloped onto the road, wearing his Croix de Guerre, and saved a girl whose horse had run away with her. Victor prefers the classics to Emmanuel Bove. "Perhaps I attach more importance to grammar, to fluidity of style, than Emmanuel did," he says. "Emmanuel was fond of the imperfect subjunctive. But the imperfect subjunctive three times in one sentence—*c'est l'horreur*."

Emmanuel Bobovnikoff presented himself in Paris as a literary man. His documents said "without profession," but he did in fact write one book. It

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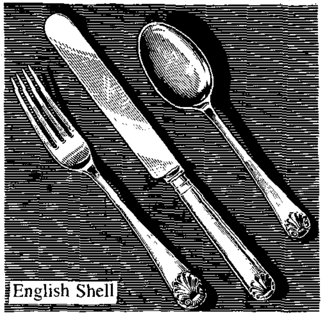

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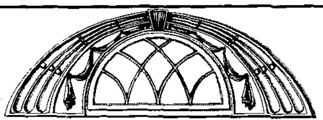

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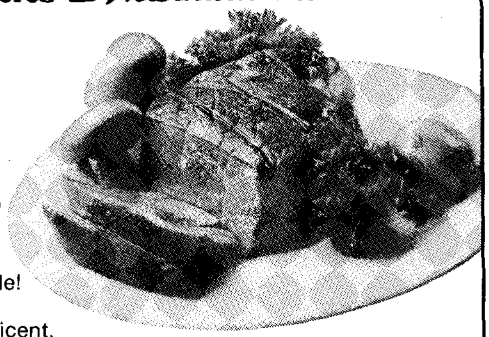
was a tourist dictionary for rich Russians coming to Paris for the World's Fair of 1900, and while it was not exactly a piece of nihilist literature, it did well, being full of useful phrases, on the order of "I would like to reserve a table at Maxim's" and "Do you have a suite facing the Parc Monceau?" and "Take me to the House of Callot." Bobovnikoff was not much interested in Emmanuel's brother Léon. Léon was a little simple—someone Emmanuel might have invented later on. (Léon is eighty-three now and lives alone in a cottage in Versailles, where he keeps a record of his life, filling one small school notebook every week with what he considers the important information—what time he goes to bed, how many trips he makes to the market, the price of the tomatoes he buys there, the phone calls he makes, the busy signals, the answers, and the disappointments.) Emmanuel did much better than Léon with the Bobovnikoffs. His father liked him, and Emily Overweg seems to have adored him. She put him into the Ecole Alsacienne, which is the finest private school in Paris. When the family moved on to Geneva, she took him along, and when the First World War began she sent him off to boarding school in England. He was in England when his father died, of tuberculosis, and he did not get back to Paris until the year he was eighteen. Cousse has made a list of some of the odd jobs Bove had in Paris that year—tram conductor, taxi-driver, dishwasher, unskilled worker at Renault. Bove was poor again (wartime devaluations had nearly ruined the Overwegs), and for a while he was under suspicion, because of what was referred to then as a *patronyme douteux*. The Paris police arrested him in the end. He spent a month in prison, and got out only because he had been drafted. Raymond Cousse thinks that his exhausting commutes, so to speak, between wealth and poverty are what made him so nervous later on.

BOVE had two writing lives, a little like his two childhood lives. One was the life he spent working on what became the twenty-eight Emmanuel Bove books. The other (it was a short life) he spent working under a pseudonym on cheap fiction that he could turn out fast; he would put his watch on the table and pace himself at a hundred lines an hour, eight hundred lines a day, one book every week and a half. He was married by the time he



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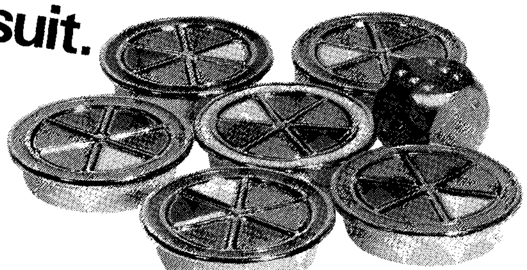

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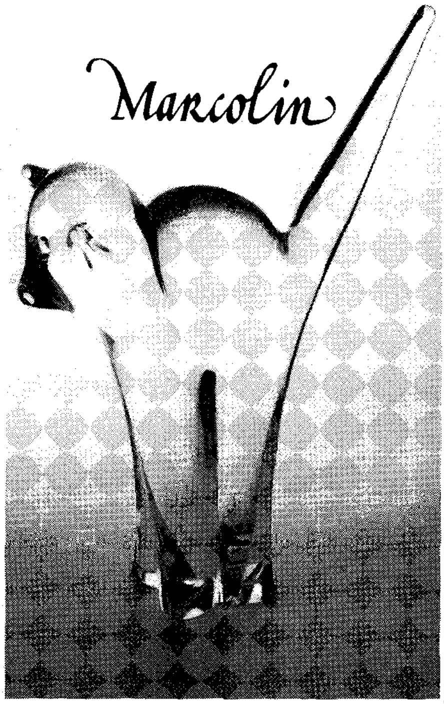

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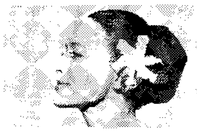

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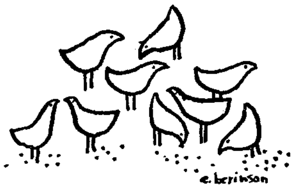
started writing. His first wife was a schoolteacher named Suzanne Vallois—he borrowed the "Vallois" for his pseudonym—and they had a short, terrible marriage and two children, who rarely saw their father once the marriage was over.

Bove published his first short story in 1923. Colette read it and asked him for a novel for the collection she was editing then at Ferenczi. Bove showed up with the manuscript of "Mes Amis." It was Colette who established Bove in Paris. He took to sitting around at the Flore and got to know Charles Henri Ford and André Breton and all the Surrealists and Dadaists, but he was obviously not the sort of cheerful bohemian one likes to imagine in Paris in the nineteen-twenties, having a good time. Colette did not really know what to make of Bove ("Your friend Bove," she told Soupault once. "Take him away; he's much too quiet for me"), but she liked his books, and the way he wrote them amused her. He would choose a title. Then he would write his name under the title. If the arrangement pleased him, he would move it down to the middle of the page. The next morning, he would start to think about a story that matched. He read a lot in those days. He kept a diary. He liked silk shirts, which he would buy by the half dozen when he was flush and try to sell to his friends when he ran out of cash. He moved a lot. He either borrowed houses or apartments or lived in hotels. Except for the shirts, he rarely spent his money. He never invited anybody home. The men didn't mind. They put it down to poverty or timidity, or even "spirituality." Jean Cassou says that life on the Left Bank then went café, *tabac*, gallery, bistro, bed, and that with a life like that it was hard to get mad at anyone. Everybody was cultivating eccentricity, and being droll and secretive and a little cheap was what made Bove a *personnage.*



Marie-Antoinette Aymé, Marcel Aymé's widow, says that if no one was ever invited to the Boves' for dinner it was because the house was dirty; Emmanuel, as she calls him, was so neurasthenic that even the sound of a vacuum cleaner distressed him, and consequently vacuum cleaners were forbidden. She says that what men like her husband called Emmanuel's sensitivity was really Emmanuel's black thoughts, and black thoughts do not go well with the pastel silk and Empire clocks with which Mme. Aymé—who was such an exemplary *femme d'intérieur* that her husband really never had to leave the house for his inspiration—likes to decorate her life. She got to know Bove in 1936, when he rented a place in Cap Ferret, south of Bordeaux, near the Aymés' summer house. He used to walk the beach with Marcel Aymé in the afternoons, and Mme. Aymé suspects that her husband helped him with the rent, or that a relative of one of the Rothschilds in the neighborhood helped him. The Bove she liked was Louise Bove, his second wife. Louise was a sculptress. She was not a particularly good sculptress, but she was lively and worldly—Bove had met her at the Dôme, in 1928—and as a young woman she was beautiful. Victor Bobovnikoff says she called *le tout Paris* by its first name, so that he never really knew whom she was talking about when she told her stories. She knew the art world the way Emmanuel Bove knew the literary cafés. She went to the Beaux-Arts with Betty Parsons. She lunched with Louise Leiris. She drank with Picasso. Her family was a rich banking family from Alsace, and she had "brought Bove money," as Cassou puts it, but she was fashionably, passionately Communist all her life. She kept a picture of Stalin in the house, and planned vacations by the sea for workers' orphans, and Sundays in Paris she went from door to door selling *L'Humanité*, the Party paper—though, according to Victor, never without her gold bracelets and her fur coat. In Cap Ferret, she shocked the fisherwomen by smoking and wearing bloomers. She kept a cigarette lighter tucked into a leg of the bloomers, and she would reach up and pull it out and start to smoke while she was waiting in line at the village *laiterie* with the porcelain chamber pot she used as a milk pail. She called her husband Bobby—"*à l'anglaise*," she said. Bove wrote her letters and, when he was not being irritable, signed them with his new name, and Louise saved them in an old suitcase. The suitcase was under her bed when she died, in Paris, in 1977, and the letters were still in it, along with sixteen pages from Bove's diary and twenty unpublished fragments and proofs and manuscripts. They are the Bove archives, so to

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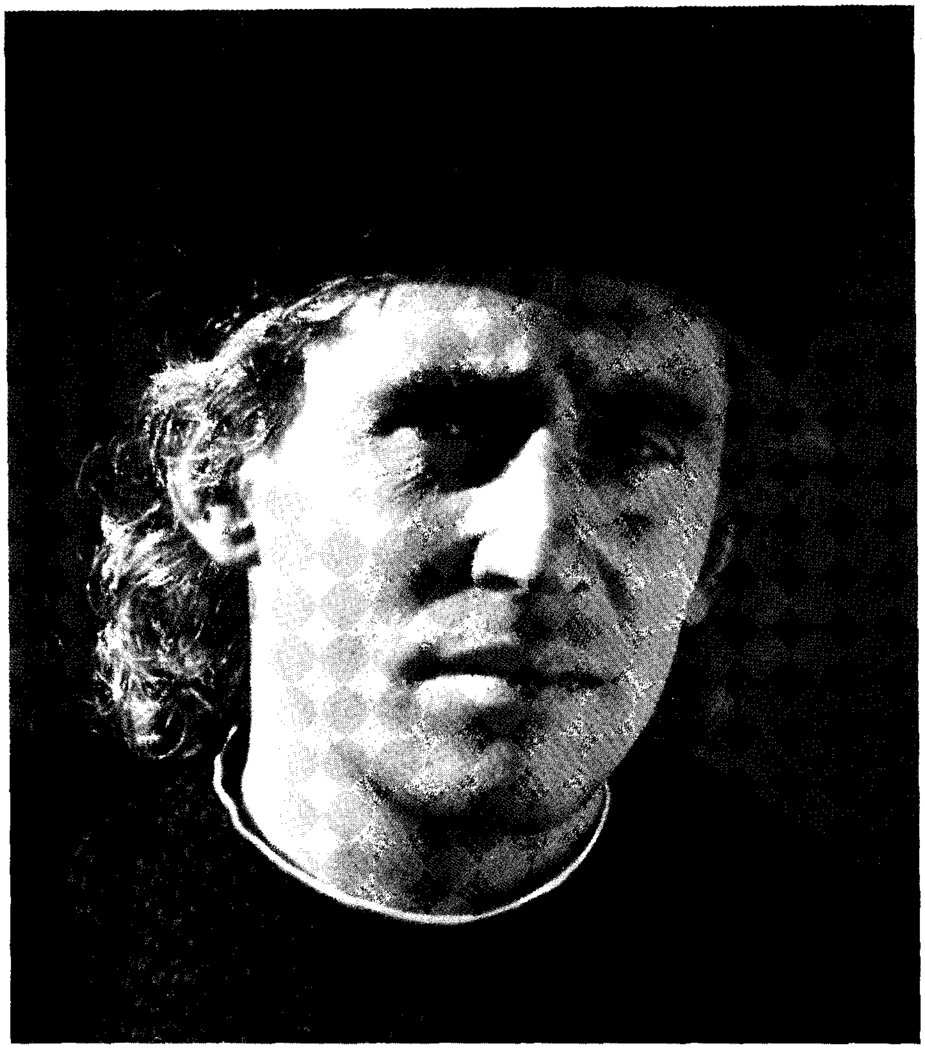

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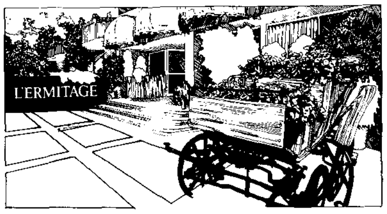
speak. The rest of Bove's papers were left in a house in Cap Ferret, and the house was either sacked or burned—no one is really sure—by local Fascists when the war started.

Cousse has included the diary and four of the thirty-one letters in a little pamphlet that was published along with last year's Bove, a collection of stories called "Un Soir Chez Blutel." The diaries are "literary." They are all about sensibility and about what Bove read and what he thought about what he read. Bove has a lot to say about chagrin, and he complains about the trouble he has creating characters with a sense of humor. ("I have a tendency to melancholy, I have to watch it.") He admires "Robinson Crusoe." He wants his heroes to be like Robinson, fighting to survive, fighting to be esteemed and honored, so that their past vanishes. The letters are love letters, a little stiff, a little whiny, not very inspired. But the letters that Cousse left out of his pamphlet, the irritable letters, are interesting. Bove was used to women looking after him. It was Louise who wrote to his first wife when he wanted to see his children—and who got the refusals and the complaints and the demands for money that ended, "Your husband, Madame, has responsibilities"—and it was Emily Overweg, his stepmother, who usually saw the children for him. Emily liked the girl, Nora, but she reported to Bove that the boy, Michel, was grouchy. (Nora married a journalist and went to work at the University of Paris; she is retired now, and lives in the country. Michel was a mason. He married a pious Catholic who did not approve of the other Boves at all, and they live near Toulouse. If you call to ask about Emmanuel, they talk about depravity.)

IN July of 1940, Bove moved Louise, who was already in danger as a Communist and a Jew, out of Occupied France and to a *centre de clandestinité* in Lyons. In 1942, when the South was occupied, he moved her again, to Algiers. Emmanuel Roblès, who met Bove for the first time in Algiers, says that he never talked about why he had come but that everyone knew it was for Louise. There were a lot of French writers in Algeria by 1942. Bove's old friend Soupault was there, and, among the others he knew, André Gide, Marcel Sauvage, Henri Jeanson, and Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. They used to meet at Edmond Charlot's bookstore. Charlot was only twenty-seven at the time, but he had credentials. He had been arrested and interrogated by the Vichy police, and had spent two years in a camp, and the little storefront where he printed and sold his friends' books became a kind of clubhouse for the intellectuals who were in Algeria then, cut off from the Free French and waiting for a chance to fight. They called themselves the National Committee of Writers, and when Bove arrived they made him a member.

Roblès thinks that Bove was already dying in Algiers. He was always a little hunched over, with his hands behind his back, and he talked softly, as if he were trying to save his strength and his voice—a strange figure, Roblès says, for a Mediterranean city where most people shouted and gesticulated and waved their arms around. Roblès lived in a suburb called Bouzaréa. It was in the hills, about six miles from town, and Bove had rented a room there as a place to write. Roblès would see him on the bus sometimes, or in the baker's, buying a baguette, and one day he asked Bove what he did up in Bouzaréa all day, and Bove replied that he was writing a novel. That was the most they ever talked about Bove's writing except for one day when Roblès wanted to know if the novel was coming along, and Bove said "*Oui.*" Roblès worried about Bove, because he was getting paler all the time, and coughing. Bove's friends at Charlot's bookstore thought he might have cancer, but he probably had tuberculosis, like his father. (In the end, his death certificate said "cardiac arrest following attacks of malaria.") Louise brought him back to Paris in 1944, two months after the Liberation. They had nowhere to go, so she took a cab to Victor Bobovnikoff's empty apartment on the Avenue des Ternes and asked the concierge for the key. When Victor arrived in June of 1945—after five years as a prisoner of war in Germany—the concierge stopped him at the door to say that his brother was inside, dying. Victor took a room in a hotel, and stayed there until Louise called him with the news that Bove was dead.

Louise Bove was fanatic on the subject of her husband. She wanted to see Bove properly honored—his genius acknowledged and his memory restored. Occasionally, people would come to the apartment on the Place des Etats-Unis that she shared, as a widow, with her sister Colette, and they would ask about making a movie



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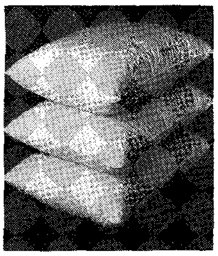

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from one of the novels or about reprinting a story, but Louise always named a price "worthy of Emmanuel," and that was more than anyone would pay. In the end, the only money she earned from her husband's writing was the four thousand francs that Yves Rivière says he spent for the three stories he bought in 1972. The only "biography" was an eighty-page master's thesis written by a Belgian Jesuit at the University of Louvain.

The Ottensooser sisters' apartment was an old *Seizième* apartment, big and kind of dark, and the two women gradually filled it up with what Rivière, who went there to ask for the stories, calls "many dead things." Mary Blume, the American journalist, used to visit sometimes, figuring that the old women were lonely, and Topor used to visit, too. The sisters made an odd, complementary couple. Louise got fatter and fatter over the years (at the end, she had a pacemaker and could hardly walk), and Colette got thinner and thinner—pickled, Topor says. They were always arguing, because Louise was such an ardent Communist and her sister was an ardent Gaullist who had spent the war in London decoding messages for the General. Louise drank wine; Colette, who was an Anglophile, drank tea and sherry. Louise Leiris remembers Louise Bove—she calls her "*la petite grosse*"—during those last years. She would turn up at an opening at Louise Leiris' gallery on the Rue Monceau and buttonhole the guests and tell them all about her husband. The year she died was the year Flammarion published "Mes Amis."

REPUTATION is a cruel French specialty. The French may never stop reading Proust or Stendhal or Flaubert, but it is unlikely that people who could take up Marx, Freud, and Saint Augustine in the course of a few years and, in succession, drop them are going to stay passionate about Emmanuel Bove. The great pleasure of Bove for most of them was in the discovery.

His novels tend to blur, at least in memory, and perhaps the Bove enthusiasts of today are more interested in the man than in the books anyway, because Bove's affection for his curious genre is really the most exceptional thing about them. Once, when Bove was having trouble starting a novel, the publisher Jean Fayard dropped by and said to concentrate on finding a terrific subject, the way the Russian

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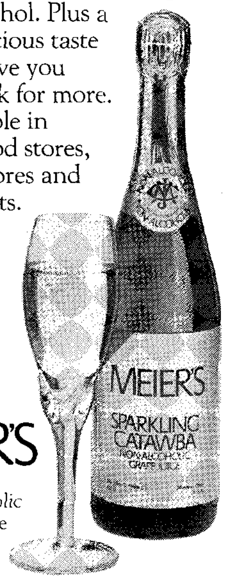

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novelists used to do, and Bove replied that, to his mind, it was tone, not subject, that had made their books so good—that in the end there was not much difference between a plot of Dostoyevski's and the story line of a French comic strip. His problem was not so much that tone obsessed him; it was the particular tone he chose. His books are elegant reproductions, but what they usually reproduce is the same state of stunted perception. His people are innocent in the way that cows are innocent. They have no "character." They mean no harm, but they are petty and attached to misery as if attachment were a form of combat. Their eccentricities turn out to be peculiarities, their kindnesses turn out to be solicitations. They are full of grievances, like Emmanuel Bove.

In 1926, Bove lived for a while in a bleak little Paris suburb called Bécon-les-Bruyères, between Courbevoie and Asnières, and when he left he wrote a story about it. He said that in Bécon-les-Bruyères it was hard to imagine a woman sleeping in her lover's arms, or a stamp collector counting stamps, or a housewife dusting for a party, a young girl dressing up, a poor man opening his mail to discover he has made a fortune. In Bécon-les-Bruyères, "the happy moments of life are absent," and maybe, one day, the place will disappear and no one will remember it: "The town I leave today is as fragile as a human being. Maybe it will die in a few months, on a day when I have missed the newspaper. No one will tell me. And, thinking about all the people I have known there, I will believe that it still exists. I will believe that for a long time—until one day I learn, suddenly, that it has been gone for years."

—Jane Kramer

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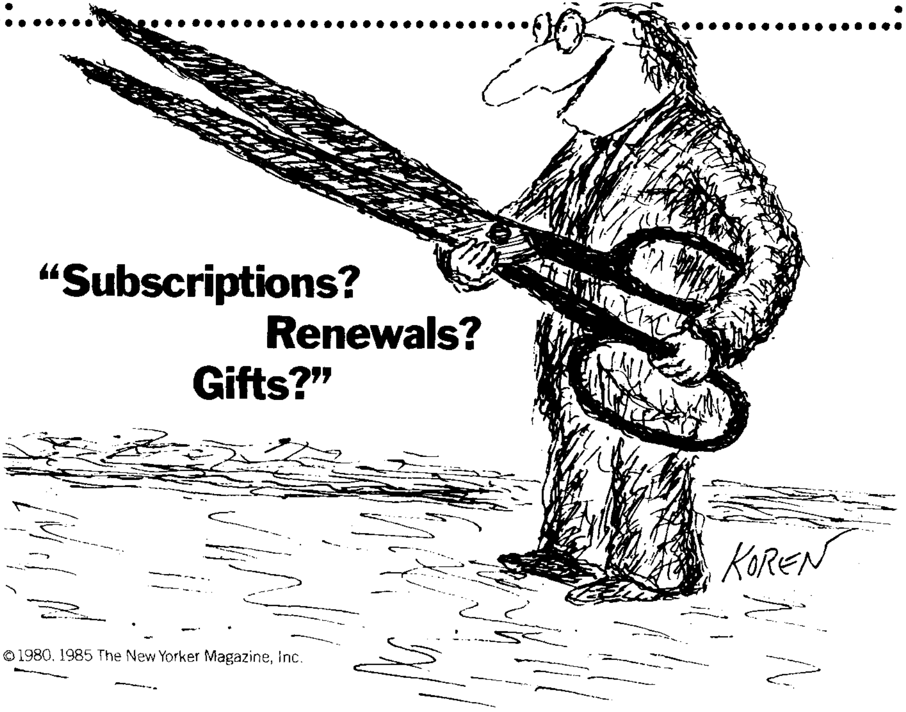
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# BOOKS

## *Living Death*

Harper & Row, which published Gabriel García Márquez in the United States until his most recent book, "Chronicle of a Death Foretold," has now issued the Nobel Prize winner's "Collected Stories," in translations by Gregory Rabassa and S. J. Bernstein ($16.95). The publicational history of these twenty-six tales is not made abundantly clear, though a stab of sorts is attempted in a "Publisher's Note" that breathlessly lets us know "They are now published in one volume in the chronological order of their original publication in Spanish from the three volumes of short stories *Eyes of a Blue Dog*, *Big Mama's Funeral*, and *The Incredible and Sad Tale of Innocent Eréndira and Her Heartless Grandmother*." Confusingly, the first two collections were translated and published here in reverse order, and under quite different titles, the stories of "Eyes of a Blue Dog" appearing with the novella "Leaf Storm" as "Leaf Storm and Other Stories" in 1972, and those of "Big Mama's Funeral" with the long story "No One Writes to the Colonel" under that title in 1968. These two title pieces are not present in the "Collected Stories," and though the stories that are present have been each assigned a date at the end, we are not totally persuaded; one, "One Day After Saturday," which the jacket of "No One Writes to the Colonel" identified as winning a Colombian literary prize in 1955, is here dated 1962, as are all the eight stories of the "Big Mama's Funeral" section.

In any case: the stories are rich and startling in their matter and confident and elegant in their manner. For the reader who has exhausted the wonders of García Márquez's masterpiece, "One Hundred Years of Solitude," they probably constitute (along with its fine precursor, "Leaf Storm") the next-best place to turn. They are—the word cannot be avoided—magical, though for this reader the magic sparkled unevenly through the spread of tricks and was blacker than he had expected. García Márquez did not begin, as some of his interviews have suggested, as a realist who then broke through to a new, matter-of-fact method of fantasy. Interviewed by Peter Stone in 1981, for *The Paris Review*, he described the breakthrough:

> I had an idea of what I always wanted to do, but there was something missing and I was not sure what it was until one day I discovered the right tone—the tone that I eventually used in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. It was based on the way my grandmother used to tell her stories. She told things that sounded supernatural and fantastic, but she told them with complete naturalness. When I finally discovered the tone I had to use, I sat down for eighteen months and worked every day.

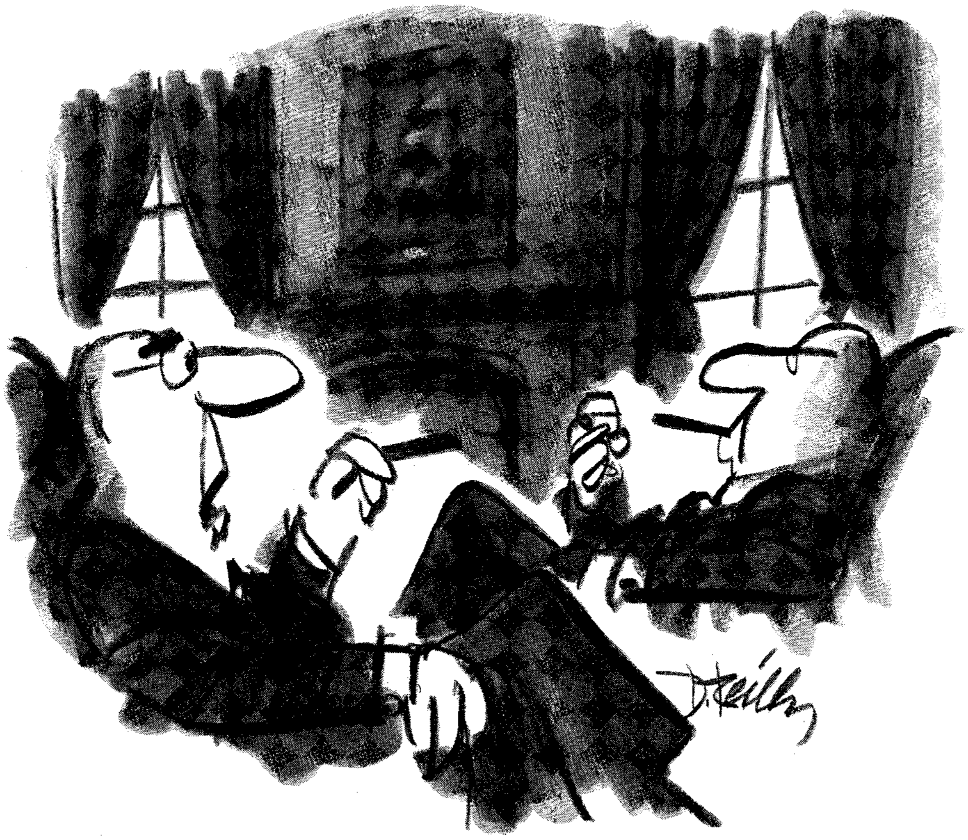
The tone was brick-faced:

> In previous attempts to write *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, I tried to tell the story without believing in it. I discovered that what I had to do was believe in them myself and write them with the same expression with which my grandmother told them: with a brick face.

Yet the first story collected here, composed when García Márquez was a mere nineteen, with quite characteristic aplomb details the thoughts of a young man's corpse as it lies in the coffin:

> His body rested heavily, but peacefully, with no discomfort whatever, as if the world had suddenly stopped and no one would break the silence, as if all the lungs of the earth had ceased breathing so as not to break the soft silence of the air. He felt as happy as a child face up on the thick, cool grass contemplating a high cloud flying off in the afternoon sky. He was happy, even though he knew he was dead, that he would rest forever in the box lined with artificial silk.

The mature García Márquez's gift of linkage, his way of letting implausible threads intertwine and thicken into a substantial braid, already flourishes in these stories composed when he was a student and youthful journalist in Colombia. The next in order of composition takes up the thoughts of the dead boy's twin: "The idea of his twin brother's corpse had been firmly stuck in the whole center of his life." There is so much spiralling Faulknerian indirection that it is hard to know who is dead and who is merely imagining it; pronouns float in and out of embodiments, and a host of creepy sensations flicker by—"Death began to flow through his bones like a river of ashes . . . The cold of his hands intensified, making him feel the presence of the formaldehyde in his arteries." Perhaps the parent of all these coffined boys is the corpse seen by the ten-year-



*"She turned out to be all I ever wanted in a woman—and more, unfortunately."*

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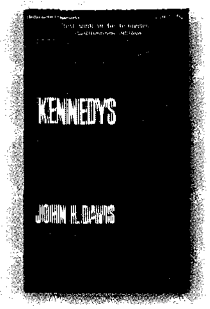
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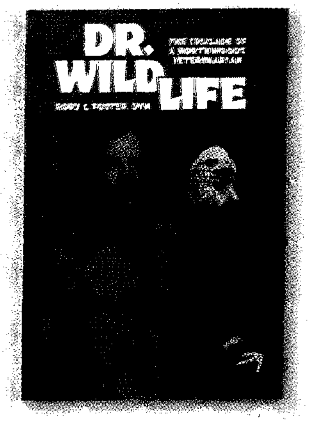
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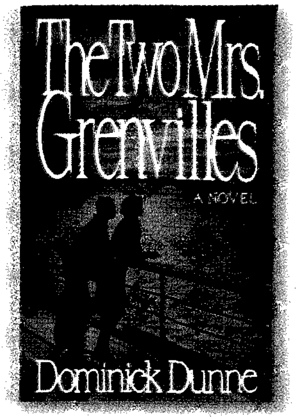
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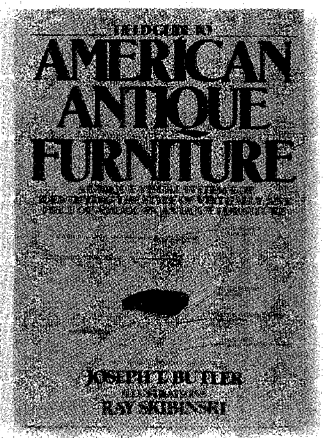
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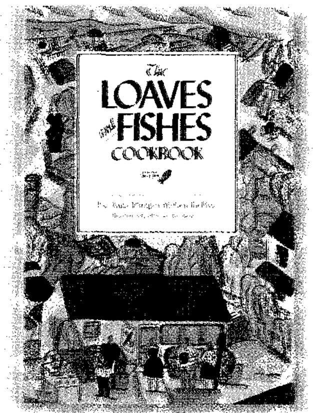
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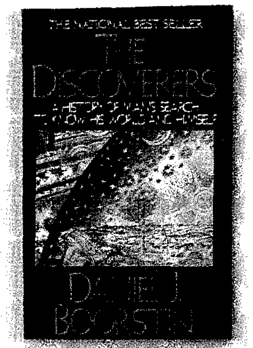
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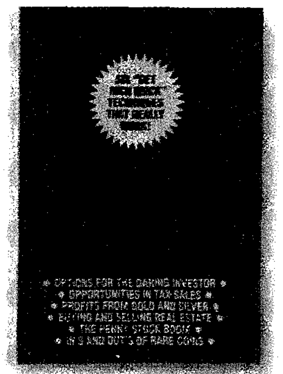
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> I’ve seen a corpse for the first time. . . . I always thought that dead people should have hats on. Now I can see that they shouldn’t. I can see that they have a head like wax and a handkerchief tied around their jawbone. I can see that they have their mouth open a little and that behind the purple lips you can see the stained and irregular teeth. . . . I can see that they have their eyes open much wider than a man’s, anxious and wild, and that their skin seems to be made of tight damp earth. I thought that a dead man would look like somebody quiet and asleep and now I can see that it’s just the opposite. I can see that he looks like someone awake and in a rage after a fight. . . . When I discover that there are flies in the room I begin to be tortured by the idea that the [now closed] coffin’s become full of flies. . . . I feel as if someone is telling me: *That’s the way you’ll be. You’ll be inside a coffin filled with flies. You’re only a little under eleven years old, but someday you’ll be like that, left to the flies inside of a closed box.*

The ideas of living death, of a consciousness travelling within an immobilized body, of piecemeal dying within the garish trappings of Latin-American burial, of “chemical adventure,” of “that somnambulism where the senses lose their value,” of “an easier, uncomplicated world, where all dimensions had been eliminated” dominate these stories, with their disagreeable sweetish stench of precocity, of adolescent terror turned outward. Though this spectral field will be extended into a sociological realm of closed houses and frozen lives, a geographical limbo where only the bitter past animates thought, García Márquez’s great theme of suspended motion is announced here at the outset, along with a smooth and dandified indifference to the conventions of realism.

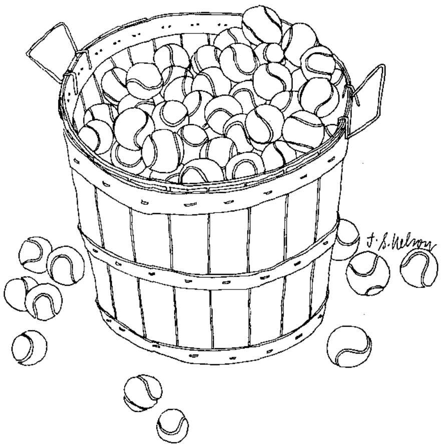
He is not sure he had read Faulkner at the time of these early stories; he told his interviewer, “Critics have spoken of the literary influence of Faulkner, but I see it as a coincidence: I had simply found material that had to be dealt with in the same way that Faulkner had treated similar material.” The similarities are remarkable, not only in the climate of class-ridden, aggrieved torpor but in the music of obsessive circling, of a trapped yet unquenchably fascinated sensibility; Faulkner even, in such stories as “Beyond” and “Carcassonne,” like García Márquez drones into the life beyond the grave. The author the young Colombian did read was Kafka: “At the university in Bogotá, I started making new friends and acquaintances, who introduced me to contemporary writers. One night a friend lent me a book of short stories by Franz Kafka. I went back to the pension where I was staying and began to read *The Metamorphosis*. The first line almost knocked me off the bed. . . . I didn’t know anyone was allowed to write things like that. If I had known, I would have started writing a long time ago. So I immediately started writing short stories.” One story in this first collection moves out of the surreal into the orbit of Hemingway. “The Woman Who Came at Six O’Clock” gives us a nearly empty restaurant, a lot of unadorned dialogue, a woman of shady habits, a courteous barman, a whiff of criminal violence. But even here the sluggish tide of semi-death sweeps in, drowning reality: “Across the counter she couldn’t hear the noise that the raw meat made when it fell into the burning grease. . . . She remained like that, concentrated, reconcentrated, until she raised her head again, blinking as if she were coming back out of a momentary death.” Nonsense, of a sombre sort, nibbles at the edge of many a sentence, the rereading of which threatens to plunge us into a hopeless world of glutinous, twisted time:

> That’s the way she’s been for twenty years, in the rocker, darning her things, rocking, looking at the chair as if now she weren’t taking care of the boy with whom she had shared her childhood afternoons but the invalid grandson who has been sitting here in the corner ever since the time his grandmother was five years old.

Spatial disorientation also occurs within the unpredictable prose:

> Then the three of us looked for ourselves in the darkness and found ourselves there, in the joints of the thirty fingers piled up on the counter.

These three have just been inexplicably rendered blind, so their disorientation has some rationale. Elsewhere, a woman’s consciousness wanders for no clear reason into that of a cat and hangs for no less than three thousand years over the desire to eat an orange, and a black stableboy kicked by a horse lies interminably in the straw while the death angels wait and a “little dead and lonely girl,” who seems also to be mute and over thirty, keeps recranking a gramophone. The stable story, “Nabo: The Black Man Who Made the Angels Wait,” ends with a monstrous run-on sentence in which García Márquez, at the age of twenty-three, in bravura fashion lays claim to his authorial power. A method of centrifugal revelation, wherein a set of images at first glance absurd or frivolous gradually coheres into a frozen, hovering world that we can recognize as the site of an emotion, of dread and pity: this is to become the method of “One Hundred Years of Solitude.”



The second, middle set of stories, all dated 1962, are more naturalistic, and but for the title story and “One Day After Saturday” are located not in Macondo but in El Pueblo—“the town,” and a town differing from Macondo mostly in the relatively straightforward, staccato style with which it is described. Evidently García Márquez’s lush early style had been chastised by his fellow-leftists. In his *Paris Review* interview, he said of this period of his writing, “This was the time when the relationship between literature and politics was very much discussed. I kept trying to close the gap between the two. My influence had been Faulkner; now it was Hemingway. I wrote *No One Writes to the Colonel*, *The Evil Hour*, and *The Funeral of Mama Grand*, which were all written at more or less the same time and have many things in common. These stories take place in a different village from the one in which *Leaf Storm* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude* occur. It is a village in which there is no magic. It is a journalistic literature.” He lived, in the late fifties and early sixties, abroad, in Europe, Mexico, and Venezuela; for a time he worked for Castro’s news agency, Prensa Latina, in its New York bureau. Yet the stories of “Big Mama’s Funeral” seem scarcely political, but for their convincing rendition of stagnation and poverty, and the rather farcical condemnation of Big Mama’s empire. They are brighter-humored, with more comic touches, than the earlier stories. Unreality breaks into squalor like the chickens of this perky sentence: “It was a green, tranquil town, where chickens with

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ashen long legs entered the schoolroom in order to lay their eggs under the washstand." There is a new, epigrammatic loftiness: "She bore the conscientious serenity of someone accustomed to poverty;" "She was older than he, with very pale skin, and her movements had the gentle efficiency of people who are used to reality." García Márquez, a well-travelled man of the world, is contemplating his remembered Caribbean backwater with a certain urbanity, preparing to make a totally enclosed microcosm, a metaphor, of it. The young author's eerie muddling of the concrete and the abstract, his will to catch hold of a terrible vagueness at the back of things, now works within single polished sentences: "But this morning, with the memories of the night before floating in the swamp of his headache, he could not find where to begin to live;" "When she finished the stems, Mina turned toward Trinidad with a face that seemed to end in something immaterial."

Several of these tales are García Márquez's best. "There Are No Thieves in This Town," the longest of the lot, with magisterial empathy describes the confused, self-destructive behavior of a handsome young idler, Damaso, the love borne him by his considerably older wife, Ana, and the small-town boredom that stretches stupefyingly to the horizon. The town is so low on entertainment resources that Damaso's theft of three battered billiard balls creates an enormous vacuum; with no overt touches of the fabulous, an enchanted environment, shabby and stagnant yet highly charged, is conjured up. "Artificial Roses," showing how a young girl's love secrets are detected by her blind grandmother, and "Tuesday Siesta," sketching the arrival in town of the mother of a slain thief, are smaller but not inferior in their purity and dignity of treatment. "Balthazar's Marvelous Afternoon," a parable of artistry in which the town rich man, José Montiel, defaults on paying for "the most beautiful cage in the world," sidles toward fantasy, and the prize-winning "One Day After Saturday" enters broadly into it, as the town suffers a plague of dying birds. "Big Mama's Funeral" (attended by the President of Colombia and the Pope) is firmly fantastical and celebrates Macondo, the territory of imagination where the author was to strike it rich. But not immediately: after 1962 García Márquez, living in Mexico City, under-

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took a new career as a screenwriter and wrote almost no fiction until January of 1965, when "the right tone" for his masterpiece came to him.

The third and last group of stories were mostly composed after the completion and triumph of "One Hundred Years of Solitude," and they have the strengths and debilities of an assured virtuosity. One of them, "The Last Voyage of the Ghost Ship," is a single six-page sentence, and two of them, "A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings" and "The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World," are subtitled "A Tale for Children." For the first time, we feel a danger of cuteness: "They wanted to tie the anchor from a cargo ship to him so that he would sink easily into the deepest waves, where fish are blind and divers die of nostalgia;" "The house was far away from everything, in the heart of the desert, next to a settlement with miserable and burning streets where the goats committed suicide from desolation when the wind of misfortune blew." Such imagery has become a mere vocabulary, used a bit glibly, though with flashes of the old murky power. García Márquez's conception of an angel as a dirty, muttering, helpless old man with bedraggled wings is ominous and affecting, and scarcely less so the drowned corpse so tall and beautiful and virile that "even though they were looking at him there was no room for him in their imagination." But the sea he keeps evoking has the unreality not only of sleep and dreams but of, in the words of the old song, a cardboard sea, a sea that indeed could be packed up and sold like the sea in his novel "The Autumn of the Patriarch."

The longest and latest of these later stories, "The Incredible and Sad Tale of Innocent Eréndira and Her Heartless Grandmother," has been made into a movie, with a script by the author and under his control, so the two forms of illusion can be fairly contrasted. Having seen the film before I read the prose, I was struck by how much that had seemed obscure was easily clarified—the photographer, for instance, who in the film appeared wholly gratuitous and of unrealized significance, is explained in the story as a natural adjunct of the carnival that grows up wherever the prostituted heroine is encamped. The comings and goings of Eréndira's young lover Ulises, baffling on the screen, make simple sense in print. On the other hand, Irene Papas, as the Grand-

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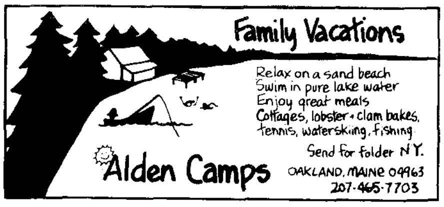

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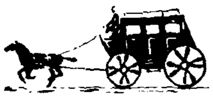

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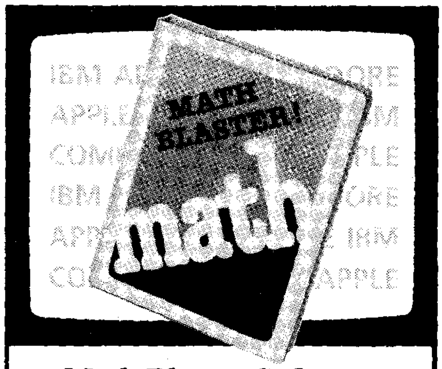
mother, cannot look "like a handsome white whale" with "powerful shoulders which were so mercilessly tattooed as to put sailors to shame;" but she does, unavoidably, put a human face on this implacable character, and makes her more disturbing than she is in the book, where her cruelty remains a matter of literary premises and symbolist comedy. The scene of Eréndira's defloration, which in its written paragraph is swathed in subaqueous imagery, in the movie flays the eyes with its real girl, its real man with his three-day beard, its real shack, its real torrents of rain, its real brutality. The film, in short, had a power to stir and scare us quite unrelated to any cumulative sense it was making; its script was logically so loose that García Márquez could insert into it another story, "Death Constant Beyond Love," for the sake of its photogenic episodes of a painted-paper ocean liner and of peso notes that become butterflies. The one image in "Death Constant Beyond Love" that penetrates into our own experience and lends it a negotiable significance—the frightened yet captivating odor of the heroine (not Eréndira), like "the dark fragrance of an animal of the woods . . . woods-animal armpit"—could not, of course, be captured on film. Thrown into real landscapes, with flesh-and-blood actors, the careless cruelty of "the incredible and sad tale" glared at the moviegoer confusingly, not quite action and not quite poetry. Seeing real human beings go through his motions, we realized how much stylized dehumanization García Márquez offers his readers.

There is a surplus of sadism in these later stories. Eréndira is made to submit to masses of men and her grandmother is prolongedly slain by a lover who is then spurned; the fallen angel is relentlessly abused and teased; and in "Blacamán the Good, Vendor of Miracles" a child is transformed into a miracle worker by a diet of pain:

> He took off the last rags I had on, rolled me up in some barbed wire, rubbed rock salt on the sores, put me in brine from my own waters, and hung me by the ankles for the sun to flay me . . . When [he fed me] he made me pay for that charity by pulling out my nails with pliers and filing my teeth down with a grindstone.

The child has his revenge: when he becomes a miracle worker, and his master is dead, he revives him in his tomb and leaves him inside, "rolling about in horror." He revives him not once but repeatedly: "I put my ear to the plaque to hear him weeping in the



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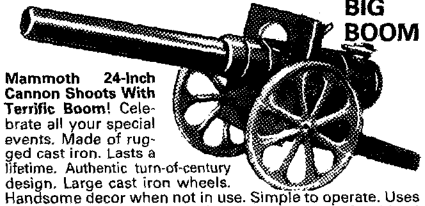

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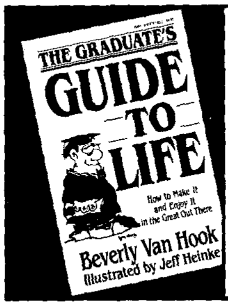
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ruins of the crumbling trunk, and if by chance he has died again, I bring him back to life once more, for the beauty of the punishment is that he will keep on living in his tomb as long as I'm alive, that is, forever." Not a pretty tale, but then, we might be told, neither is life in Latin America. Nor were García Márquez's two post-"Solitude" novels, "The Autumn of the Patriarch" and "Chronicle of a Death Foretold," pretty tales. The former seemed, to this reader eager for more tropical dazzlement, tortuous and repetitive, and the latter astringent and thin. Both left a sour taste.

Even before he won the Nobel Prize, García Márquez was worried about the effects of celebrity and fame: "It tends to isolate you from the real world," he explained to *The Paris Review*. "I would really have liked for my books to have been published after my death, so I wouldn't have to go through all this business of fame and being a great writer." Being a great writer is not the same as writing great. He writes slow: "On a good working day, working from nine o'clock in the morning to two or three in the afternoon, the most I can write is a short paragraph of four or five lines, which I usually tear up the next day." He writes, he informed the interviewer, "for my friends," and the knowledge of "millions of readers . . . upsets and inhibits me." The bold epic qualities of his masterpiece, his genial and handsome jacket photo, and his outspoken leftist political views combine to give a false impression of a robust literary extrovert; reading his collected stories suggests instead that his inspirations are extremely private and subtle. And, it may be, fragile. "The point of departure for a book for me," he recently told an interviewer from the *Times*, "is always an image, never a concept or a plot." He also confided, "When you are young, you write . . . on impulses and inspiration. . . . When you are older, when the inspiration diminishes, you depend more on technique. If you don't have that, everything collapses." To write with magical lucidity along the thin edge where objective fact and subjective myth merge is a precarious feat. Though he emphasizes technique—"Ultimately, literature is nothing but carpentry," he said to *The Paris Review*—there is much in the process beyond conscious control, however artfully monitored the promptings of the subconscious are. "One Hundred Years of Solitude" was a work of consummate ripeness. The author's sparse production in the eighteen years since its writing betrays the effort of fending off rot.

—JOHN UPDIKE

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

OUR CONQUEST, by Gert Hofmann, translated from the German by Christopher Middleton (Fromm; $16.95). The day after V-E Day is the occasion of this nightmarishly abstract first-person-plural narrative, which describes a bleak German town, parts of it obliterated by enemy bombs, where "we"—an unspecified number of children—are the only ones outdoors. The children's mother has sent them out on a few errands; she gives them two letters to deliver to two neighbors and money to buy *Butterschmalz* at the slaughterhouse. Adults are alarmed at first, and then they are alarming. A priest makes the children move mountains of refugees' luggage to make room in a church for mourners. An actor lures them into the dark spaces behind a theatre's stage. Meanwhile, they wonder about the fate of their father, who owns the local whip factory. "The Spectacle at the Tower," the only other novel by Mr. Hofmann that has been published in the United States, conjured up a different set of buildings and of dangers, but both books are elliptical parables about the fear of children—words that, like "our conquest," can be read two ways.

STARS AND BARS, by William Boyd (Morrow; $16.95). "The South" is the title of this comic novel's main section, which describes a week-long ordeal in the life of a newcomer to New York, a foolish Englishman imported by the New York branch of a London auction house, who is sent to Georgia to appraise an eccentric old man's collection of canvases. By the end, he has learned that not all Americans consider themselves Yankees (hence the title) or speak what he calls English. He has already learned that New Yorkers eat things he does not call food. His mission could have taken him to Houston or Los Angeles, since its purpose is to lampoon cars, music, food, hotels, hair styles, and airports found all over America and its main effect is to postpone a predictable disaster arising from his plan to remarry his upper-East Side

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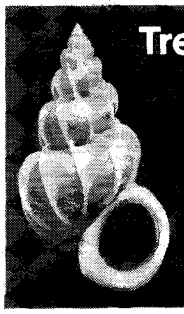

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ex-wife, who does not know about his girlfriend. A surreal scene near the end, set on Park Avenue at night—not a star or a bar in sight—is as good as anything in Mr. Boyd's best, first novel, "A Good Man in Africa," and suggests that New York, where anything goes, is where his hero should have stayed.

The Half-Mother, by Emma Tennant (Little, Brown; $14.95). A kind of horror story set in and around a seaside manor house called Cliff Hold, in Ireland. Minnie, the young Englishwoman who tells the story, spent much of her early youth at Cliff Hold, dumped on her fun-loving mother's old friends Hugo and Moura Pierce and their two sons. Now, ten years after her last visit, Minnie is summoned back: Hugo (a world-famous novelist) has been found dead—of a fall, or worse—in some nearby woods. Minnie is a splendid narrator. She sees everything and sets it down with vividness and vigor. But she herself, as she allows us to see her, is vague, passive, clumsy, lost much of the time in her memories of other years at Cliff Hold and of her love affair with the elder Pierce son, long since gone to the United States. The horror story has its moments—some of them, it must be said, a little silly—but the real power here lies in Emma Tennant's ability to give us an unusual experience of place and atmosphere.

### GENERAL

The Blood of Abraham: Insights into the Middle East, by Jimmy Carter (Houghton Mifflin; $15.95). The former President recalls his travels and his experiences in the Middle East before, during, and after his term in the White House. His most recent tour of the area, in 1983, took him to Egypt, Israel, Jordan, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, and Syria. His accounts are generally tactful, although he does not conceal the fact that he finds Menachem Begin difficult, or that he regards Israel's strike into Lebanon as a mistake. Mr. Carter reminds us that Jews, Christians, and Muslims alike consider themselves children of Abraham, so their strife is fratricidal, and he insists that the search for accommodation in the Middle East must continue without interruption. He criticizes the current Administration for not having begun any peace talks in the region,

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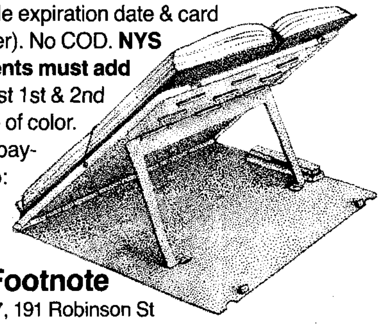

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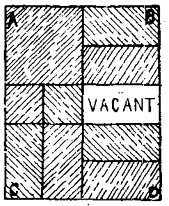

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for he is convinced that the United States is the most acceptable mediator between Israel and her neighbors and among competing Muslim states and Arab interests.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S BALL, by Sophia Murphy (Sidgwick & Jackson; $22.95). In 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire held a fancy-dress ball that was acknowledged even by the envious to be the party of the century—which was the Duchess's intention. The theme was "allegorical or historical costume before 1815," and upon receiving their invitations (and, in a few cases, even before receiving their invitations) some seven hundred swells roared off to their dressmakers and armorers—and eventually to the photographer, to make up an album for the Duchess, from which many of the photographs in this book came. It was an era when more was more. Out came the stomachers and the tiaras, and when M. Worth said of the Duke of Marlborough's waistcoat that "each pearl and diamond was sewn on by hand" he was referring to real pearls and diamonds. The Duchess of Sutherland, a great beauty, upstaged everyone by leaving her jewelry at home and coming as Charlotte Corday, in a scarlet dress, a mobcap, and a tricolor rosette. The most diverting part of this book is its incidental intelligence about the guests. The host, for example, was known as Harty Tarty; in the days when he was the Marquis of Hartington, he was enamored of the beautiful courtesan Skittles, who rode in Rotten Row in a riding habit so tightly fitted that she couldn't wear anything underneath it. Then, there was Lady Londonderry, who always left her bedroom window open so that the gamekeeper could get in, and was so beautiful that when the Shah of Persia first saw her he wanted to buy her. The author is the daughter of the present Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

NOTE: "The Button: The Pentagon's Strategic Command and Control System," by Daniel Ford, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($16.95). Much of the text originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LONG JOURNEY HOME, by Michael Gilbert (Harper & Row; $13.95). John Gabriel Benedict is a

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*Terry Coleman, *The Guardian*

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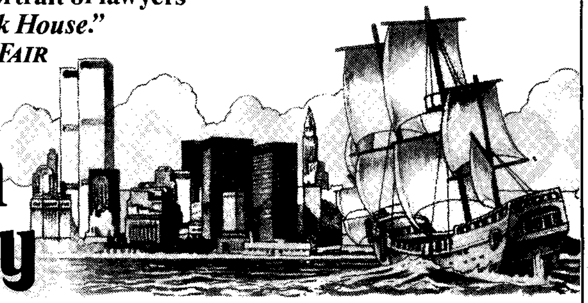

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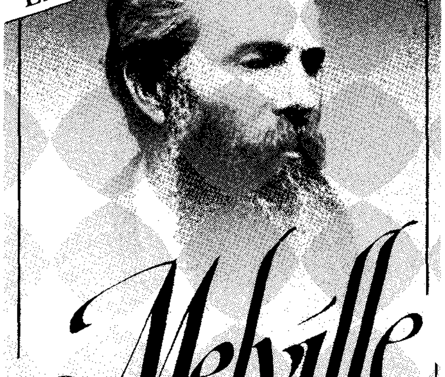

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forty-odd-year-old computer engineer who has just sold his business to one of the giants of the industry, and we meet *him* en route from London to his native New Zealand. There is a stopover at Rome, and an intuition tells him to terminate his flight there—a providential hunch, for the plane crashes somewhere in the Middle East. Benedict, still following his hunches, sets off on a walking trip through the mountains near Naples and soon finds himself caught up in some dangerous mischief at the Italian plant of the company that absorbed his business. This involves a homicidal house fire from which he is spared by the merest chance, an arduous hike through Italy and France with the Mafia on his heels, a tricky passage to England, and—most gratifyingly—much more. Mr. Gilbert long since established himself as a master of the classic English detective story. He here makes himself almost equally at home in the suspense novel of Geoffrey Household.

BIG FISH, by Thomas Perry (Scribners; $15.95). Altmeyer, a successful gunrunner, lives with his wife and efficient helpmeet, Rachel, and a herd of goats in a comfortable house above Los Angeles. He is bright, decent, friendly, and ruthless. When his friend Bucky Carmichael, a Hollywood agent, gets in trouble with a cocaine ring, he reverses the trap set for Bucky and kills the intended trapper. But that is merely the hors d'oeuvre in the feast of ferocity that Mr. Perry ("Metzger's Dog" and "The Butcher's Boy") has set before us here. There is a would-be assassin knifed to death in Mexico, six or eight men shot down in a Japanese warehouse, four or five men wasted in a farmhouse in Belgium, an episode in London—and all because somebody tried to double-cross Altmeyer on a shipment of counterfeit Browning pistols.

•

Six years after Macaroni discovered radio, the first transatlantic radio telegraphic transmission occurred—in 1901. —*Ganado* (*Texas*) *Tribune*.

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•

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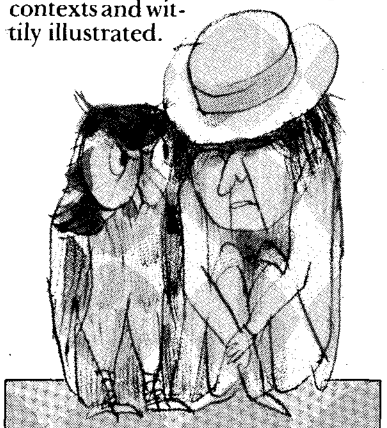

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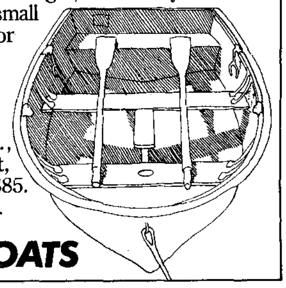

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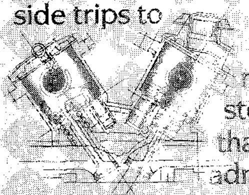

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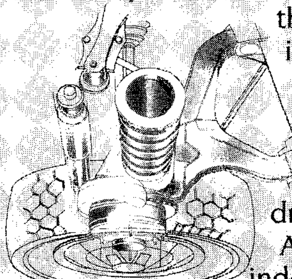

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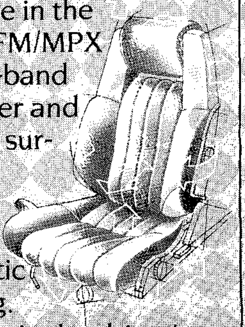

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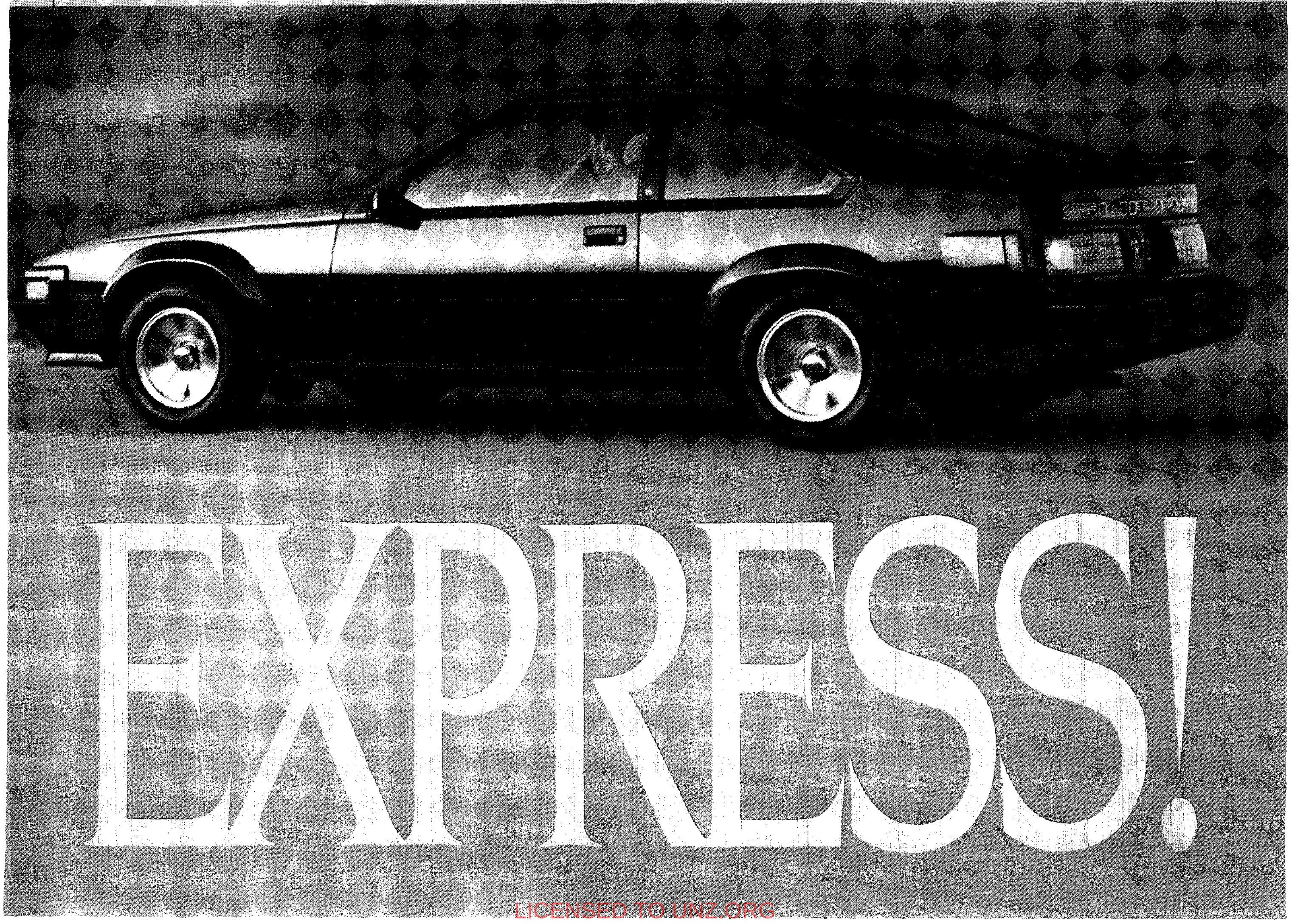

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